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THE
STUDENT'S SHAKESPEARE.

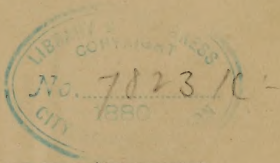
THIRTY-SEVEN PLAYS,

ANALYZED AND TOPICALLY ARRANGED FOR THE USE OF CLERGYMEN,
LAWYERS, STUDENTS, ETC.

BY HENRY J. FOX, D.D.

LATE PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE STATE UNIVERSITY OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Come and take thy choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrows. —TITUS ANDRONICUS.



BOSTON:
B. A. FOWLER & CO., 8 HAWLEY STREET.
1880.

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1880



DEDICATED
TO ALL PROFESSIONAL MEN AND
STUDENTS,
WHO ADMIRE THE COPIOUSNESS, AND SEEK TO USE IN ITS GREATEST POWER,
THE ENGLISH TONGUE;
ESPECIALLY TO
THE CLERGY OF EVERY DENOMINATION,
WHO, MORE THAN ANY OTHER BODY OF MEN,
EMPLOY IT FOR THE
DEFENCE OF TRUTH, VIRTUE AND
RELIGION.

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PREFACE.

In presenting this book to the public I feel impelled to state somewhat specifically the object I had in view in its compilation. I do not lay claim to superhuman disinterestedness. Iago's advice to Roderigo, "put money in thy purse," is by no means in my opinion a soul-damning heresy; I should only be too glad if this venture enabled me to act upon the wily Venetian's advice with unaccustomed frequency. But if the hope of pecuniary gain had been the controlling motive the book to which the labor of so many years has been devoted would never have been put in type.

The book was begun as an aid in lecturing to a college class on English literature. Its growth, and its obviously increasing value as it grew, suggested that it might perhaps be as useful to others as I had found it to be to myself.

I make no claim to being a critic of the great author whose words I have so often "rolled as a sweet morsel under my tongue;" nor do I make any pretension to be able to determine *ex cathedra* any questions of texts, or the value of various readings. In no sense do I aspire to belong to the illustrious guild of Shakespearean scholars. Antony's friend Ventidius never spoke more wisely than when he said,—

"Better leave undone than by our deed acquire
Too high a fame."—*A. C.*, III: 1.

Hence this disclaimer. I have simply endeavored, as a plain man in a plain way, to put the thoughts of Shakespeare at the command of every ordinary English reader.

In determining what portions of our great author were unsuitable for my purpose I had, of course, to take my own judgment as my exclusive guide. My English origin and training may have made me less fastidious than I otherwise might have been. Others doubtless could have done much better, but I have done the best I could. If I am only the means of making the best of Shakespeare's sayings more generally "household words" I shall have achieved one of the great objects at which I aimed.

I beg the indulgence of Shakespearean critics in the matter of my sub-headings. They are not intended as comments on the meaning of the poet, or as in any sense fixing the specific meaning of the passages to which they are attached; they are only designed to be aids in finding any desired passage. Of course a concordance would effect this with even greater certainty, but where there is one reader with a concordance there are thousands without. To sum up what I wish to say in this connection, I have not aspired to be regarded as an acute critic, nor an erudite commentator; all my ambition has been to be recognized as a painstaking and reliable compiler.

I commenced my work with Boydell's sumptuous folios before me. I soon found that this edition was too great a rarity for popular use; I therefore laid my work

aside, and began anew. In selecting the edition to which finally I have made reference for the verification of the quotations given I was not influenced by the conviction that it was the best to be secured; I am convinced that there are many equally good, and some that are incomparably better. The editions of Richard Grant White, Hudson, Rolfe, and especially Furness's New Variorum, are an honor to American scholarship, and entitle these erudite men to high literary fame. These editions, however, are either only published in part, or are confined to the libraries of scholarly men; I selected therefore an edition more generally at the command of ordinary readers.

I have taken the greatest possible precaution against errors; some have, however, doubtless crept in. The last revision of the electrotyped plates revealed a few that had escaped the previous revisions. These have all been carefully corrected, and as new editions may be demanded the work of correction will still go on. In this I hope to be assisted by the suggestions of every lover of literature into whose hands the book may fall.

To facilitate the finding of certain passages they have, in some cases, been repeated under synonymical headings; in a very few instances they have been even re-repeated. This, however, instead of being a blemish may be regarded as making the book the more valuable.

To secure typographical accuracy the proof has not only been repeatedly read by myself, but it has also been subjected to a careful revision by the Rev. Edward A. Manning, whose long practice as a proof reader entitles him to be regarded as a trustworthy expert. I gratefully acknowledge my indebtedness to this kind and painstaking gentleman.

Inviting a manly criticism, and trusting implicitly to the generous treatment of all true *litterateurs*, I cast my Shakespearean bread upon the waters, convinced that, however imperfectly my work may have been done, the text of my great author will illumine the pathway and quicken the intellectual life of all to whom its precious treasures may come.

Ulyss. * * "No man is the lord of anything,
(Though in and of him there be much consisting,)
Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
Till he behold them form'd in the applause
Where they are extended; which, like an arch, **reverberates**
The voice again; or, like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat." — *T. C.*, III: 3.

HENRY J. FOX.

Boston, 1880.

ABBREVIATIONS.

AS YOU LIKE IT	<i>A. Y.</i>	403
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL	<i>A. W.</i>	493
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA	<i>A. C.</i>	1537
COMEDY OF ERRORS	<i>C. E.</i>	187
CORIOLANUS	<i>C.</i>	1147
CYMBELINE	<i>Cym.</i>	1587
HAMLET	<i>H.</i>	1389
JULIUS CÆSAR	<i>J. C.</i>	1319
KING LEAR	<i>K. L.</i>	1441
KING JOHN	<i>K. J.</i>	643
KING RICHARD II	<i>R. II.</i>	681
KING HENRY IV., FIRST PART	<i>H. IV., 1 pt.</i>	723
KING HENRY IV., SECOND PART	<i>H. IV., 2 pt.</i>	769
KING HENRY V	<i>H. V.,</i>	815
KING HENRY VI., FIRST PART	<i>H. VI., 1 pt.</i>	859
KING HENRY VI., SECOND PART	<i>H. VI., 2 pt.</i>	903
KING HENRY VI., THIRD PART	<i>H. VI., 3 pt.</i>	951
KING RICHARD III	<i>R. III.</i>	997
KING HENRY VIII	<i>H. VIII.</i>	1052
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST	<i>L. L.</i>	267
MACBETH	<i>M.</i>	1355
MEASURE FOR MEASURE	<i>M. M.</i>	137
MERCHANT OF VENICE	<i>M. V.</i>	357
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR	<i>M. W.</i>	81
MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM	<i>M. N.</i>	318
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING	<i>M. A.</i>	221
OTHELLO	<i>O.</i>	1487
PERICLES	<i>P.</i>	1637
ROMEO AND JULIET	<i>R. J.</i>	1237
TAMING OF THE SHREW	<i>T. S.</i>	447
TEMPEST	<i>T.</i>	1
TIMON OF ATHENS	<i>T. A.</i>	1283
TITUS ANDRONICUS	<i>Tit. And.</i>	1197
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA	<i>T. C.</i>	1097
TWELFTH NIGHT	<i>T. N.</i>	537
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA	<i>T. G.</i>	43
WINTER'S TALE	<i>W. T.</i>	577
Ind., INDUCTION. C., CHORUS.		

. Acts, Roman numerals; Scenes, Arabic numerals. After Acts and Scenes the Arabic numerals refer to the page on which the passage can be found in Knight's Johnson, Fry & Company's Royal octavo, 1861.



THE STUDENT'S SHAKESPEARE.

ABANDONMENT.—Acknowledged.

Cal. * * To Jove
I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession.
T. C., III: 3. 1123.

—By Friends.

Eno. * * Sir, sir, thou'rt so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee.
A. C., III: 11. 1566.

1 *Lord.* * *
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends.
A. F., II: 1. 414.

—Counseled.

Touch. * * Abandon the society of
this female.
A. F., V: 1. 433.

—Of the Unfortunate.

Sal. * *
Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes;
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes.
R. II., II: 4. 699.

—Utter.

Cleo. * *
Lie graveless; till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!
A. C., III: 11. 1567.

ABDICATION.—Offered.

York. Great duke of Lancaster I come
to thee
From plume-pluck'd Richard; who with
willing soul
Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields
To the possession of thy royal hand:
Ascend his throne, descending now from
him,—
And long live Henry, of that name the
fourth!
R. II., IV: 1. 708.

ABHORRENCE.—Utter.

Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler
toad.
Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes.
R. III., I: 2. 1005.

ABILITIES.—Disparaged.

Men. * * Your abilities are too in-
fant-like.
C., II: 1. 1160.

—Great, Aggravate Wrong.

K. Hen. It grieves many:
The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare
speaker,
To nature none more bound; his training
such,
That he may furnish and instruct great
teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself.
Yet see
When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once
corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more
ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so
complete,
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and
when we,
Almost with ravish'd list'ning, could not
find
His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell.

H. VIII., I: 2. 1061.

ABILITY.—Acknowledged.

Iago. * * Sure, he fills it up with
great ability.
O., III: 3. 1512.

—All, Promised.

Des. Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will
do
All my abilities in thy behalf.

O., III: 3. 1509.

—Disparaged.

Vio. * * My lean and low ability.
T. N., III: 4. 561.

— Its Value.

Nor. * *

The force of his own merit makes his way;
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the king.

H. VIII., I: 1. 1057.**ABJECTNESS.—Enkindles Fury.**

York. Scarce can I speak, my choler is
so great.

O, I could hew up rocks, and fight with
flint,

I am so angry at these 'abject terms;
And now, like Ajax Telamonious,
On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury!
I am far better born than is the king;
More like a king, more kingly in my
thoughts:

But I must make fair weather yet a while,
Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong.

H. VI., 2 pt., V: 1. 942.

— Of an Old Man.

Reg. O, sir, you are old;
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine: you should be rul'd, and led
By some discretion, that discerns your state
Better than you yourself: Therefore, I pray
you,

That to our sister you do make return;
Say, you have wrong'd her, sir.

Lear. Ask her forgiveness?
Do you but mark how this becomes the
house:

"Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;
Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg,
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and
food."

Reg. Good sir, no more; these are un-
sightly tricks:
Return you to my sister.

K. L., II: 4. 1460.**ABOMINATIONS.—Distinguishing.**

Mec. * * Antony, most large
In his abominations.

A. C., III: 6. 1561.**ABSENCE.—A Debt.**

Cas. * *
Strike off this score of absence.

O., III: 4. 1517.

— Dangerous.

Mar. * * My lady will hang thee for
thy absence.

T. N., I: 5. 543.

— Deplored.

Cleo. * *

Give me to drink mandragora,
That I might sleep out this great gap of time,
My Antony is away.

A. C., I: 5. 1546.

— Does not Change Character.

Cor. Fare ye well:—

Thou hast years upon thee: and thou art
too full

Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruised; bring me but out at
gate.—

Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother,
and

My friends of noble touch, when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you,
come.

While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still: and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.

C., IV: 1. 1178.

— Gives License.

K. Hen. * * As 't is ever common,
That men are merriest when they are from
home.

H. V., I: 2. 823.

— Improved.

Lucio. * * Lord Angelo dukes it well
in his absence; he puts transgression to 't.

M. M., III: 2. 160.

— Injurious.

I Gent. * * Our absence makes us
unthrifty.

W. T., V: 2. 615.

— Of a Lover Mourned.

Val. * *

O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was!

T. G., V: 4. 71.

—Protracted, Deplored.

Bian. * *

What! keep a week away? seven days and nights?

Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,

More tedious than the dial eight score times?
O weary reckoning!

O., III: 4. 1517.

—Sometimes Prudent.

Fool. * * Let go thy hold, when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it.

K. L., II: 4. 1459.

—Unimproved.

Val. You would be another Penelope: yet, they say, all the yarn she spun, in Ulysses' absence, did but fill Ithaca full of moths.

C., I: 3. 1154.

ABSENT.—The, Remembrance of.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!

Think on thy Proteus, when thou, haply, seest

Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
Wish me partaker in thy happiness,
When thou dost meet good hap: and in thy danger,

If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy beadsman, Valentine.

T. G., I: 1. 47.

ABSTINENCE.—Pretended. (See Fasting.)

Duke. * *

I have deliver'd to lord Angelo
(A man of stricture and firm abstinence.)

M. M., I: 3. 146.

ABSURDITY.—In Dress.

Pet. * *

A sleeve? 't is like a demi-cannon,
Carv'd like an apple-tart.

T. S., IV: 3. 476.

—Of Conduct, in Love.

Biron. * *

O, what a scene of fool'ry have I seen,
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen!
O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
To see a king transformed to a gnat!

To see great Hercules whipping a gig,
And profound Solomon tuning a jig,
And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,
And critic Timon laugh at idle toys!

L. L., IV: 3. 288.

—Poor Proof of Love.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,

But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,

Then was the time for words: No going then;—

Eternity was in our lips, and eyes;

Bliss in our brows' bent; none our parts so poor,

But was a race of heaven: They are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

A. C., I: 3. 1544.

ACCIDENT.—Determined by Heaven.

Duke. O, 't is an accident that heaven provides!

Despatch it presently.

M. M., IV: 3. 167.

—Fortune by.

Pro. * *

By accident most strange.

T., I: 2. 10.

—Under our Control.

Flo. * *

As th' unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do, so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies

Of every wind that blows.

W. T., IV: 3. 607.

ACCIDENTS.—Boasting of.

Oth. * *

I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents, by flood, and field.

O., I: 3. 1496.

—Desired.

P. Hen. * *

Nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.

H. IV., 1 pt., I: 2. 730.

—Foreshadowed.

Puc. * *

Help, ye charming spells, and periapts;

And ye choice spirits that admonish me,
And give me signs of future accidents!

H. VI., 1 pt., V: 3. 892.

— **Made an Excuse.**

*Iago. * **

These bloody accidents must excuse my
manners.

O., V: 1. 1527.

ABUSE.—Low, Language of.

Fal. Away, you starveling, you elf-skin,
you dried neats-tongue, * * * * you
stock-fish,—O, for breath to utter what is
like thee!—you tailor's yard, you sheath,
you bow-case, you vile standing tuck;—

P. Hen. Well, breathe awhile, and then
to it again: and when thou hast tired thy-
self in base comparisons, hear me speak but
this.

H. IV., 1 pt., II: 4. 740.

**ACCESSARIES.—Cheated of their
Reward.**

Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due
by promise,
For which your honour and your faith is
pawn'd;
The earldom of Hereford, and the movables,
Which you have promised I shall possess.

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife; if
she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buck. What says your highness to my
just request?

K. Rich. I do remember me,—Henry
the Sixth
Did prophesy, that Richmond should be
king,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.
A king!—perhaps—

Buck. My lord,—

K. Rich. How chance, the prophet could
not at that time,
Have told me, I being by, that I should kill
him?

Buck. My lord, your promise for the
earldom.—

K. Rich. Richmond!—When last I was
at Exeter,
The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle,
And call'd it—Rouge-mont: at which name,
I started;

Because a bard of Ireland told me once,
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

Buck. My lord,—

K. Rich. Ay, what 's o'clock?

Buck. I am thus bold
To put your grace in mind of what you
promis'd me.

K. Rich. Well, but what is 't o'clock?

Buck. Upon the stroke
Of ten.

K. Rich. Well, let it strike.

Buck. Why let it strike?

K. Rich. Because that, like a Jack, thou
keep'st the stroke
Betwixt thy begging, and my meditation.
I am not in the giving vein to-day.

Buck. Why, then resolve me whe'r you
will, or no.

K. Rich. Thou troublest me; I am not
in the vein.

Buck. And is it thus? repays he my deep
service
With such contempt? made I him king for
this?

O, let me think on Hastings; and be gone
To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on.

R. III., IV: 2. 1032.

**ACCOMPLICE.—To be put out of the
way.**

Wor. And 't is no little reason bids us
speed,
To save our heads by raising of a head:
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
The king will always think him in our debt;
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And see already, how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

H. IV., 1 pt., I: 3. 733.

ACCOMPLICES.—Their Danger.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin
king,
That wish'd him on the barren mountains
starv'd.
But shall it be, that you,—that set the
crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man;
And, for his sake, wear the detested blot
Of murd'rous subordination,—shall it be,
That you a world of curses undergo:

Being the agents, or base second means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman
rather?—

O, pardon me, that I descend so low,
To show the line, and the predicament,
Wherein you range under this subtle king.—
Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power,
Did gage them both in an unjust behalf,—
As both of you, God pardon it! have done,—
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker, Boling-
broke?

And shall it, in more shame, be further
spoken,

That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook
off

By him, for whom these shames ye under-
went?

No; yet time serves, wherein you may re-
deem

Your banish'd honours, and restore your-
selves

Into the good thoughts of the world again :
Revenge the jeering, and disdain'd contempt,
Of this proud king; who studies, day and
night,

To answer all the debt he owes to you,
Even with the bloody payment of your
deaths.

H. IV., 1 pt., I: 3. 732.

ACCOMPLISHMENTS. — Pretension to High.

King. Aye, that there is : our court, you
know, is haunted

With a refined traveller of Spain ;

A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain :
One who the music of his own vain tongue

Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony ;

A man of complements, whom right and
wrong

Hath chose as umpire of their mutiny :
This child of fancy, that Armado hight,

For interim to our studies, shall relate,
In high-born words, the worth of many a
knight

From tawny Spain, lost in the world's
debate.

How you delight, my lords, I know not, I ;

But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.

L. L., I: 1. 273.

— Rare, Grouped.

*Agam. * **

When rank Thersites opes his mastiff jaws,
We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

T. C., I: 3. 1108.

ACCUSATION. — Doubtful.

Hor. Alas, my lord, hang me, if ever I
spake the words. My accuser is my 'prentice;
and when I did correct him for his
fault the other day, he did vow upon his
knees he would be even with me: I have
good witness of this; therefore, I beseech
your majesty, do not cast away an honest
man for a villain's accusation.

H. VI., 2 pt., I: 3. 913.

— False, Its Effect.

Claud. O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou
been,

If half thy outward graces had been plac'd
About thy thoughts, and counsels of thy
heart :

But, fare thee well! most foul, most fair,
farewell!

Thou pure impiety, and impious purity ;
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.

Leo. Hath no man's dagger here a point
for me?

Beat. Why, how now, cousin? where-
fore sink you down?

D. John. Come, let us go : these things,
come thus to light,
Smother her spirits up.

M. A., IV: 1. 245.

— Resented, as Though False.

Aum. Princes, and noble lords,
What answer shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars,
On equal terms to give him chastisement?
Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd
With the attainder of his sland'rous lips.—
There is my gage, the manual seal of death,
That marks thee out for hell: I say, thou
liest,

And will maintain, what thou hast said, is false,

In thy heart-blood, though being all too base

To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

R. II., IV: 1. 707.

— **Self, Intemperate.**

Mal. * * There 's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,

Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up

The cistern of my lust; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'er-bear,
That did oppose my will: Better Macbeth,
Than such a one to reign.

M., IV: 3. 1378.

ACCUSATIONS.—Against the Great.

Per. * * The blind mole casts
Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell, the earth is wrong'd

By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die for 't.

Kings are earth's gods: in vice their law 's their will;

And if Jove stray, who dares say, Jove doth ill?

It is enough you know; and it is fit,
What being more known grows worse, to smother it.

P., I: 1. 1643.

— **Answered by a Pun.**

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, sir John, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt, cannot live in less.

Ch. Just. Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

H. IV., 2 pt., I: 2. 777.

— **Easily Made.**

1st Cit. If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition.

C., I: 1. 1149.

— **False to Disarm a Creditor.**

Fal. * *
How now, dame Partlet the hen? have you inquired yet, who picked my pocket?

Host. Why, sir John! what do you think, sir John? Do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have searched, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. You lie, hostess; Bardolph was shaved, and lost many a hair: and I'll be sworn, my pocket was picked: Go to, you are a woman, go.

Host. Who I? I defy thee: I was never called so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, sir John; you do not know me, sir John: I know you, sir John: you owe me money, sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell You owe money here besides, sir John, for your diet, and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four-and-twenty pound.

Fal. He had his part of it; let him pay.

Host. He? alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face: What call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks; I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a youngker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's, worth forty mark.

Host. O Jesu! I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

Fal. How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup; and, if he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

H. IV., 1 pt., III: 3. 750.

ACCUSED.—His Right to be Heard.

Car. Marry, God forbid!—

Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best beseeeming me to speak the truth.

Would God, that any in this noble presence

Were enough noble to be upright judge

Of noble Richard; then true nobless would

Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.

What subject can give sentence on his king?
And who sits here, that is not Richard's subject?

Thieves are not judg'd, but they are by to hear,

Although apparent guilt be seen in them :
And shall the figure of God's majesty,
His captain, steward, deputy elect,
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,
And he himself not present? O, forbid it,
God,

That, in a Christian climate, souls refin'd
Should show so heinous, black, obscene a
deed!

I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
Stirr'd up by heaven thus boldly for his
king.

R. II., IV : 1. 708.

**ACCUSER.—Pleasure of being an.
(See Justice.)**

Laer. * * But let him come ;
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
"Thus diddest thou."

H., IV : 7. 1427.

ACCUSERS.—To Face the Accused.

Cran. * * Men, that make
Envy, and crooked malice, nourishment,
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lord-
ships,
That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to
face,
And freely urge against me.

H. VIII., V : 2. 1090.

ACHIEVEMENTS.—Mock us.

Tro. How my achievements mock me !
I will go meet them.

T. C., IV : 2. 1129.

—Only Present Worshiped.

Ulyss. * *

The present eye praises the present object :
Then marvel not, thou great and complete
man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax ;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
Than what not stirs.

T. C., III : 3. 1125.

**ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—All that
Modesty asks.**

Kent. To be acknowledg'd, madam, is
o'erpaid.

All my reports go with the modest truth ;
Nor more, nor clipp'd, but so.

K. L., IV : 7. 1478.

ACQUAINTANCE.—Honored.

Bass. * *

Return in haste, for I do feast to-night
My best-esteem'd acquaintance.

M. V., II : 2. 369.

—Not Forgotten.

Oth. * *

How do our old acquaintance of this isle?

O., II : 1. 1502.

—Renewed.

Shal. * * As you return, visit my
house ; let our old acquaintance be renewed.

H. IV., 2 pt., III : 2. 794.

ACTION.—Admired.

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd,
Than by the negligent.

A. C., III : 7. 1562.

—Appropriate.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let
your own discretion be your tutor : suit the
action to the word, the word to the action ;
with this special observance, that you o'er-
step not the modesty of nature.

H., III : 2. 1412.

—Better than Resolves.

Ulyss. * *

How some men creep in skittish fortune's
hall,

Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes !

How one man eats into another's pride,

While pride is fasting in his wantonness !

T. C., III : 3. 1124.

—Eloquent.

Vol. * *

Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the
ignorant

More learned than the ears.

C., III : 2. 1174.

—Inspiration of.

War. Why, therefore Warwick came to
seek you out :

And therefore comes my brother Montague.

* *

Rich. Ay, now, methinks, I hear great Warwick speak :
Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day,
That cries — Retire, if Warwick bid him stay.

* *

War. No longer earl of March, but duke of York ;

The next degree is, England's royal throne :
For king of England shalt thou be proclaimed

In every borough as we pass along ;
And he that throws not up his cap for joy,
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
King Edward, — valiant Richard, — Montague, —

Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,
But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

H. VI., 3 pt., II: 1. 964.

— Respected.

Agam. A stirring dwarf we do allowance give
Before a sleeping giant.

T. C., II: 3. 1117.

— Should Equal Thought.

Bast. * *
Be great in act, as you have been in thought.

K. J., V: 1. 671.

— Should Overtake Purpose.

Macb. * *
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it.

M., IV: 2. 1376.

ACTIONS.—As Noble as Thoughts.

Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never relished of a base descent.

P., II: 5. 1654.

— Correspond to Reasons.

Lew. Strong reasons make strong actions.

K. J., III: 4. 663.

ACTORS.—Bottom's Instructions to.

Bot. * * Get your apparel together ;
good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps ;
meet presently at the palace ; every man look o'er his part ;
for, the short and the long is, our play is preferred. In any case, let Thisbe have clean linen ; and

let not him that plays the lion pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions, nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath ; and I do not doubt but to hear them say it is a sweet comedy.

M. N., IV: 2. 341.

— Ill Will of, Deprecated.

Ham. * * Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed ? Do you hear, let them be well used ; for they are the abstract, and brief chronicles of the times : After your death you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you live.

H., II: 2. 1409.

— Reprove Heartlessness.

Ham. * *
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That from her working, all his visage wann'd ;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit ? and all for nothing !

For Hecuba !
What 's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her ?

* *
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter ; or, ere this,
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal : bloody, bawdy villain !

Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain !

H., II: 2. 1409.

— Universal Genius of.

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene indivisible, or poem unlimited : Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ, and the liberty, these are the only men.

H., II: 2. 1407.

ADMIRATION.—Infatuated.

Pan. * * Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way ; had I a sister were a grace, or a

daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris?—Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot.

* *

Cres. There is among the Greeks, Achilles; a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles? a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

Cres. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well?—Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

T. C., I: 2. 1106.

—Of a False Woman.

Oth. Hang her! I do but say what she is!—So delicate with her needle!—An admirable musician! O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear!—Of so high and plenteous wit and invention!

O., IV: 1. 1520.

—Of Women.

Hel. * *

Your eyes are load-stars; and your tongues sweet air.

M. N., I: 1. 323.

Dem. * *

To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?

Crystal is muddy.

M. N., III: 2. 334.

Eno. * * Antony,

Enthron'd in the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air: which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

A. C., II: 2. 1550.

ADOPTION.—Strives with Nature.

Count. * * 'T is often seen,

Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds

A native slip to us from foreign seeds.

A. W., I: 3. 500.

ADULTERY.—Described.

Ham. Such an act,

That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;
Calls virtue, hypocrite; takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,

And sets a blister there; makes marriage vows

As false as dicers' oaths: O, such a deed
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul; and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words.

L., III: 4. 1418.

—The Penalty of.

Oth. * * If I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune.

O., III: 2. 1512.

ADVANTAGES.—False Ground of Trust.

K. Rich. Why, our battalia trebles that account:

Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,

Which they upon the adverse faction want.
Up with the tent. — Come, noble gentlemen,
Let us survey the vantage of the ground; —
Call for some men of sound direction: —
Let's lack no discipline, make no delay;
For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day.

R. III., V: 3. 1042.

ADVENTURE.—Scatters Young Men.

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the world,

To seek their fortunes farther than at home,
Where small experience grows.

T. S., I: 2. 458.

ADVENTURER.—His Motto.

Pist. Why, then the world's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open.

M. W., II: 2. 97.

ADVENTURERS.—Described.

Chat. * *

Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens, —

Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,

Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,

To make a hazard of new fortunes here.

K. J., II: 1. 650.

ADVERSARIES.—In Law.*Tra. * **

And quaff carouses to our mistress' health;
And do as adversaries do in law,—
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

*T. S., I: 2. 461.***ADVERSARY.—Unknown, Noble.***Edg. Know, my name is lost;*

By treason's tooth bare-gnawn, and canker-bit:

Yet am I noble, as the adversary
I come to cope withal.

*K. L., V: 3. 1483.***ADVERSITY.—All Encompassing.***Lucy. * **

Who, ring'd about with bold adversity.

*H. VI., 1 pt., IV: 4. 888.***—Desertion in.***Tim. * **

That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
Fell from their boughs, and left me open,
bare

For every storm that blows.

*T. A., IV: 3. 1308.***—Ever Present.***Ros. * **

O, how full of briars is this working-day
world!

*A. Y., I: 3. 412.***—Helpless.***Apem. * * What, think'st*

That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamber-lain,
Will put thy shirt on warm?

*T. A., IV: 3. 1308.***—Its Compensations.***K. Rich. * **

What! we have many goodly days to see:
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed,
Shall come again, transform'd to orient
pearl;

Advantaging their loan, with interest
Of ten-times-double gain of happiness.

*R. III., IV: 4. 1038.***—Its Uses.***Duke S. Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,*

Hath not old custom made this life more
sweet

Than that of painted pomp? Are not these
woods

More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam:

The seasons' difference,—as, the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
(Which when it bites and blows upon my
body,

Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say
This is no flattery,)—these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running
brooks,

Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

*A. Y., II: 1. 414.***—Of Others Easily Borne.***Adr. Patience unmov'd! no marvel though she pause;*

They can be meek that have no other cause.
A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,
We bid be quiet when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of
pain,

As much, or more, we should ourselves
complain:

So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve
thee,

With urging helpless patience would relieve
me:

But, if thou live to see like right bereft,
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

*C. E., II: 1. 195.***—Separates Friends.***2 Serv. * **

So his familiars to his buried fortunes
Slink all away; leave their false vows with
him,

Like empty purses pick'd: and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone.

T. A., IV: 2. 1304.

—Transforms Foes.

Auf. O Marcius, Marcius,
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded
from my heart
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
Should from yon cloud speak divine things,
and say,
"T is true;" I'd not believe them more
than thee,
All noble Marcius.—O, let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grained ash an hundred times hath
broke,
And scar'd the moon with splinters! Here
I clip
The anvil of my sword; and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour. Know thou
first,
I loved the maid I married; never man
Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee
here,
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt
heart,
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold.

C., IV: 5. 1181.

—Unrelenting.

Apem. * * Will these moss'd trees,
That have outliv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip when thou point'st out? Will the
cold brook,
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,
To cure thy o'er night's surfeit?

T. A., IV: 3. 1308.

—Welcomed.

K. Hen. Let me embrace these four
adversities,
For wise men say it is the wisest course.

H. VI., 3 pt., III: 1. 971.

—Wintry.

Luc. Serv. * *
'T is deepest winter in lord Timon's purse.

T. A., III: 4. 1299.

ADVERTISEMENT.—Not Needed.

Ros. * * "Good wine needs no bush."

A. Y., V: 4. 438.

ADVICE.—Based on Probabilities.

Wor. * *

I speak not this in estimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set down;
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

H. IV., 1 pt., II: 3. 733.

—Despised.

Iago. Zounds, sir, you are one of those
that will not serve God, if the devil bid you.
Because we come to do you service, and
you think we are ruffians.

O., I: 1. 1492.

—Easily Given. (See page 363.)

Por. If to do were as easy as to know
what were good to do, chapels had been
churches, and poor men's cottages princes'
palaces. It is a good divine that follows his
own instructions. I can easier teach twenty
what were good to be done, than be one of
the twenty to follow mine own teaching.

M. V., I: 2. 363.

Hamlet's, to the Players.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as
I pronounce it to you, trippingly on the
tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of your
players do, I had as lief the town-crier
spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too
much with your hand, thus; but use all
gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and
(as I may say) whirlwind of passion, you
must acquire and beget a temperance, that
may give it smoothness. O, it offends me
to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-
pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very
rags, to split the ears of the groundlings;
who, for the most part, are capable of noth-
ing but inexplicable dumb shows, and noise:
I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er-
doing Termagant; it out-herods Herod:
pray you, avoid it.

I Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither; but let
your own discretion be your tutor: suit
the action to the word, the word to the
action; with this special observance, that
you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for
anything so overdone is from the purpose of
playing, whose end, both at the first, and
now, was, and is, to hold, as 't were, the
mirror up to nature; to show virtue her
own feature, scorn her own image, and the
very age and body of the time, his form and
pressure. Now, this overdone, or come
tardy off, though it make the unskilful
laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve;
the censure of which one, must in your

allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players, that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of christians, nor the gait of christians, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominable.

H., III: 2. 1412.

—**Polonius' to his Son.**

Pol. * * Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption
tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of
steel:

But do not dull thy palm with entertain-
ment

Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade.
Beware

Of entrance to a quarrel: but, being in,
Bear it that the opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy
voice:

Take each man's censure, but reserve thy
judgment.

Costly thy habit, as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France, of the best rank and
station,

Are of a most select and generous choice in
that.

Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For a loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all,—To thine ownself be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell; my blessing season this in thee!

H., I: 3. 1397.

ADVISERS.—Bad, Reproached.

Boling. I will unfold some causes of
your deaths.

You have misled a prince, a royal king,
A happy gentleman in blood and linea-
ments,

By you unhappied and disfigur'd clean.
You have, in manner, with your sinful
hours,

Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him;
Broke the possession of a royal bed,
And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's
cheeks

With tears drawn from her eyes by your
foul wrongs.

Myself—a prince, by fortune of my birth;
Near to the king in blood; and near in love,
Till you did make him misinterpret me,—
Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,
And sigh'd my English breath in foreign
clouds,

Eating the bitter bread of banishment:
Whilst you have fed upon my signories,
Dispark'd my parks, and fell'd my forest
woods,

From mine own windows torn my household
coat,

Raz'd out my impress, leaving me no sign,—
Save men's opinions, and my living blood,—
To show the world I am a gentleman.

This, and much more, much more than
twice all this,

Condemns you to the death.

R. II., III: 1. 700.

AFFECTATION.—Forsworn.

Biron. * *

Taffata phrases, silken terms precise,
Three-pil'd hyperboles, spruce affectation,
Figures pedantical; these summer-flies
Have blown me full of maggot ostenta-
tion:

I do forswear them: and I here protest,

By this white glove (how white the hand,
God knows!)

Henceforth my wooing mind shall be ex-
press'd

In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes.

L. L., V: 2. 298.

AFFECTION.—Ardent.

Duke. O, she that hath a heart of that
fine frame,

To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden
shaft

Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her! when liver, brain, and
heart,

These sovereign thrones, are all supplied
and fill'd,

(Her sweet perfections,) with one self-same king!

T. N., I. 1. 540.

—Bottomless.

Ros. * * My affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

A. Y., IV: 1. 430.

—Degrading.

Phi. Nay, but this dotage of our general's

O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,

That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd, like plated Mars, now bend,
now turn,

The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath
burst

The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper;

And is become the bellows and the fan
To cool a gipsy's lust.

A. C., I: 1. 1540.

—Its Decline Observed.

Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:

I have not from your eyes that gentleness,
And show of love, as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a
hand

Over your friend that loves you.

J. C., I: 2. 1323.

—Its Object Should be Young.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,

Or thy affection cannot hold the bent.

T. N., II: 4. 551.

—Its Signs Withheld.

Bru. Cassius,

Be not deceiv'd: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,
Of late, with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours;

But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd;

(Among which number, Cassius, be you one;)

Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

J. C., I: 2. 1323.

—Natural.

L. Macb. * * For the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.

M., IV: 2. 1376.

—Natural, Its Power.

Cor. O mother, mother!

What have you done? Behold, the heavens
do ope,

The gods look down, and this unnatural
scene

They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O!
You have won a happy victory to Rome:
But, for your son,—believe it, O, believe it,
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,

If not most mortal to him. But, let it
come:—

Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good
Aufidius,

Were you in my stead, would you have
heard

A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?

C., V: 3. 1190.

—Popular.

King. * * The other motive,
Why to a public count I might not go,
Is, the great love the general gender bear
him:

Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Work like the spring that turneth wood to
stone,

Convert his gyves to graces; so that my
arrows,

Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

H., IV: 7. 1427.

—Shelters.

Suf. * *

So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
Keeping them prisoners underneath her
wings.

H. VI., 1 pt., V: 3. 893.

—Strength of Misplaced.

Cres. If you love an addle egg as well
as you love an idle head, you would eat
chickens i' the shell.

T. C., I: 2. 1105.

—Undying.

Fath. * *

My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre !
For from my heart thine image ne'er shall
go.

H. VI., 3 pt., II: 5. 969.

Hub. 'T is not an hour since I left him
well :

I honour'd him, I lov'd him ; and will weep
My date of life out, for his sweet life's loss.

K. J., IV: 3. 670.

AFFLICTION.—Its Divine Source.

Oth. This sorrow's heavenly ;
It strikes, where it doth love.

O., V: 2. 1528.

—Medicinal.

Isab. * * For 't is a physic
That's bitter to sweet end.

M. M., IV: 6. 169.

—Support in.

K. Hen. Now, God be prais'd ! that to
believing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair !

H. VI., 2 pt., II: 1. 916.

—The Body its Grave.

K. Phi. * *

Look, who comes here ! a grave unto a soul ;
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath : —
I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.

K. J., III: 4. 662.

AGE.—Abused.

Gon. * * Idle old man,
That still would manage those authorities,
That he hath given away !—Now, by my
life,
Old fools are babes again ; and must be us'd
With checks as flatteries,—when they are
seen abus'd,
Remember what I have said.

K. L., I: 3. 1449.

—Commendatory.

Met. O let us have him ; for his silver
hairs

Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our
deeds :

It shall be said his judgment rul'd our hands ;
Our youths, and wildness, shall no whit
appear,

But all be buried in his gravity.

J. C., II: 1. 1330.

—Garrulous.

Dogb. A good old man, sir ; he will be
talking ; as they say, 'When the age is in,
the wit is out.'

M. A., III: 5. 243.

—Haggish, Stealing on.

King. * * He did look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Disciplined of the bravest : he lasted long ;
But on us both did haggish age steal on,
And wore us out of act.

A. W., I: 2. 498.

—Honor Due to.

Pro. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour
cannot
Be measur'd, or confin'd.

T., V: 1. 31.

—Increases Some Charms.

K. Hen. * * But, in faith, Kate, the
elder I wax, the better I shall appear : my
comfort is, that old age, that ill layer up of
beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face :
thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst ;
and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me,
better and better : And therefore tell me,
most fair Katharine, will you have me ?

H. V., V: 2. 855.

—Infirmities of.

Ulyss. * * To cough, and spit,
And with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet.

T. C., I: 3. 1109.

Mor. * * These grey locks, the pur-
suivants of death,
Nestor-like aged, in an age of care,
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.

These eyes,—like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,—

Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent :

Weak shoulders, overborne with burd'ning grief;

And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine

That droops his sapless branches to the ground.—

Yet are these feet,—whose strengthless stay is numb,

Unable to support this lump of clay,—

Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,

As witting I no other comfort have.

H., VI., 1 pt., II: 5. 876.

—Its Ameliorations.

*Æge. * **

Though now this grained face of mine be hid

In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,

And all the conduits of my blood froze up,

Yet hath my night of life some memory,

My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,

My dull deaf ears a little use to hear.

C. E., V: 1. 213.

—Its Folly.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou madest thy daughters thy mother.

* * I had rather be any kind of thing than a fool: and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou has pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing in the middle. Here comes one o' the parings.

K. L., I: 4. 1451.

—Its Sear and Yellow Leaf.

*Macb. * **

I have liv'd long enough: my way of life

Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf;

And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,

I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour,
breath,

Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.

M., V: 3. 1382.

—Its Signs.

Ch. Just. Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken? your wind short? your chin double? your wit single? and every part about you blasted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourself young? Fye, fye, fye, sir John!

H. IV., 2 pt., I: 2. 778.

—Its Appeal.

*Lear. * **

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway Allow obedience, if yourselves are old, Make it your cause; send down, and take my part!—

Art not asham'd to look upon this beard?

K. L., II: 4. 1460.

—Its Chivalry.

Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man

When Hector's grandsire suck'd: he is old now,

But, if there be not in our Grecian host One noble man, that hath one spark of fire, To answer for his love, Tell him from me,— I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver, And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn;

And, meeting him, will tell him, That my lady

Was fairer than his grandame, and as chaste

As may be in the world: His youth in flood, I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.

T. C., I: 3. 1110.

—Lusty.

*Adam. * **

Though I look old, yet am I strong and lusty:

For in my youth I never did apply

Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,

Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo

The means of weakness and debility;

Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,

Frosty, but kindly.

A. Y., II: 3. 415.

—Old.

Pet. * *

As old as Sybil.

T. S., I: 2. 458.*Lear.* * *

You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!

K. L., II. 4. 1462.*Lear.*

Pray, do not mock me:

I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward.

K. L., IV: 7. 1479.

—Should be Discreet.

Reg.

O, sir, you are old;

Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine: you should be rul'd, and
led

By some discretion, that discerns your
state

Better than you yourself.

K. L., II. 4. 1460.

—Should be Wise.

Fool. Thou should'st not have been old,
before thou hadst been wise.

K. L., I: 5. 1454.

—Sign of.

Fal. * * Why, my skin hangs about
me like an old lady's loose gown; I am
wither'd like an old apple-John.

H. IV., 1 pt., III: 3. 749.

—Sorrowful.

Duch. * *

Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,
And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of
tear.

R. III., IV: 1. 1031.

—Steals on.

King. * *

But on us both did haggish age steal on,
And wore us out of act.

A. W., I: 2. 498.

—Sweet.

Leon. * *

For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort.

W. T., V: 3. 617.**AID.—Uncertain, Poor Dependence.***Bard.*

Ay, marry, there's the point,

But if without him we be thought too feeble,

My judgment is, we should not step too far
Till he had his assistance by the hand:
For, in a theme so bloody-fac'd as this,
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise
Of aids uncertain, should not be admitted.

H. IV., 2 pt., I: 3. 779.

—Withheld Through Fear.

Stan. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond
this from me:—

That, in the sty of this most bloody boar,
My son George Stanley is frank'd up in
hold:

If I revolt, off goes young George's head;
The fear of that with-holds my present aid.

R. III., IV: 5. 1041.**ARTS.—Magic, Their Potency.**

Pro. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing
lakes, and groves;

And ye that, on the sands with printless foot,
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly
him,

When he comes back; you demi-puppets,
that

By moonshine do the green sour ringlets
make,

Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose
pastime

Is to make midnight mushrooms; that re-
joice

To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid
(Weak masters though ye be) I have be-
dimm'd

The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous
winds,

And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling
thunder

Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout
oak

With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd prom-
ontory

Have I made shake, and by the spurs
pluck'd up

The pine and cedar: graves, at my com-
mand,

Have wak'd their sleepers,—op'd, and let
them forth

By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure: and, when I have requir'd
Some heavenly music, (which even now
I do)

To work mine end upon their senses that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fadoms in the earth,
And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book.

T., V, 1. 30.

ALACRITY.—A Bridegroom's.

Dei. Let us make ready straight.

Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh
alacrity.

T. C., IV, 4. 1131.

ALARM.—Created by Sinister Hints.

Nym. I cannot tell; things must be as
they may: men may sleep, and they may
have their throats about them at that time;
and, some say, knives have edges. It must
be as it may; though patience be a tired
mare, yet she will plod. There must be
conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

H. V., II, 1. 825.

—On Unexpected Departure.

Her. * *

What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no
word?

Alack, where are you? speak, an if you
hear;

Speak, of all loves! I sfound almost with
fear.

No?—then I well perceive you are not nigh:
Either death, or you, I'll find immediately.

M. N., II, 2. 330.

ALLEGIANCE.—Due to Husband.

Des. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty:
To you, I am bound for life, and education;
My life, and education, both do learn me
How to respect you; you are the lord of
duty,

I am hitherto your daughter: But here 's
my husband;

And so much duty as my mother show'd
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor, my lord.

O., I, 3. 1497.

—Transferred.

Der. I am call'd Dercetas;
Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy
Best to be served: whilst he stood up and
spoke,

He was my master; and I wore my life,
To spend upon his haters. If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.

A. C., V, 1. 1576.

ALLIANCE.—Broken.

War. * *

Did I forget, that by the house of York
My father came untimely to his death?
Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece?
Did I impale him with the regal crown?
Did I put Henry from his native right;
And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame?
Shame on himself! for my desert is honour.
And, to repair my honour lost for him,
I here renounce him, and return to Henry.

H. VI., 3 pt., III, 3. 977

ALLIANCES.—Motives in.

Q. Mar. * * His demand

Springs not from Edward's well-meant
honest love,

But from deceit, bred by necessity;
For how can tyrants safely govern home,
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?
To prove him tyrant, this reason may suffice,
That Henry liveth still: but were he dead,
Yet here prince Edward stands, king Henry's
son.

Look therefore, Lewis, that by this league
and marriage

Thou draw not on thy danger and dis-
honour:

For though usurpers sway the rule awhile,
Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth
wrongs.

H. VI., 3 pt., III, 3. 975.

ALLITERATION.—Ridiculed.

Prol. * *

Whereat with blade, with bloody blameful
blade,

He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody
breast.

M. N., V, 1. 343.

ALTERNATIVE.—A Desperate.

Anne. Alas, I had rather be set quick i'
the earth,
And bowl'd to death with turnips.

M. W., III, 4. 108.

ALTERNATIVES.—Desperate.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry
Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;
Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring
bears;
Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling
bones,
With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless
skulls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;
Things that, to hear them told, have made
me tremble;
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

R. J., IV: 1. 1269.

AMAZEMENT.—Depicted.

1 *Gent.* * * But the changes I perceived in the king and Camillo were very notes of admiration: they seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they looked as they had heard of a world ransomed, or one destroyed.

W. T., V: 2. 614.

—Extraordinary.

K. Hen. * *
But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at.
* *
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen, but wondered at.

H. IV., 1 pt., III: 2. 748.

—Sudden.

Hor. * *
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory.

T. S., II: 1. 463.

AMBIGUITY.—A Hero's.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles;
And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.
There is a thousand Hectors in the field:
Now here he fights on Galathea his horse,
And there lacks work; anon, he's there
afoot,
And there they fly, or die, like scaled skulls

Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,
And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his
edge,
Fall down before him like the mower's
swath:
Here, there, and everywhere, he leaves, and
takes;
Dexterity so obeying appetite
That what he will he does; and does so
much,
That proof is call'd impossibility.

T. C., V: 5. 1141.

AMBITION.—A Disturber. (See Antony's Speech, also Death of Caesar.)

Eli. What now, my son? have I not
ever said,
How that ambitious Constance would not
cease,
Till she had kindled France, and all the
world,
Upon the right and party of her son?

K. J., I: 1. 646.

—A Murderer.

Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:
The heads of all thy brother cardinals,
(With thee, and all thy best parts bound
together,)
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your
policy!
You sent me deputy for Ireland;
Far from his succour, from the king, from
all
That might have mercy on the fault thou
gav'st him;
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy
pity,
Absolv'd him with an axe.

H. VIII., III: 2. 1080.

—Arrogance of Sensual.

Aaron. * * Aaron, arm thy heart, and
fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
And mount her pitch; whom thou in triumph
long
Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous
chains;

And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes,
Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.

Away with slavish weeds, and servile
thoughts!

I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made empress.

To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,
This goddess, this Semiramis;—this nymph,
This syren, that will charm Rome's Satur-
nine,

And see his shipwrack, and his common-
weal's.

Hollo! what storm is this?

Tit. And., II: 1. 1207.

—Bewildered.

Glo. * *

And I,—like one lost in a thorny wood,
That rents the thorns, and is rent with the
thorns;

Seeking a way, and straying from the way;
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling desperately to find it out,—
Torment myself to catch the English crown.

H. VI., 3 pt., III: 2. 974.

—Boundless.

Cleo. No, let me speak; and let me rail
so high,

That the false housewife Fortune break her
wheel,

Provok'd by my offence.

A. C., IV: 13. 1575.

—Boastful.

K. Rich. Down, down, I come; like
glistening Phaeton,

Wanting the manage of unruly jades.

R. II., III: 3. 705.

—Brave, Honorably Treated.

P. Hen. For worms, brave Percy: Fare
thee well, great heart!—

Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou
shrunk!

When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now, two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough:—This earth, that bears
thee dead,

Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,

I should not make so great a show of zeal:—
But let my favours hide thy mangled face;
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.

Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to
heaven!

Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!

H. IV., 1 pt., V: 4. 761.

—Chokes Virtue.

Glo. * *

Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition,
And charity chas'd hence by rancour's
hand.

H. VI., 2 pt., III: 1. 923.

—Cruel.

Cap. * *

And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorg'd
With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding
heart.

H. VI., 2 pt., IV: 1. 933.

—Dangerous.

Vol. * *

Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambi-
tion;

By that sin fell the angels; how can man
then,

The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?

H. VIII., III: 2. 1082.

—Defiant.

Glo. * *

Like one that stands upon a promontory,
And spies a far-off shore where he would
tread,

Wishing his foot were equal with his eye;
And chides the sea that sunders him from
thence,

Saying—he'll lade it dry to have his way:
So do I wish the crown, being so far off;
And so I chide the means that keep me from
it;

And so I say—I'll cut the causes off,
Flattering me with impossibilities.

H. VI., 3 pt., III: 2. 974.

—Deprecated.

Glo. O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost
love thy lord,

Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts:

And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Against my king and nephew, virtuous
Henry,
Be my last breathing in this mortal world!
My troublous dream this night doth make
me sad.

H. VI., 2 pt., I: 2. 910.

—Efforts to Restrain.

Flav. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them
thick.

These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's
wing,
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;
Who else would soar above the view of
men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

J. C., I: 1. 1323.

—End Bitter.

*Wol. * **

Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambi-
tion:

By that sin fell the angels; how can man,
then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that
hate thee:

Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and
fear not:

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy
country's,

Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st,
O Cromwell,

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the
king,

And,—Pr'ythee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 't is the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell,
Cromwell,

Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

H. VIII., III: 2. 1082.

—Fostered by Conspirators.

*Dec. * ** The senate have concluded
To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word, you will not
come,

Their minds may change. Besides, it were
a mock

Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
“Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better
dreams.”

If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whis-
per,

“Lo, Cæsar is afraid?”

J. C., II: 2. 1333.

—Gratified, of Short Duration.

Ban. Thou hast it now, king, Cawdor,
Glamis, all,

As the weird women promis'd; and, I fear,
Thou play'st most foully for 't: yet it was
said,

It should not stand in thy posterity;
But that myself should be the root, and
father

Of many kings.

M., III: 1. 1368.

—Greedy.

Buck. The devil speed him! no man's
pie is free'd
From his ambitious finger.

H. VIII., I: 1. 1057.

—Insatiable.

*Ulyss. * **

And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And, last, eat up himself.

T. C., I: 3. 1108.

—Its Defeat Bewailed.

Wol. So farewell to the little good you
bear me.

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my great-
ness!

This is the state of man: To-day he puts
forth

The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blos-
soms,

And bears his blushing honours thick upon
him:

The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost;
And, — when he thinks, good easy man, full
surely

His greatness is a ripening, — nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ven-
tur'd,

Like little wanton boys that swim on blad-
ders,

This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown
pride

At length broke under me; and now has
left me,

Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide
me.

Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate
ye;

I feel my heart new open'd: O, how
wretched

Is that poor man that hangs on princes'
favours:

There is, betwixt that smile we would as-
pire to,

That sweet aspect of princes, and their
ruin,

More pangs and fears than wars or women
have;

And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

H. VIII., III: 2. 1081.

—Its Ladder.

Bru. * * But 't is a common-proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face:
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base de-
grees
By which he did ascend.

J. C., II: 1. 1329.

—Must be Watchful.

Ulyss. * * Take the instant way;
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast; keep then the
path;
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue: If you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost; —

Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'er-run and trampled on.

T. C., III: 3. 1125.

—Overreaching.

Macb. * * I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself,
And falls on the other.

M., I: 7. 1362.

—Soars.

Glo. My lord, 't is but a base ignoble
mind
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

H. VI., 2 pt., II: 1. 915.

—The Dream of a Shadow's
Shadow.

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Ros. Truly, and I hold ambition of so
light a quality, that it is but a shadow's
shadow.

H., II: 2. 1406.

—Thriftless and Against Nature.

Rosse. 'Gainst nature still:
Thriftless ambition, that wilt raven up
Thine own life's means!

M., II: 4. 1368.

—Unscrupulous, and Ready.

Glo. * *
And leave the world for me to bustle in!
For then I 'll marry Warwick's youngest
daughter:
What though I kill'd her husband, and her
father?
The readiest way to make the wench
amends,
Is — to become her husband, and her father:
The which will I; not all so much for love,
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her, which I must reach unto.
But yet I run before my horse to market:
Clarence still breathes; Edward still lives,
and reigns;
When they are gone, then must I count my
gains.

R. III., I: 1. 1003.

—Wicked.

Glo. * * Between my soul's desire,
and me,

Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young
Edward,
And all the unlook'd-for issue of their
bodies,

To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:
A cold premeditation for my purpose!

Why, then I do but dream on sovereignty;
Like one that stands upon a promontory,
And spies a far-off shore where he would
tread,

Wishing his foot were equal with his eye;
And chides the sea that sunders him from
thence,

Saying—he 'll lade it dry to have his way:
So do I wish the crown, being so far off;
And so I chide the means that keep me from
it;

And so I say—I 'll cut the causes off,
Flattering me with impossibilities.

H. VI., 3 pt., III: 2. 974.

—**Wicked and Desperate.**

*Glo. * **

And yet I know not how to get the crown,
For many lives stand between me and home:
And I, — like one lost in a thorny wood,
That rents the thorns, and is rent with the
thorns;

Seeking a way, and straying from the way;
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling desperately to find it out, —
Torment myself to catch the English crown:
And from that torment I will free myself,
Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile;
And cry, content, to that which grieves my
heart;

And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions.
I 'll drown more sailors than the mermaid
shall;

I 'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
I 'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could,
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy:
I can add colours to the chameleon;
Change shapes, with Proteus, for advan-
tages,

And set the murd'rous Machiavel to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
Tut! were it further off, I 'll pluck it down.

H. VI., 3 pt., III: 2. 974.

—**Woman's, Rebuked.**

Glo. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide
outright:

Presumptuous dame, ill-nurtur'd Eleanor!
Art thou not second woman in the realm;
And the protector's wife, belov'd of him?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
To tumble down thy husband and thyself,
From top of honour to disgrace's feet?
Away from me, and let me hear no more.

H. VI., 2 pt., I: 2. 910.

—**Woman's, Resistless.**

Duch. Yes, good my lord, I 'll follow
presently.

Follow I must, I cannot go before,
While Gloster bears this base and humble
mind.

Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling-
blocks,

And smooth my way upon their headless
necks:

And, being a woman, I will not be slack
To play my part in fortune's pageant.

H. VI., 2 pt., I: 2. 910.

—**Woman's, Stronger than Man's.**

Duch. Why droops my lord, like over-
ripen'd corn,

Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?
Why doth the great duke Humphrey knit
his brows,

As frowning at the favours of the world?
Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,
Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?
What see'st thou there? king Henry's
diadem,

Enchas'd with all the honours of the world?
If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
Until thy head be circled with the same.
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious
gold:—

What, is 't too short? I 'll lengthen it with
mine:

And, having both together heav'd it up,
We 'll both together lift our heads to heaven;
And never more abase our sight so low,
As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

H. VI., 2 pt., I: 2. 910.

AMEN.—Prompt.

Solan. Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer; for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.

M. V., III: 1. 375.

AMENITIES.—International.

Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were train'd together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities, and royal necessities, made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorneyed, with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seem'd to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast; and embrac'd, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The Heavens continue their loves!

W. T., I: 1. 580.

AMITY.—Hypocritical Assumption.

*Glo. * **

If I unwittingly, or in my rage,
Have aught committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace:
'T is death to me, to be at enmity;
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.—
First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my duteous
service;—

Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,
If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us;
Of you, lord Rivers,—and, lord Grey, of
you,—

That all without desert have frown'd on
me;—

Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen; indeed, of
all.

I do not know that Englishman alive,
With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
More than the infant that is born to-night;
I thank my God for my humility.

R. III., II: 1. 1015.

AMOROUSNESS.—Indelicately Earnest.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st
thou sad,

When every thing doth make a gleeful
boast?

The birds chaunt melody on every bush;
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun;

The green leaves quiver with the cooling
wind,

And make a chequer'd shadow on the
ground;

Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
And—whilst the babbling echo mocks the
hounds,

Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,—
Let us sit down, and mark their yelling
noise:

And—after conflict, such as was suppos'd
The wandering prince of Dido once enjoy'd,
When with a happy storm they were sur-
priz'd,

And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,—
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slum-
ber;

While hounds, and horns, and sweet melo-
dious birds,

Be unto us, as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

Tit. And., II: 3. 1209.

AMUSEMENT.—Lengthens Life.

Serv. Your honour's players, hearing
your amendment,

Are come to play a pleasant comedy,
For so your doctors hold it very meet:
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd
your blood,

And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy.

T. S., Ind: 2. 454.

—When Useful.

Prin. There 's no such sport as sport by
sport o'erthrown.

L. L., V: 2. 295.

ANARCHY.—Its Cause.

*Ulyss. * **

This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
Follows the choking.

T. C., I: 3. 1108.

ANCESTORS.—Spirit of Invoked.

*Cant. * ** Gracious lord,
Stand for your own; unwind your bloody
flag;

Look back unto your mighty ancestors:
Go, my dread lord, to your great grandsire's
tomb,

From whom you claim; invoke his warlike
spirit,
And your great uncle's, Edward the Black
Prince;
Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
Making defeat on the full power of France;
Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
Stood smiling, to behold his lion's whelp
Forage in blood of French nobility.

H. V., I: 2: 822.

ANCESTRY.—Pride of.

Sly. Y' are a baggage; the Slys are no
rogues. Look in the chronicles, we came
in with Richard Conqueror.

T. S., Ind: 1: 451.

Poins. "John Falstaff, knight," —
Every man must know that, as oft as he has
occasion to name himself. Even like those
that are kin to the king; for they never
prick their finger, but they say, "There is
some of the king's blood spilt: How comes
that?" says he, that takes upon him not to
conceive: the answer is as ready as a bor-
rower's cap; "I am the king's poor cousin,
sir."

P. Hen. Nay, they will be kin to us, or
they will fetch it from Japhet. But the
letter:—

Poins. "Sir John Falstaff, knight, to
the son of the king, nearest his father,
Harry prince of Wales, greeting." — Why,
this is a certificate.

H. IV., 2 pt., II: 2: 783.

ANDIRONS.—Imogen's.

Iach. * * Her andirons
(I had forgot them) were two winged Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.

Cym., II: 4: 1603.

ANGELS.—Joy in Heaven.

Hym. Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.

A. Y., V: 4: 437.

—Still Bright.

Mal. * *
A good and virtuous nature may recoil,
In an imperial charge. But 'crave your
pardon;
That which you are, my thoughts cannot
transpose:

Angels are bright still, though the brightest
fell:

Though all things foul would wear the brows
of grace,

Yet grace must still look so.

M., IV: 3: 1378.

—Weeping.

Isab. * * But man, proud man!
Dress'd in a little brief authority, —
Most ignorant of what he 's most assur'd,
His glassy essence, — like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high
heaven,
As make the angels weep:

M. M., II: 2: 152.

ANGER.—Alarming.

Iago. Can he be angry? I have seen the
cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air;
And, like the devil, from his very arm
Puff'd his own brother: — And can he be
angry?
Something of moment, then: I will go meet
him;
There 's matter in 't indeed, if he be angry.

O., III: 4: 1517.

—All-Absorbing.

Vol. Anger 's my meat; I sup upon my-
self,
And so shall starve with feeding. — Come,
let 's go:
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like.

C., IV: 2: 1179.

—An Opportunity.

Mec. Cæsar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he 's
hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but
now
Make boot of his distraction: Never anger
Made good guard for itself.

A. C., IV: 1: 1568.

—Best Restrained.

Nor. Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler ques-
tion

What 't is you go about: To climb steep hills,

Requies slow pace at first.

* *

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself: We may outrun,
By violent swiftmess, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not,
The fire, that mounts the liquor till it run
o'er,

In seeming to augment it, wastes it? Be
advis'd:

I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself;
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

H. VIII., I: 1. 1058.

—Controlled by Intellect.

Vol. Pray be counsel'd:

I have a heart as little apt as yours,
[To brook control without the use of
anger,]

But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger,
To better vantage.

C., III: 2. 1173.

—Hasty.

Bru. * *

O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

J. C., IV: 3. 1345.

—Its Food.

Vol. Anger's my meat; I sup upon my-
self,

And so shall starve with feeding.

C., IV: 2. 1179.

—Natural.

K. Hen. I was not angry since I came
to France

Until this instant. — Take a trumpet, herald;
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill;
If they will fight with us, bid them come
down,

Or void the field; they do offend our sight:
If they 'll do neither, we will come to them;
And make them skirr away, as swift as
stones

Enforced from the old Assyrian slings:

Besides, we 'll cut the throats of those we
have;

And not a man of them, that we shall take,
Shall taste our mercy:—Go, and tell them
so.

H. V., IV: 7. 848.

—Noble.

Lear. * *

You see me here, you gods, a poor old
man,

As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble
anger!

O, let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks!—

Or ere I 'll weep:—O, fool, I shall go mad!

K. L., II: 4. 1462.

—Short Lived.

Bru. * * A lamb

That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark.
And straight is cold again.

J. C., IV: 3. 1345.

—Soft, but Powerful.

Bel. * * They are as gentle

As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head: and yet as
rough,

Their royal blood enchain'd, as the rud'st
wind,

That by the top doth take the mountain
pine,

And make him stoop to the vale.

Cym., IV., 2. 1616.

—Softened.

Vol. * * Lament as I do,

In anger, Juno-like.

C., IV: 2. 1179.

—Ungratified, Destroys.

Nor. * * Anger is like

A full-hot horse; who being allow'd his
way,
Self-mettle tires him.

H. VIII., I: 1. 1058.

—Unrestrained.

Nest. * *

But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold
The strong ribb'd bark through liquid moun-
tains cut,
Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse: Where 's then the
saucy boat,
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rival'd greatness? either to harbour fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune.

T. C., I: 3. 1107.

ANGLING.—A Woman's, Skillful.

Ber. * *

She knew her distance, and did angle for
me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine,
Her infinite cunning with her modern grace,
Subdu'd me to her rate.

A. W., V: 3. 528.

—The Pleasantest.

Urs. The pleasantest angling is to see
the fish

Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait.

M. A., III: 1. 238.

ANGUISH.—A Father's.

Leon. * * Why had I one?

Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not, with charitable hand,
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates;
Who, smirched thus, and mir'd with in-
famy,
I might have said, "No part of it is mine;
This shame derives itself from unknown
loins"!

But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I
prais'd,
And mine that I was proud on; mine so
much,
That I myself was to myself not mine,
Valuing of her; why, she—O, she is fall'n
Into a pit of ink! that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again;
And salt too little, which may season give
To her foul tainted flesh!

M. A., IV: 1. 245.

K. Hen. * * O foolish youth!

Thou seek'st the greatness that will over-
whelm thee.

Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.
Thou hast stol'n that, which, after some few
hours,

Were thine without offence; and, at my
death,

Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:
Thy life did manifest, thou lov'dst me not,
And thou wilt have me die assured of it.
Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy
thoughts;

Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life.

What! canst thou not forbear me half an
hour?

Then get thee gone; and dig my grave thy-
self;

And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.

Let all the tears that should bedew my
hearse,

Be drops of balm, to sanctify thy head:
Only compound me with forgotten dust;
Give that, which gave thee life, unto the
worms.

Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
* *

For the fifth Harry from curb'd license
plucks

The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.

O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withhold thy
riots,

What wilt thou do, when riot is thy care?
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 4. 803.

—At Infidelity.

Oth. Had it pleas'd heaven

To try me with affliction; had it rain'd
All kinds of sores, and shames, on my bare
head;

Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips;
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes;
I should have found in some part of my soul
A drop of patience: but alas! to make me

A fixed figure, for the time of scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger at,—
O! O!
Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:
But there, where I have garner'd up my
heart;
Where either I must live, or bear no life;
The fountain from the which my current
runs,
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!
Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads
To knot and gender in!

O., IV: 2. 1522.

—Heavy.

Y. Clif. * * *

As did Æneas old Anchises bear,
So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;
But then Æneas bare a living load,
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.

H. VI., 2 pt., V: 2. 945.

—Its Language.

Ham. O, that this too too solid flesh
would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew?

H., I: 2. 1395.

—Of Little Things.

Glo. Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps,
And useth it to patronage his theft.

H. VI., 1 pt., III: 1. 878.

ANSWER.—An Universal.

Clot. * * But for me, I have an answer
will serve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful answer
that fits all questions.

A. W., II: 2. 504.

ANTAGONISTS.—Heroic.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee; for I
do hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.

Auf. We hate alike;
Not Africk owns a serpent, I abhor
More than thy fame I envy; Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first budger die the other's
slave,

And the gods doom him after!

Auf. If I fly, Marcius,
Halloo me like a hare.

C., I: 8. 1157.

ANTICIPATION.—Disappointed.

Hel. * * Oft expectation fails, and
most oft there

Where most it promises.

A. W., II: 1. 503.

—Its Joy.

Cres. * * Things won are done, joy's
soul lies in the doing.

T. C., I: 3. 1107.

—Its Pleasures.

Salar. His hour is almost
past.

Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his
hour,

For lovers ever run before the clock.

Salar. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons
fly

To seal love's bonds new made, than they
are wont

To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

Gra. That ever holds: who riseth from
a feast,

With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures, with the unabated
fire

That he did pace them first? All things
that are,

Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.

M. V., II: 6. 371.

ANTIPATHIES.—Not to be Account-
ed for.

Shy. * * *

As there is no firm reason to be render'd,

Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;

Why he, a harmless necessary cat;

Why he, a woollen bagpipe,—but of force

Must yield to such inevitable shame,

As to offend, himself being offended;

So can I give no reason, nor I will not.

M. V., IV: 1. 383.

APATHY.—Protest Against.

Con. * * O, for honour of our land,
Let us not hang like roping icicles

Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more
frosty people

Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich
fields.

H. V., III: 5. 835.

APPAREL.—Petrucio's Wonderful.

Bion. Why, Petrucio is coming, in a new hat and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches thrice turn'd; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another lac'd; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town armoury, with a broken hilt, and chapeless; with two broken points: his horse hipp'd with an old mothy saddle, and stirrups of no kindred: besides, possessed with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of windgalls, sped with spavins, raied with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoil'd with the staggers, begnawn with the bots; sway'd in the back, and shoulder-shotten; ne'er legged before; and with a half-cheeked bit, and a head-stall of sheep's leather, which, being restrain'd to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots; one girth six times piec'd, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and here and there piec'd with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparison'd like the horse; with a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list; an old hat, and "The humour of forty fancies" pricked in 't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel.

T. S., III: 2. 468.

APPEAL.—Queen Katharine's.

Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice;

And to bestow your pity on me: for I am a most poor woman, and a stranger, Born out of your dominions; having here No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,

In what have I offended you? what cause Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,

That thus you should proceed to put me off, And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,

I have been to you a true and humble wife, At all times to your will conformable: Ever in fear to kindle your dislike, Yea, subject to your countenance; glad, or sorry

As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour, I ever contradicted your desire,

Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends

Have I not strove to love, although I knew He were mine enemy? what friend of mine That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to mind

That I have been your wife, in this obedience,

Upward of twenty years, and have been blest

With many children by you: If, in the course

And process of this time, you can report, And prove it too, against mine honour aught,

My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty, Against your sacred person, in God's name, Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt Shut door upon me, and so give me up To the sharpest kind of justice.

H. VIII., II: 4. 1071.

APPEARANCE.—May Cover Valor.

K. Hen. * *

Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?

The man, that once did sell the lion's skin While the beast lived, was kill'd with hunting him.

A many of our bodies shall, no doubt, Find native graves; upon the which, I trust, Shall witness live in brass of this day's work;

And those that leave their valiant bones in France,

Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,

They shall be fam'd; for there the sun shall greet them,

And draw their honours reeking up to heaven;

Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,

The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.

Mark then a bounding valour in our English;

That, being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,

Break out into a second course of mischief,

Killing in relapse of mortality.
 Let me speak proudly :— Tell the Consta-
 ble,
 We are but warriors for the working day :
 Our gayness, and our guilt, are all be-
 smirched
 With rainy marching in the painful field ;
 There 's not a piece of feather in our host,
 (Good argument, I hope, we shall not fly,)
 And time hath worn us into slovenry :
 But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim :
 And my poor soldiers tell me—yet ere
 night
 They 'll be in fresher robes ; or they will
 pluck
 The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers'
 heads,
 And turn them out of service.

H. V., IV : 3. 845.

— **Admonish.**

*Suf. * **

Smooth runs the water, where the brook is
 deep ;
 And in his simple show he harbours treason.
 The fox barks not, when he would steal the
 lamb.

H. VI., 2 pt., III : 1. 922.

— **Deceitful.**

*Cle. * **

Who makes the fairest show, means most
 deceit.

P., 1 : 4. 1647.

— **Deceive.**

P. John. But soft ! whom have we here ?
 Did you not tell me, this fat man was dead ?

P. Hen. I did ; I saw him dead, breath-
 less and bleeding

Upon the ground. —

Art thou alive ? or is it phantasy

That plays upon our eyesight ? I pr'ythee,
 speak :

We will not trust our eyes, without our
 ears :—

Thou art not what thou seem'st.

H. IV., 1 pt., V : 4. 761.

— **Never to be Trusted.**

*Bass. * **

The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
 In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
 But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
 Obscures the show of evil ? In religion,

What damned error, but some sober brow
 Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
 Hiding the grossness with fair ornament ?
 There is no vice so simple, but assumes
 Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
 How many cowards, whose hearts are all as
 false

As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
 The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,
 Who, inward search'd, have livers white as
 milk !

And these assume but valour's excrement,
 To render them redoubted ! Look on beauty,
 And you shall see 't is purchas'd by the
 weight ;

Which therein works a miracle in nature,
 Making them lightest that wear most of it :
 So are those crisped snaky golden locks,
 Which make such wanton gambols with the
 wind,

Upon supposed fairness, often known
 To be the dowry of a second head,
 The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.
 Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
 To a most dangerous sea ; the beauteous
 scarf

Veiling an Indian beauty ; in a word,
 The seeming truth which cunning times put
 on

To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gau-
 dy gold,

Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee :
 Nor none of thee, thou pale and common
 drudge

'Tween man and man. But thou, thou
 meagre lead,

Which rather threat'nest than dost promise
 aught,

Thy paleness moves me more than elo-
 quence.

M. V., III : 2. 377.

APPETITE. — A Wolf.

*Ulyss. * ** Appetite, an universal wolf,
 So doubly seconded with will and power,
 Must make perforce an universal prey,
 And, last, eat up himself.

T. C., I : 3. 1103.

— **Variable.**

*Bene. * ** But doth not the appetite
 alter ? A man loves the meat in his youth,
 that he cannot endure in his age.

M. A., II : 2. 237.

APPLAUSE.

1 *Sen.* These words become your lips as
they pass through them.

2 *Sen.* And enter in our ears like great
triumphers

In their applauding gates.

T. A., V: 2. 1314.

—Bewilders.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all
words;

Only my blood speaks to you in my veins;
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude,
Where every something, being blent to-
gether,

Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Express'd, and not express'd.

M. V., III: 2. 378.

—Mixed.

Ant. * * Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's ear;
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines;
That heaven and earth may strike their
sounds together,
Applauding our approach.

A. C., IV: 8. 1571.

—Popular, not Safe.

Duke. * * I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause, and *aves* vehement;
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it.

M. M., I: 1. 144.

—Reciprocal.

Macb. * *
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.

M., V: 3. 1383.

—Tempestuous.

3 *Gent.* * * Which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest.

H. VIII., IV: 1. 1083.

—Undeserved.

Ulyss. * *

They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder;
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
And great Troy shrinking.

T. C., III: 3. 1125.

—Vehement.

3 *Gent.* * *

As loud, and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks,
(Doublets, I think,) flew up; and had their
faces

Been loose, this day they had been lost.

Such joy

I never saw before.

H. VIII., IV: 1. 1083.

APPRECIATION.—Destroyed by Possession.

Cres. Men prize the thing ungain'd more
than it is.

T. C., I: 2. 1107.

—Lack of.

Fal. Not so, my lord; your ill angel is
light; but, I hope, he that looks upon me,
will take me without weighing: and yet, in
some respects, I grant, I cannot go, I can-
not tell: Virtue is of so little regard in
these costermonger times, that true valour
is turned bear-herd: Pregnancy is made a
tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in
giving reckonings: all the other gifts apper-
tinent to man, as the malice of this age
shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry.
You, that are old, consider not the capaci-
ties of us that are young: you measure the
heat of our livers with the bitterness of your
galls: and we that are in the vaward of our
youth, I must confess, are wags too.

H. IV., 2 pt., I: 2. 778.

APPROPRIATION.—Of Glory of Good Acts.

K. Hen. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from
fear;

Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission? I believe, not any.

We must not rend our subjects from our
laws,

And stick them in our will. Sixth part of
each?

A trebling contribution. Why, we take,
From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' the
timber;

And, though we leave it with a root, thus
hack'd,
The air will drink the sap. To every
county,
Where this is question'd, send our letters,
with
Free pardon to each man that has denied
The force of this commission.

H. VIII., I: 2. 1060.

APOPLEXY.—Its Signs.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a
kind of lethargy, an 't please your lordship;
a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson
tingling.

H. IV., 2 pt., I: 2. 777.

APOTHECARY.—Person Described.

Rom. * *

I do remember an apothecary, —
And hereabouts he dwells, —whom late I
noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty
seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of
roses
Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said —
An if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.

R. J., V: 1. 1273.

ARDOR.—Youthful.

Hot. No more, no more; worse than the
sun in March,
This praise doth nourish agues.

H. IV., 1 pt., IV: 1. 753.

ARGUMENT.—Confusion in.

The. His speech was like a tangled
chain; nothing impaired, but all disordered.

M. N., V: 1. 343.

ARMOR.—Putting on.

Ant. Rarely, rarely:
He that unbuckles this, till we do please
To doff 't for our repose, shall hear a storm.

A. C., IV: 4. 1569.

ARREST.—Not Desirable.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under
an arrest, I would send for certain of my
creditors. And yet, to say the truth, I had
as lief have the foppery of freedom as the
morality of imprisonment.

M. M., I: 2. 145.

**ARROGANCE.—Charged and Re-
buked.**

Agam. * * Go and tell him, *

We come to speak with him: and you shall
not sin,

If you do say — we think him over-proud,
And under-honest; in self-assumption great-
er,

Than in the note of judgment; and worthier
than himself

Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on;
Disguise the holy strength of their com-
mand,

And underwrite in an observing kind
His humorous predominance; yea, watch,
His pettish lunes, his ebbs, his flows, as if
The passage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this; and
add,

That, if he overhold his price so much,
We 'll none of him; but let him like an
engine

Not portable, lie under this report —
Bring action hither, this cannot go to war:
A stirring dwarf we do allowance give
Before a sleeping giant.

T. C., II: 3. 1117.

—Does not Hurt.

War. * *

And, having France thy friend, thou shalt
not dread

The scatter'd foe, that hopes to rise again;
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet look to have them buzz, to offend thine
ears.

H. VI., 3 pt., II: 6. 970.

—Excites Contempt.

Suf. O that I were a god, to shoot forth
thunder

Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges!
Small things make base men proud: this
villain here,

Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more

Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate.
Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob beehives.

It is impossible, that I should die
By such a lowly vassal as thyself.
Thy words move rage, and not remorse, in me.

H. VI., 2 pt., IV : 1. 933.

—**Extenuated.**

Q. Eliz. The countess Richmond, good my lord of Stanley,
To your good prayer will scarcely say—amen.

Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife,

And loves not me, be you, good lord, as-sur'd,

I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Stan. I do beseech you, either not believe

The envious slanders of her false accusers;
Or, if she be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds

From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

R. III., I : 3. 1006.

—**Of Office.**

*K. Hen. * **

And at the door too, like a post with packets.

H. VIII., V : 2. 1090.

—**Priestly.**

Win. Now, Winchester will not submit,
I trow,

Or be inferior to the proudest peer.

Humphrey of Gloster, thou shalt well perceive,

That, neither in birth, or for authority,

The bishop will be overborne by thee :

I'll either make thee stoop, and bend thy knee,

Or sack this country with a mutiny.

H. VI., 1 pt., V : 1. 892.

Win. Nay, stand thou back, I will not budge a foot;

This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.

Glo. I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back :

Thy scarlet robes, as a child's bearing-cloth
I'll use, to carry thee out of this place.

Win. Do what thou dar'st; I beard thee to thy face.

Glo. What? am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?

Draw, men, for all this privileged place;
Blue-coats to tawny-coats. Priest, beware your beard;

I mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly :

Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat;

In spite of Pope or dignities of church,

Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

Win. Gloster, thou'lt answer this before the Pope.

Glo. Winchester goose, I cry—a rope! a rope!—

Now beat them hence: Why do you let them stay!—

Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.—

Out, tawny coats!—out, scarlet hypocrite!

H. VI., 1 pt., I : 3. 868.

ART.—Mends Nature.

*Pol. * ** This is an art

Which does mend nature,—change it rather : but

The art itself is nature.

W. T., IV : 3. 601.

ARTILLERY.—All Conquering.

*Chorus. * ** And the nimble gunner

With linstock now the devilish cannon touches,

And down goes all before them.

H. V., III : C. 831.

—**Its Power.**

*K. John. * **

The cannons have their bowels full of wrath;
And ready mounted are they, to spit forth

Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls :

All preparation for a bloody siege,

And merciless proceeding by these French,
Confront your city's eyes, your winking

gates;

And, but for our approach, those sleeping stones

That as a waist do girdle you about,
By the compulsion of their ordnance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.

K. J., II: 1. 652.

ARTISTS.—Some Good.

Sim. * *

In framing artists, art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed;
And you 're her labour'd scholar.

P., II: 3. 1651.

ARTS.—Black.

Bra. * *

I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,
For an abuser of the world, a practiser
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant:—
Lay hold upon him; if he do resist,
Subdue him at his peril.

O., I: 2. 1494.

ASPIRATION.—Defeated.

Iago. * * By the faith of man,

I know my price, I am worth no worse a
place:

But he, as loving his own pride and pur-
poses,

Evades them, with a bombast circumstance,
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war;

And, in conclusion, nonsuits

My mediators; "for, certes," says he,

"I have already chose my officer."

And what was he?

Forsooth, a great arithmetician,

One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,

A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife:

That never set a squadron in the field,

Nor the division of a battle knows

More than a spinster; unless the bookish
theoric,

Wherein the toged consuls can propose

As masterly as he: mere prattle, without
practice,

Is all his soldiership. But, he, sir, had the
election.

O., I: 1. 1491.

ASS.—Detected.

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am
made an ass.

M. W., V: 5. 119.

The. With the help of a surgeon, he
might yet recover, and prove an ass.

M. N., V: 1. 344.

—Dogberry's Desire to be an.

Con. Away! you are an ass! you are an
ass!

Dogb. Dost thou not suspect my place?
Dost thou not suspect my years?—O that
he were here to write me down an ass! but,
masters, remember that I am an ass; though
it be not written down, yet forget not that I
am an ass:—No, thou villain, thou art full
of piety, as shall be prov'd upon thee, by
good witness. I am a wise fellow; and,
which is more, an officer; and, which is
more, a householder; and, which is more,
as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Mes-
sina; and one that knows the law, go to;
and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fel-
low that hath had losses; and one that hath
two gowns and everything handsome about
him:—Bring him away. O, that I had
been writ down an ass!

M. A., IV: 2. 248.

—How Bottom was Transformed into an.

Puck. My mistress with a monster is in
love.

Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play,
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren
sort,

Who Pyramus presented in their sport,
Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake,
When I did at him this advantage take.
An ass's now! I fixed on his head;
Anon, his Thisby must be answered,
And forth my mimic comes. When they
him spy,

As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves and madly sweep the sky;
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly,
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one
falls;

He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears
thus strong,

Made senseless, things begin to do them
wrong;

For briars and thorns at their apparel snatch;
Some, sleeves; some, hats; from yielders
all things catch.

I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there:
When in that moment (so it came to pass,)
Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.

M. N., III: 2. 332.

—May be Loved.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee!
thou art translated.

Bot. I see their knavery: This is to
make an ass of me; to fright me, if they
could. But I will not stir from this place,
do what they can; I will walk up and down
here, and I will sing, that they shall hear
I am not afraid.

The woosel cock, so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill;

Tita. What angel wakes me from my
flow'ry bed?

Bot.
The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer, nay —

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so fool-
ish a bird? who would give a bird the lie,
though he cry “Cuckoo” never so?

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing
again:

Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth
move me,
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love
thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have
little reason for that: and yet, to say the
truth, reason and love keep little company
together now-a-days: the more the pity, that
some honest neighbours will not make them
friends. Nay, I can gleek upon occasion.

Tita. Thou art as wise as thou art beau-
tiful.

M. N., III: 1. 331.

—Poor Example.

Flu. If the enemy is an ass and a fool,
and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think

you, that we should also, look you, be an
ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb; in
your own conscience now?

H. V., IV: 1. 840.

ASSIGNEES.—Described.

Post. * * Vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement.

Cym., V: 4. 1623.

ASSOCIATES.—Evil.

Fal. * * Company, villanous com-
pany, hath been the spoil of me.

H. IV., 1 pt., III: 3. 749.

—Influence of.

Fal. * * It is certain, that either wise
bearing, or ignorant carriage, is caught, as
men take diseases, one of another: there-
fore let men take heed of their company.

H. IV., 2 pt., V: 1. 805.

ASSOCIATIONS.—Bad, Demand
Care.

Dro. S. Marry, he must have a long
spoon that must eat with the devil.

C. E., IV: 2. 206.

ASSAULT.—Impetuous.

Fr. King. * *
Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow
Upon the valleys; whose low vassal seat
The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon.

H. V., III: 5. 835.

—Violent.

Reig. * *
The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.

H. VI., 1 pt., I: 2. 866.

ATONEMENT.—An Inspiration.

K. Hen. * *
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
(Whose soldier now, under whose blessed
cross

We are impressed and engag'd to fight,)
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy;
Whose arms were moulded in their mother's
womb,

To chase these pagans, in those holy fields,
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,

Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were
nail'd
For our advantage, on the bitter cross.

H. IV., 1 pt., I: 1. 727.

—Recognized.

War. As surely as my soul intends to
live
With that dread King that took our state
upon him
To free us from his Father's wrathful curse.

H. VI., 2 pt., III: 2. 928.

ATTEMPTS.—Foolish.

Will. * *

You may as well go about to turn the sun
to ice,
With fanning in his face with a peacock's
feather.

H. V., IV: 1. 842.

—Fruitless.

York. * * But, out, alas!
We bodd'd again; as I have seen a swan
With bootless labour swim against the tide,
And spend her strength with over-matching
waves.

H. VI., 3 pt., I: 4. 960.

—More Alarming than Deeds.

Lady M. Alack! I am afraid they have
awak'd,
And 't is not done:—the attempt, and not
the deed,
Confounds us:—Hark!—I laid their dag-
gers ready,
He could not miss them.—Had he not re-
sembled
My father as he slept, I had done 't.—My
husband?

M., II: 2. 1364.

ATTENDANCE.—Dancing, Tedious.

Ber. I shall stay here the forehorse to a
smock,
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
Till honour be bought up, and no sword
worn
But one to dance with! By heaven, I'll
steal away.

A. W., II: 1. 502.

ATTRACTION.—Of Love, its Power.

Rom. Can I go forward, when my heart
is here?

Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre
out.

R. J., II. 1. 1250.

AUDACITY.—Invoked.

Iack. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;
Rather, directly fly.

Cym., I: 7. 1596.

AUDIENCE.—Private on Public Af-
fairs.

Agam. What's your affair, I pray you?
Æne. Sir, pardon; 't is for Agamem-
non's ears.

Agam. He hears nought privately, that
comes from Troy.

Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to
whisper him:

I bring a trumpet to awake his ear;
To set his sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.

Agam. Speak frankly as the wind;
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour:
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.

T. C., I: 3. 1110.

AUSTERITY.—Belonging to a Father.

Tra. 'T is well; and hold your own, in
any case,
With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.

T. S., IV: 4. 477.

—Rebellion Against.

Biron. I can but say their protestation
over,
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
That is,—To live and study here three
years.

But there are other strict observances:
As, not to see a woman in that term;
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there:
And, one day in a week to touch no food,
And but one meal on every day beside;
The which, I hope, is not enrolled there:
And then to sleep but three hours in the
night,

And not to be seen to wink of all the day ;
 (When I was wont to think no harm all
 night,
 And make a dark night too of half the day ;)
 Which, I hope well is not enrolled there :
 O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep ;
 Not to see ladies, — study, fast, — not sleep.

L. L., I: 1. 271.

AUTHORITY.—A Birthright.

K. Rich. We were not born to sue, but
 to command.

R. II., I: 1. 686.

—Consequence of Disputing.

Nest. * * In the reproof of chance
 Lies the true proof of men: The sea being
 smooth,
 How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
 Upon her patient breast, making their way
 With those of nobler bulk?

T. C., I: 3. 1107.

—Controlled by Gold.

Clo. * * Though authority be a stub-
 born bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with
 gold.

W. T., IV: 3. 610.

—Curative.

Isab. Because authority, though it err
 like others,
 Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
 That skins the vice o' the top.

M. M., II: 3. 153.

—Demands Patience.

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take
 this disgrace off me, scurvy, old, filthy,
 scurvy lord!— Well, I must be patient;
 there is no fettering of authority. I 'll beat
 him, by my life, if I can meet him with any
 convenience, an he were double and double
 a lord.

A. W., II: 3. 508.

—God-bestowed.

K. Rich. We are amazed; and thus long
 have we stood
 To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,
 Because we thought ourself thy lawful
 king:
 And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
 To pay their awful duty to our presence?

If we be not, show us the hand of God
 That hath dismiss'd us from our steward-
 ship;

For well we know, no hand of blood and
 bone

Gan gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,
 Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.

And though you think, that all, as you have
 done,

Have torn their souls, by turning them from
 us,

And we are barren, and bereft of friends;—
 Yet know,—my master, God omnipotent,

Is must'ring in his clouds, on our behalf,
 Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike

Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,
 That lift your vassal hands against my

head,

And threat the glory of my precious crown.
 Tell Bolingbroke, (for yond', methinks, he

is,)

That every stride he makes upon my land,
 Is dangerous treason: he is come to ope

The purple testament of bleeding war;
 But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,

Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers'
 sons

Shall ill become the flower of England's
 face;

Change the complexion of her maid-pale
 peace

To scarlet indignation, and bedew

Her pastures' grass with faithful English
 blood.

R. II., III: 3. 704.

—III Defined.

Escal. I shall desire you, sir, to give me
 leave

To have free speech with you; and it con-
 cerns me

To look into the bottom of my place:

A pow'r I have; but of what strength and
 nature

I am not yet instructed.

M. M., I: 1. 144.

—Its Arrogance.

Isab. * * But man, proud man!
 Dress'd in a little brief authority,—
 Most ignorant of what he 's most assur'd,
 His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,

Plays such fantastic tricks before high
heaven,
As make the angels weep: who, with our
spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

M. M., II: 2. 152.

—**Its Surrender.**

K. Rich. What must the king do now?
Must he submit?

The king shall do it. Must he be depos'd?
The king shall be contented: Must he lose
The name of king? o' God's name, let it go:
I'll give my jewels, for a set of beads;
My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage;
My gay apparel, for an alms-man's gown;
My figur'd goblets, for a dish of wood;
My sceptre, for a palmer's walking-staff;
My subjects, for a pair of carved saints;
And my large kingdom for a little grave,
A little, little grave, and obscure grave:—
Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade, where subjects'
feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's
head:
For on my heart they tread, now whilst I
live;
And, buried once, why not upon my head?—
Aumerle, thou weep'st; My tender-hearted
cousin!—
We'll make foul weather with despised
tears;
Our sighs, and they, shall lodge the summer
corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting land.
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some pretty match with shedding
tears?
As thus;—To drop them still upon one
place,
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
Within the earth; and, therein laid,—
"There lies
Two kinsmen, digg'd their graves with
weeping eyes?"

R. II., III: 3. 704.

—**Neglect of.**

*Ulyss. * * **

And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many factions.

When that the general is not like the hive,
To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected?

T. C., I: 3. 1108.

—**Not Always Just.**

Claud. Thus can the demi-god, Au-
thority,
Make us pay down for our offence by
weight.—
The word of heaven—on whom it will, it
will;
On whom it will not, so; yet still 't is just.

M. M., I: 2. 145.

—**Obedied.**

Lear. And the creature run from the
cur? There thou might'st behold the great
image of authority: a dog's obeyed in office.

K. L., IV: 6. 1476.

AVARICE.—A Stanchless.

Mal. With this, there grows,
In my most ill-composed affection, such
A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;
Desire his jewels, and this other's house:
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more; that I should
forge

Quarrels unjust against the good, and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious
root

Than summer-seeding lust: and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings: Yet do not
fear;

Scotland hath foysons to fill up your will,
Of your mere own: All these are portable,
With other graces weigh'd.

M., IV: 3. 1378.

—**An Old Man's.**

*Clo. * * **
I begin to love, as an old man loves money,
with no stomach.

A. W., III: 2. 511.

—**Destroys Love.**

Shy. Why there, there, there, there! a
diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats
in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon
our nation till now; I never felt it till now:

—two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels.—I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why, so:—and I know not what's spent in the search: Why thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs but o' my breathing; no tears but o' my shedding.

M. V., III: 1. 376.

—Never Yields.

Ant. I pray you, think you question with the Jew,

You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;

You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,

When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven;

You may as well do anything most hard,
As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)

His Jewish heart.

M. V., IV: 1. 383.

—Revolting.

K. Hen. * *

How quickly nature falls into revolt,
When gold becomes her object!

H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 4. 802.

AVERSION.—Bitterly Expressed.

K. Hen. * *

Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say;
Their touch affrights me, as a serpent's sting.

H. VI., 2 pt., III: 2. 927.

—Extreme.

Sir To. * * I think oxen and wain-ropes cannot hale them together.

T. N., III: 2. 557.

Fal. Thou might'st as well say I love to walk by the Counter-gate; which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime kill.

M. W., III: 3. 105.

—To Comfort.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

T., II: 1. 15.

—Undisguised.

Clif. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,

As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!

H. VI., 2 pt., V: 1. 943.

AVOIDANCE.—The True Wisdom.

Cam. * * I am sure, 't is safer to

Avoid what's grown than question how 't is born.

W. T., I: 2. 586.

B

BADNESS.—In Character.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd

In evils, to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name.

M., IV: 3. 1378.

BALANCES.—Nature's.

Dio. E. For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather.

C. E., III: 1. 200.

BALLADS.—Offensive.

Hel. * * Traduc'd by odious ballads.

A. W., II: 1. 504.

BANISHMENT.—A Boundless Woe.

Jul. * * "Romeo is banished, —"
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death; no words can that
woe sound.

R. J., III: 2. 1262.

—A Mercy.

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from
their death:
For which attempt, the judges have pro-
nounc'd
My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. O happy man! they have befriended thee.
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive,
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?
Tigers must prey; and Rome affords no
prey,
But me and mine: How happy art thou
then,
From these devourers to be banished!

Tit. And., III: 1. 1214.

—Its Bitterness.

Boling. Eating the bitter bread of banishment.

R. II., III: 1. 700.

K. Rich. We banish you our territories:
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of life,
Till twice five summers have enrich'd our
fields,
Shall not regret our fair dominions,
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

Boling. Your will be done: this must
my comfort be, —
That sun, that warms you here, shall shine
on me;
And those his golden beams, to you here
lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a
heavier doom,
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce:
The fly-slow hours shall not determinate
The dateless limit of thy dear exile; —
The hopeless word of — never to return,
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

Nor. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,
And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth:

A dearer merit, not so deep a maim
As to be cast forth in the common air,
Have I deserved at your highness' hand.
The language I have learn'd these forty
years,

My native English, now I must forego:
And now my tongue's use is to me no more
Than an unstringed viol or a harp;
Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,
Or, being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you have engaol'd my
tongue,

Doubly portcullis'd, with my teeth, and
lips;

And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
Is made my gaoler to attend on me.
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
Too far in years to be a pupil now;
What is thy sentence then, but speechless
death,

Which robs my tongue from breathing native
breath?

K. Rich. It boots thee not to be com-
passionate;
After our sentence, plaining comes too late.

Nor. Then thus I turn me from my
country's light,
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

R. II., I: 3. 689.

—Worse than Death.

Rom. Ha! banishment? be merciful, say
death:

For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death: do not say — banishment.

Fri. Hence from Verona art thou banished:

Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona
walls,

But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence-banished is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death: — then banishment

Is death mis-term'd: calling death — banishment,

Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders
me.

Fri. O deadly sin! O rude unthankful-
ness!

Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind
prince,

Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banish-
ment:

This is dear mercy, and thou seest it, not.

Rom. 'T is torture, and not mercy: heav-
en is here,

Where Juliet lives; and every cat, and dog,
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven, and may look on her,
But Romeo may not. — More validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies, than Romeo: they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips;
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;
But Romeo may not; he is banished:
Flies may do this, when I from this must
fly;

They are free men, but I am banished.
And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-
ground knife,

No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so
mean,

But — banished — to kill me; banished?
O friar, the damned use that word in hell;
Howlings attend it: How hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
To mangle me with that word — banishment?

R. J., III, 3, 1262.

BANTERING. — Ridiculous.

Boyet. * *

With that all laugh'd, and clapp'd him on
the shoulder;

Making the bold wag by their praises bolder.
One rubb'd his elbow, thus; and fleer'd, and
swore,

A better speech was never spoke before:

Another with his finger and his thumb,

Cry'd, "Via! we will do 't, come what will
come:"

The third he caper'd, and cried, "All goes
well;"

The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he
fell.

With that, they all did tumble on the ground,
With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
That in his spleen ridiculous appears,
To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

L. L., V, 2. 294.

BARBARITY. — Pious.

Tit. Patient yourself, madam, and par-
don me.

These are their brethren, whom you Goths
beheld

Alive, and dead; and for their brethren
slain,

Religiously they ask a sacrifice:

To this your son is mark'd; and die he
must,

To appease their groaning shadows that are
gone.

Luc. Away with him! and make a fire
straight;

And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let 's hew his limbs, till they be clean con-
sum'd.

Tit. And., I, 2. 1202.

BARGAINS. — Cavils on.

Hot. I do not care: I'll give thrice so
much land

To any well-deserving friend;

But, in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.

Are the indentures drawn? shall we be
gone?

H. IV., 1 pt., III, 1. 746.

BARGE. — Cleopatra's.

Eno. I will tell you:

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten
gold;

Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that

The winds were love-sick with them: the
oars were silver;

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and
made

The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes.

A. C., II, 2. 1550.

BARRENNESS.—Cured by Touch.

Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia: for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their steril curse.

J. C., I: 2. 1323.

BASENESS.—Of One who Lies.

Lucul. * * Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wise; and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money; especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares for thee: good boy, wink at me, and say, thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible, the world should so much differ;

And we alive that liv'd? Fly, damned baseness,

To him that worships thee.

Lucul. Ha! Now I see, thou art a fool, and fit for thy master.

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee!

Let molten coin be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights? O you gods,

I feel my master's passion! This slave
Unto his honour, has my lord's meat in him:

Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,

When he is turn'd to poison?

O, may diseases only work upon 't!

And, when he is sick to death, let not that part of nature

Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour!

T. A., III: 1. 1297.

—Too Bold.

Ich. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Imo. Away!—I do condemn mine ears, that have

So long attended thee.—If thou wert honourable,

Thou would'st have told this tale for virtue, not

For such an end thou seek'st; as base, as strange.

Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour; and
Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains
Thee and the devil alike.—What ho,
Pisanio!—

The king my father shall be made acquainted

Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit,
A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart
As in a Romish stew, and to expound
His beastly mind to us; he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter whom
He not respects at all.

Cym., I: 7. 1597.

BASS.—Too Heavy, Mars a Tune.

Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.

Jul. Heavy? belike it hath some burden then.

* *

Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord with too harsh a descant:

There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.

Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly base.

Luc. Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus.

T. G., I: 3. 50.

BASTARD.

Ther. I am a bastard too; I love bastards. I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, in valour, in everything illegitimate.

T. C., V: 8. 1142.

Ang. Ha! Fie, these filthy vices! It were as good

To pardon him that hath from nature stol'n
A man already made, as to remit
Their saucy sweetness, that do coin heaven's image

In stamps that are forbid: 't is all as easy
Falsely to take away a life true made,
As to put metal in restrained means,
To make a false one.

M. M., II: 4. 154.

BACHELOR.—His Happiness.

D. Pedro. I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then I go toward Arragon.

Claud. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

D. Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage, as to show a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bowstring, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him: he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.

M. A., III: 2. 239.

—Old.

Bene. * * Shall I never see a bachelor of three score again?

M. A., I: 1. 227.

Bene. * *

When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.

M. A., II: 3. 237.

BATTLE.—Artillery.

K. John. * *

The cannons have their bowels full of wrath;

And ready mounted are they, to spit forth Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls.

K. J., II: 1. 652.

BATTLEFIELD.—Its Dangers.

Stew. * *

From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,

Where death and danger dog the heels of worth.

A. W., III: 4. 513.

BEARD.—Launcelot's.

Gob. * * Lord, worshipped might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my phill-horse has on his tail.

M. V., II: 2. 338.

—Round and Red.

Quick. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring-knife?

Sim. No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard; a Cain coloured beard.

M. W., I: 4. 93.

—Sign of Manhood.

Beat. * * He that hath a beard is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard is less than a man.

M. A., II: 1. 230.

BEARDS.—Rare in Colors.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow.

M. N., I: 2. 325.

BEARING.—Becoming.

Cleo. * *

But this is not the best: Look, pr'ythee, Charmian,

How this Herculean Roman does become The carriage of his chafe.

A. C., I: 3. 1544.

BEAUTY.

Pet. * * Kate, like the hazel-twigg, Is straight, and slender; and as brown in hue, As hazel-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.

T. S., II: 1. 464.

Pet. * *

Say, that she frown; I'll say, she looks as clear

As morning roses newly wash'd with dew.

T. S., II: 1. 463.

—A Witch.

Claud. * * For beauty is a witch, Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.

M. A., II: 1. 232.

—And Kindness.

Song. For beauty lives with kindness.

T. G., IV: 2. 66.

—By Comparison.

Pro. * *

Thou think'st there are no more such shapes as he,

Having seen but him and Caliban.

To the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.

Mira. My affections
Are then most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

T., I: 2. 14.

—Complimented.

K. Hen. The fairest hand I ever touch'd!
O beauty,
Till now I never knew thee.

H. VIII., I: 4. 1064.

—Cruel.

Vio. 'T is beauty truly blent, whose red
and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid
on:
Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

* *

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your
gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of
night;
Holla your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out, Olivia! O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me.

T. N., I: 5. 546.

—Disarming Power of.

Mar. * *
O, had the monster seen those lily hands
Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kiss
them,
He would not then have touch'd them for
his life;
Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony,
Which that sweet tongue hath made,
He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell
asleep,
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.

Tit. And., II: 5. 1213.

—Effect on Women.

York. 'T is beauty, that doth oft make
women proud.

H. VI., 3 pt., I: 4. 961.

—Excites Wrath.

Y. Clif. * * Tears virginal
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;
And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.

H. VI., 2 pt., V: 2. 945.

—Exquisite.

Rom. * *
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear:
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!

R. J., I: 5. 1248.

—Eye, the Judge of.

Prin. * *
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Nor utter'd by base sale of chapmen's
tongues.

L. L., II: 1. 277.

—Female.

Pet. * *
Such war of white and red within her
cheeks?
What stars do spangle heaven with such
beauty,
As those two eyes become that heavenly
face?

T. S., IV: 5. 479.

—Homage to.

Val. * *
She shall be dignified with this high honour,
To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a
kiss,
And, of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower,
And make rough winter everlastingly.

T. G., II: 4. 56.

—In Woman.

Ros. * *
'T is not your inky brows, your black silk
hair,
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of
cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.

A. Y., III: 5. 427.

—Irresistible.

Suf. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I
call'd.

Be not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me :
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
Keeping them prisoners underneath her
wings.

Yet, if this servile usage once offend,
Go, and be free again as Suffolk's friend.
O, stay!—I have no power to let her pass;
My hand would free her, but my heart says
—no.

As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak :
I 'll call for pen and ink, and write my
mind :

Fie, De la Poole! disable not thyself;
Hast not a tongue? is she not here thy pris-
oner?

Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?
Ay; beauty's princely majesty is such,
Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses
rough.

H. VI., 1 pt., V: 3. 893.

—Its Effect.

3 *Gent.* * * The rich stream
Of lords, and ladies, having brought the
queen

To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her; while her grace sat
down

To rest a while, some half an hour, or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man: which when the
people

Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks,
(Doublets, I think) flew up: and had their
faces

Been loose, this day they had been lost.
Such joy
I never saw before.

H. VIII., IV: 1. 1083.

—Manly.

Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eye
advance,
And say what thou seest yond.

Mira. What is 't? a spirit?

Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form:—But 't is a spirit.

Pro. No, wench; it eats, and sleeps,
and hath such senses

As we have, such. This gallant, which thou
seest,

Was in the wreck; and but he 's something
stain'd

With grief, that 's beauty's canker, thou
mightst call him

A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find them.

Mira. I might call him

A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

T., I: 2. 13.

—More Dangerous than Gold.

Ros. * *

Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

A. Y., I: 3. 413.

—Radiant.

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and un-
matchable beauty.

T. N., I: 5. 345.

—Sea Has a Sense of.

Cas. He has had most favourable and
happy speed

Tempests themselves, high seas, and howl-
ing winds,

The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands—
Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,

As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.

O., II: 1. 1501.

—Want of, Deplored.

Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond
chase!

The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.
Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies,
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.

How came her eyes so bright? Not with
salt tears:

If so, my eyes are oft'ner wash'd than hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;

For beasts that meet me run away for fear:
Therefore, no marvel, though Demetrius

Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.
 What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
 Made me compare with Hermia's sphery
 eyne?

M. N., II: 2. 329.

— **Woman's, above Praise.**

Biron. * * * When shall you hear that I
 Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
 A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,
 A leg, a limb?

L. L., IV: 3. 289.

— **Woman's, Overwhelming.**

Glo. * *

My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;
 And what these sorrows could not thence
 exhale,
 Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with
 weeping.

I never su'd to friend, nor enemy;
 My tongue could never learn sweet soothing
 word;

But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,
 My proud heart sues, and prompts my
 tongue to speak.

R. III., I: 2. 1005.

Tro. I cannot fight upon this argument;
 It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.

T. C., I: 1. 1103.

BEAUX.—Rival, Disparaged.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that
 persuade thee there 's something extraor-
 dinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and
 say thou art this and that, like a many of
 these lisp'ing hawthorn-buds; that come like
 women in men's apparel, and smell like
 Bucklersbury in simple-time: I cannot: but
 I love thee; none but thee; and thou de-
 serv'st it.

M. W., III: 3. 105.

BED.—A Tempting.

Lord. * *

Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a
 couch,

Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed
 On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.

T. S., Ind: 2. 453.

**BEEF-EATING.—An Injury to the
 Wit.**

Sir And. * * * But I am a great eater
 of beef, and I believe that does harm to my
 wit.

T. N., I: 3. 542.

BEES.—A Model for the State.

Cant. True: therefore doth
 heaven divide

The state of man in divers functions,
 Setting endeavour in continual motion;
 To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
 Obedience: for so work the honey bees;
 Creatures, that, by a rule in nature, teach
 The act of order to a peopled kingdom.

They have a king, and officers of sorts:
 Where some, like magistrates, correct at
 home;

Others, like merchants, venture trade
 abroad;

Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
 Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;
 Which pillage they with merry march bring
 home

To the tent-royal of their emperor:
 Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
 The singing masons building roofs of gold;
 The civil citizens kneading up the honey;
 The poor mechanic porters crowding in
 Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;
 The sad-ey'd justice, with his surly hum,
 Delivering o'er to executors pale
 The lazy yawning drone.

H. V., I: 2. 822.

BEGGAR.—An Unusual.

Boling. What shrill-voic'd suppliant
 makes this eager cry?

Duch. A woman, and thine aunt, great
 king; 't is I.

Speak with me, pity me, open the door:
 A beggar begs, that never begg'd before.

Boling. Our scene is alter'd,—from a
 serious thing,
 And now chang'd to "The Beggar and the
 King."—

My dangerous cousin, let your mother in;
 I know, she's come to pray for your foul
 sin.

R. II., V: 3. 715.

— **At What he Rails.**

Bast. * *

Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
 And say,—there is no sin, but to be rich;
 And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
 To say,—there is no vice, but beggary.

K. J., II: 2. 656.

—His Reason.

Glo. He has some reason, else he could
not beg.
I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw;
Which made me think a man a worm.

K. L., IV: 1. 1471.

—How Answered.

Por. * * *
You taught me first to beg; and now, me-
thinks,
You teach me how a beggar should be an-
swer'd.

M. V., IV: 2. 337

BEGGARS.—Abuse Position.

York. * * * Beggars, mounted, run
their horse to death.

H. VI., 3 pt., I: 4. 961.

—Their Death Unheralded.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no
comets seen.

J. C., II: 2. 1333.

BEGINNINGS.—Small, Dangerous.

Cas. * * *
Those that with haste will make a mighty
fire,
Begin it with weak straws.

J. C., I: 3. 1328.

BELIEF.—Impossibility of Inspiring.

Her. * * * I'll believe as soon
This whole earth may be bor'd; and that
the moon
May through the centre creep, and so dis-
please
Her brother's noontide with th' Antipodes.
It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him;
So should a murderer look; so dread, so
grim.

M. N., III: 2. 333.

**BELLIGERENCY.—In a Bishop, Re-
buked.**

P. John. * * *
My lord of York, it better show'd with you,
When that your flock, assembled by the
bell,
Encircled you, to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text:
Than now to see you here an iron man,
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,

Turning the word to sword, and life to
death.

That man, that sits within a monarch's
heart,

And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,
Would he abuse the countenance of the
king,

Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroad,
In shadow of such greatness! With you,
lord bishop,

It is even so:—Who hath not heard it
spoken,

How deep you were within the books of
God?

To us, the speaker in his parliament;
To us, the imagin'd voice of God himself;
The very opener, and intelligencer,
Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven,
And our dull workings: O, who shall be-
lieve,

But you misuse the reverence of your
place;

Employ the countenance and grace of
heaven,

As a false favourite doth his prince's name,
In deeds dishonourable? You have taken
up,

Under the counterfeited zeal of God,
The subjects of his substitute, my father;
And, both against the peace of heaven and
him,

Have here up-swarm'd them.

H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 2. 797.

BELL.—Sometimes Alarming.

Oth. * * *
Silence that dreadful bell, it frights the isle
From her propriety.

O., II: 3. 1506.

BELLOWING.—A Relief.

Ant. * * * O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar
The horned herd! for I have savage cause;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman
thank
For being yare about him.

A. C., III: 11. 1567.

BELLY.—A Cold, an Excuse.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to
the Thames water; for my belly's as cold
as if I had swallow'd snowballs for pills to
cool the reins.

M. W., III: 5. 103.

BENEDICTION.—Generous.*Bel.* * *

Two of the sweet'st companions in the
world:—

The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are
worthy

To inlay heaven with stars.

Cym., V: 5. 1630.**BEREAVEMENT.—Submission to.***Dor.* Comfort, dear mother; God is
much displeas'd,

That you take with unthankfulness his
doing;

In common worldly things, 't is call'd—un-
grateful,

With dull unwillingness to repay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly
lent;

Much more to be thus opposite with heaven,
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

R. III., II: 2. 1017.**BEST.—Is Last.***Gaunt.* * *

As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last.

R. II., II: 1. 692.**—Should be Last.***Boling.* * *

Lo, as at English feasts, so I regret

The daintiest last, to make the end most
sweet.

R. II., I: 3. 688.**BETRAYAL.—By an Angel Face.**

Cle. Thou art like the harpy,
Which, to betray, doth wear an angel's face,
Seize with an eagle's talons.

P., IV: 4. 1663.**—Justifies Surrender.***Mel.* Fly, noble English, you are bought
and sold;

Untread the road-way of rebellion,
And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out king John, and fall before his feet;
For, if the French be lords of this loud day,
He means to recompense the pains you take,
By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he
sworn,

And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the altar at St. Edmund's-Bury:
Even on that altar, where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.

K. J., V: 4. 674.**—Purchased by Gold.***Buck.* My surveyor is false; the o'er-
great cardinal

Hath show'd him gold: my life is spann'd
already:

I am the shadow of poor Buckingham;
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts
on,

By dark'ning my clear sun.—My lord, fare-
well.

H. VIII., I: 1. 1059.**BETRAYER.—Vengeance on a.***Ant.* * * 'T is well thou 'rt gone,

If it be well to live: But better 't were
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho!—
The shirt of Nessus is upon me: Teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:

Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the
moon,

And with those hands, that grasp'd the
heaviest club,

Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall
die;

To the Roman boy she hath sold me, and I
fall

Under this plot; she dies for 't.

A. C., IV: 10. 1573.**BETROTHAL.—Abuse of.***Pro.* * *

No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow: but barren
hate,

Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord, shall be-
strew

The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,
That you shall hate it both: therefore take
heed,

As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

T., IV: 1. 26.**—Full.**

Por. You see me, lord Bassanio, where
I stand,

Such as I am: though, for myself alone,

I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you,
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand
times more rich;

That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full sum of me
Is sum of nothing; which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unprac-
tis'd:

Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all, in that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself, and what is mine, to you and yours,
Is now converted: but now, I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same
myself,

Are yours, my lord:—I give them with this
ring;
Which when you part from, lose, or give
away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

M. V., III: 2. 378.

**BETROTHMENT.—A plea for Famil-
iarity.**

Lys. One turf shall serve as pillow for
us both.
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one
troth.

M. N., II: 2. 328.

BEWILDERMENT.—Complete.

Curt. * *
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.

T. S., IV: 1. 473.

—Of Cross Purposes.

Duke. Why what an intricate impeach is
this!
I think you all have drunk of Circe's cup.

C. E., V: 1. 212.

BEWITCHMENT.—A Lover's.

Obe. I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,

Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine;
There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and de-
light;

And there the snake throws her enamell'd
skin,

Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I'll streak her
eyes,

And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this
grove:

A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;
But do it, when the next thing he espies
May be the lady; Thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care, that he may prove
More fond on her, than she upon her love.

M. N., II: 1. 328.

BIRTH.—High.

Glo. * * But I was born so high,
Our aerie buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the
sun.

R. III., I: 3. 1009.

BIRTHDAY.—Cassius' Fatal.

Cas. * *
This day I breathed first: time is come
round,
And where I did begin, there I shall end;
My life is run his compass.

J. C., V: 3. 1350.

BIRTH-PLACE.—Of Great Men.

Flu. Ay, he was born at Monmouth,
captain Gower: What call you the town's
name where Alexander the pig was born?

Gow. Alexander the great.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig, great?
The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the
huge, or the magnanimous, are all one
reckonings, save the phrase is a little varia-
tions.

Gow. I think Alexander the great was
born in Macedon; his father was called—
Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

Flu. I think, it is in Macedon, where
Alexander is born. I tell you, captain,—
If you look in the maps of the 'orld, I war-

rant, you shall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon; and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth: it is called Wye, at Monmouth; but it is out of my prains, what is the name of the other river; but 't is all one, 't is so like as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander (God knows, and you know,) in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his pest friend, Clytus.

Gow. Our king is not like him in that; he never killed any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you know, to take tales out of my mouth, ere it is made an end and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it: As Alexander is kill his friend Clytus, being in his ales and his cups; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his good judgments, is turn away the fat knight with the great pelly-doublet: he was full of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks; I am forget his name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he: I can tell you, there is goot men born at Monmouth.

H. V., IV: 7. 847.

BITTERNESS.—Adds to Sweetness.

King. * *

The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

A. W., V: 3. 530.

—Misanthropic.

Tim. Commend me to them;

And tell them, that, to ease them of their griefs,

Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,

Their pangs of love, with other incident throes

That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do them.

* *

I have a tree, which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it: Tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that whoso please

To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself.

T. A., V: 2. 1314.

BLACKNESS.—Badge of Hell.

King. O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,

The hue of dungeons, and the scroll of night.

L. L., IV: 3. 290.

—Of Skin.

Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue:

Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad
Amongst the fairest burdens of our clime.
The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,

And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

* *

Aar. It shall not die.

Nur. Aaron, it must: the mother wills it so.

Aar. What, must it, nurse? then let no man, but I,

Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Dem. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point;

Nurse, give it me: my sword shall soon despatch it.

Aar. Sooner this sword shall plow thy bowels up.

Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?

* *

I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,
With all his threat'ning band of Typhon's brood,

Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,
Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.

What, what! ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!

Ye white-lim'd walls! ye alehouse painted signs!

Coal-black is better than another hue,
In that it scorns to bear another hue:

For all the water in the ocean

Can never turn a swan's black legs to white,
Although she lave them hourly in the flood.

Tell the empress from me, I am of age
To keep mine own; excuse it how she can.

Tit. And., IV: 2. 1221.

BLATHERSKITE.—A Loud Mouthed.

Boy. * * I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart; but the saying is true,—The empty vessel makes the greatest sound. Bardolph, and Nym, had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i' the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger; and they are both hanged; and so would this be, if he durst steal any thing adventurously.

H. V., IV: 4. 846.

BLEMISHES.—Demand Candor.

Ant. * *

Read not my blemishes in the world's report:

I have not kept my square: but that to come

Shall all be done by the rule.

A. C., II: 3. 1551.

BLINDNESS.—Varieties of.

Laun. O Heavens, this is my true-begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not.

M. V., II: 2. 368.

—Willful.

Leon. Have not you seen, Camillo, (But that 's past doubt—you have; or your eye-glass

Is thicker than a cuckold's horn,) or heard?

W. T., I: 2. 584.

BLOOD.—Ancestral.

Flu. All the water in Wye cannot wash your majesty's Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that: Got pless it and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace, and his majesty too!

K. Hen. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Cheshu, I am your majesty's countryman, I care not who know it; I will confess it to all the 'orld; I need not to be ashamed of your majesty, praised be God, so long as your majesty is an honest man.

H. V., IV: 7. 848.

—Ancestral Disgraced.

Gaunt. O, spare me not, my brother Edward's son,

For that I was his father Edward's son;
That blood already, like the pelican,

Hast thou tapp'd out, and drunkenly carous'd

My brother Gloster, plain well-meaning soul,

(Whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy souls!)

May be a precedent and witness good,

That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood;

Join with the present sickness that I have;

And thy unkindness be like crooked age,

To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower.

Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee!—

These words hereafter thy tormentors be!

Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:

Love they to live, that love and honour have.

R. II., II: 1. 693.

—Innocent, Cries for Vengeance.

Boling. * *

Further I say,—and further will maintain
Upon his bad life, to make all this good,—

That he did plot the duke of Gloster's death;

Suggest his soon-believing adversaries;

And, consequently, like a traitor coward,

Sluic'd out his innocent soul through streams
of blood:

Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,

To me, for justice, and rough chastisement;

And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

R. II., I: 1. 685.

—Lays Summer's Dust.

Boling. * *

If not, I'll use the advantage of my power,
And lay the summer's dust with showers of
blood,

Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen:

The which, how far off from the mind of
Bolingbroke

It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench

The fresh green lap of fair king Richard's
land,

My stooping duty tenderly shall show.

R. II., III: 3. 703.

—New Shed.

Quin. * *

Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed
blood,

As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on
flowers?

Tit. And., II: 4. 1211.

—Royal, will Show.*Bel.* * *

These boys know little, they are sons to the king :

Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.

They think, they are mine : and, though train'd up thus meanly

I' the cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit

The roofs of palaces ; and nature prompts them,

In simple and low things, to prince it, much Beyond the trick of others. This Poly-

dore,—

The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom The king his father call'd Guiderius,—
Jove!

When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out

Into my story : say,—“Thus mine enemy fell ;

And thus I set my foot on his neck ;” even then

The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,

Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture

That acts my words. The younger brother Cadwal,

(Once, Arviragus,) in as like a figure, Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more

His own conceiving.

Cym., III : 3. 1607.

—Shed in Rage.*K. Phi.* * *

Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
And stalk in blood to our possession?

R. J., II : 1. 652.

—Shedding of.

K. John. They burn in indignation ; I repent ;

There is no sure foundation set on blood ;
No certain life achiev'd by others' death.

K. J., IV : 2. 666.

—Stains, Show the Hero.*Vol.* Indeed, you shall not.

Methinks, I hear hither your husband's drum ;

See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair ;
As children from a bear, the Volces shunning him :

Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—

“Come on, you cowards, you were got in fear,

Though you were born in Rome :” His bloody brow

With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes ;

Like to a harvest-man, that 's task'd to mow
Or all, or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow ! O, Jupiter, no blood !

Vol. Away, you fool ! it more becomes a man,

Than gilt his trophy : The breasts of Hecuba,

When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier

Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood

At Grecian swords' contending.—Tell Valeria,

We are fit to bid her welcome.

C., I : 3. 1133.

BLOODLESSNESS.—Discerned.

Sir To. * * For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

T. N., III : 2. 557.

BLOODSHED.—Justified.*K. Hen.* * *

For God doth know, how many now in health,

Shall drop their blood in approbation

Of what your reverence shall incite us to :

Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,

How you awake the sleeping sword of war ;

We charge you in the name of God, take heed :

For never two such kingdoms did contend,
Without much fall of blood ; whose guiltless drops

Are every one a woe, a sore complaint,

'Gainst him, whose wrongs give edge unto the swords

That make such waste in brief mortality.

H. V., I : 2. 821.

BLUNTNESS.—In Whom Relished.

Cas. He speaks home, madam; you may relish him more in the soldier, than in the scholar.

O., II: 1. 1502.

BLUSH.—A Sign of Honesty.

Sur. * *

Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,

You 'll show a little honesty.

H. VIII., III: 2. 1080.

—Habitual.

P. Hen. O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore: Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ran'st away; What instinct hadst thou for it?

H. IV., 1 pt., II: 4. 741.

—Treachery of.

Chi. I blush to think upon this ignominy.

Aar. Why, there 's the privilege your beauty bears:

Eye, treacherous hue! that will betray with blushing

The close enacts and counsels of the heart!

Tit. And., IV: 2. 1221.

BLUSHES.—Of Modesty.

Adr. * *

What observation mad'st thou in this case, Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?

C. E., IV: 2. 205.

Oth. * *

I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deeds.

O., IV: 2. 1522.

BLUSTER.—Sign of Cowardice.

Boy. For Pistol,—he hath a killing tongue, and a quiet sword.

H. V., III: 2. 832

BOASTER.—Described by a Boaster.

Fal. * * Like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife.

H. IV., 2 pt., III: 2. 794.

BOASTING.—Egotistical.

Glend. * * At my birth,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds

Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields.

These signs have mark'd me extraordinary;
And all the courses of my life do show,
I am not in the roll of common men.

H. IV., 1 pt., III: 1. 744.

—Good Grounds for.

K. Hen. * *

And is not this an honourable spoil?

A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?

West. Faith 't is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

H. IV., 1 pt., I: 1. 728.

—Henry's.

K. Hen. * *

Either our history shall, with full mouth,
Speak freely of our acts; or else our grave,
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,

Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph.

H. V., I: 2. 823.

—Loud.

War. * *

The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,

Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres;

For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?

H. VI., 3 pt., V: 2. 988.

—Mocked.

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month.

R. J., II: 4. 1256.

Tro. O, sir, to such as boasting show their scars,

A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?

She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth:
But, still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

T. C., IV: 5. 1135.

—Ridiculed.

Gow. Why, here he comes, swelling like
a turkey-cock.

H. V., V: 1. 852.

—Vain.

Vol. * *

Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,
To imitate the graces of the gods;
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the
air,
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak.

C., V: 3. 1190.

BODY.—Paste and Cover.

K. Rich. * *

And nothing can we call our own, but
death;
And that small model of the barren earth,
Which serves as paste and cover to our
bones.

R. II., III: 2. 702.

K. John. * * Within this wall of flesh
There is a soul, counts thee her creditor.

K. J., III: 3. 661.

—The Lees of Life.

Macb. * * *

The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

M., II: 3. 1366.

Boling. * * This frail sepulchre of
our flesh.

R. II., I: 3. 689.

BOISTEROUSNESS.—Irreverent.

Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What
care these roarers for the name of king?

T., I: 1. 7.

BOLDNESS.—Artificial.

Lady M. That which hath made them
drunk hath made me bold:

What hath quench'd them, hath given me
fire:—Hark!—Peace!

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bell-
man,

Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is
about it:

The doors are open; and the surfeited
grooms

Do mock their charge with snores: I have
drugg'd their possets,

That death and nature do contend about
them,

Whether they live, or die.

M., II: 2. 1364.

BOMBAST.—Armado's.

King. * * (*Reading.*)

So it is, besieged with sable-coloured mel-
ancholy, I did commend the black-oppress-
ing humour to the most wholesome physick
of thy health-giving air: and, as I am a
gentleman, betook myself to walk. The
time when? About the sixth hour; when
beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men
sit down to that nourishment which is called
supper. So much for the time when: Now
for the ground which; which, I mean, I
walked upon: it is ycleped thy park. Then
for the place where; where, I mean, I did
encounter that obscene and most preposter-
ous event, that draweth from my snow-white
pen the ebon-coloured ink, which here thou
viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest: But
to the place where,—It standeth north-
north-east and by east from the west corner
of thy curious-knotted garden. There did
I see that low-spirited swain, that base min-
now of thy mirth,

* *

—sorted, and consorted, contrary to thy
established proclaimed edict and continent
canon, with—with—O with—but with this
I passion to say wherewith,

* *

—with a child of our grandmother Eve, a
female; or, for thy more sweet understand-
ing, a woman. Him I (as my ever-esteemed
duty pricks me on) have sent to thee, to re-
ceive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet
grace's officer, Antony Dull; a man of good
repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.

* *

For Jaquenetta (so is the weaker vessel
called, which I apprehended with the afore-
said swain,) I keep her as a vessel of thy
law's fury; and shall, at the least of thy
sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in
all compliments of devoted and heart-burn-
ing heat of duty.

L. L., I: 1. 274.

—Falstaff's.

P. Hen. * * Here comes lean Jack,
here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet
creature of bombast? How long is 't ago,
Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee? when I was about
thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in
the waist; I could have crept into any

alderman's thumb-ring. A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder.

* *

P. Hen. He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Hen. So did he never the sparrow.

H. IV., 1 pt., II: 4. 741.

—Of Patroclus.

Ulyss. * * Sometime, great Agamemnon,

Thy topless deputation he puts on;

And, like a strutting player,—whose conceit

Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich

To hear the wooden dialogue and sound

'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,—

Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming

He acts thy greatness in; and when he speaks,

'T is like a chime a mending: with terms unsquar'd,

Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropp'd,

Would seem hyperboles.

T. C., I: 3. 1109.

—Touchstone's.

Touch. Then learn this of me; To have, is to have: For it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink, being pour'd out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one, doth empty the other: for all your writers do consent, that *ipse* is he; now, you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

Will. Which he, sir?

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman! Therefore, you, clown, abandon, which is in the vulgar, leave, the society, which in the boorish is, company, of this female, which in the common is, woman, which together is, abandon the society of this female; or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage; I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel: I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'errun thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore, tremble, and depart.

A. Y., V: 1. 433.

BOND.—Relentless Exaction of a

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit; And lawfully by this the Jew may claim

A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart:—Be merciful;

Take thrice thy money: bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenor.

It doth appear you are a worthy judge;

You know the law; your exposition

Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,

Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.

M. V., IV: 1. 385.

—Shylock's Pound of Flesh.

Shy. This kindness will I show:

Go with me to a notary: seal me there

Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,

If you repay me not on such a day,

In such a place, such sum, or sums, as are

Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit

Be nominated for an equal pound

Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken

In what part of your body pleaseth me.

M. V., I: 3. 366.

BONDAGE.—Conscience Embitters.

Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,

I think, to liberty: Yet am I better

Than one that 's sick o' the gout: since he had rather

Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur'd

By the sure physician, death; who is the key

To unbar these locks. My conscience! thou art fetter'd

More than my shanks, and wrists: You good gods, give me

The penitent instrument, to pick that bolt,

Then, free for ever! Is 't enough, I am sorry?

So children temporal fathers do appease;

Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?

I cannot do it better than in gyves,

Desir'd, more than constrain'd: to satisfy,

If of my freedom 't is the main part, take

No stricter render of me, than my all.

I know, you are more clement than vile men,

Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement: that 's not my desire:
For Imogen's dear life, take mine; and
though

'T is not so dear, yet 't is a life; you coin'd it:

'Tween man and man, they weigh not every stamp;

Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake:

You rather mine, being yours: And so, great powers,

If you will take this audit, take this life,
And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen!
I'll speak to thee in silence.

Cym., V: 4. 1623.

—Vilest to the Great.

Mar. To be a queen in bondage is more vile

Than is a slave in base servility;
For princes should be free.

H. VI., 1 pt., V: 3. 894.

—Voiceless.

Jul. * *

Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine.

R. J., II: 2. 1253.

BOOKS.—A Secret Power.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 't is a custom with him

I' the afternoon to sleep: there thou mayst brain him,

Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife: Remember

First to possess his books; for, without them,

He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command: They all do hate him

As rootedly as I: Burn but his books;
He has brave utensils, (for so he calls them,) Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal.

And that most deeply to consider, is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a nonpareil: I never saw a woman
But only Sycorax my dam, and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax,
As great'st does least.

T., III: 2. 23.

—A Solace.

Tit. * *

Come, and take choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow.

Tit. And., IV: 1. 1219.

—Full of Dainties.

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts.

L. L., IV: 2. 285.

BORES.—Insufferable.

Hot. * * O, he 's as tedious

As is a tired horse, a railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house:—I had rather live

With cheese and garlic, in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,

In any summer house in Christendom.

H. IV., 1 pt., III: 1. 746.

BORROWER.—Affecting Honesty.

Ven. Most honour'd Timon, 't hath pleas'd the gods remember

My father's age, and call him to long peace.

He is gone happy, and has left me rich:

Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound

To your free heart, I do return those talents,

Doubled, with thanks, and service, from whose help

I deriv'd liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,

Honest Ventidius: you mistake my love;

I gave it freely ever; and there 's none

Can truly say, he gives, if he receives:

If our betters play at that game, we must not dare

To imitate them: Faults that are rich, are fair.

T. A., I: 2. 1290.

—Dulls the Edge.

Pol. Neither a borrower, nor a lender
be;

For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.

H., I: 3. 1397.

—No Hope for the.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this
consumption of the purse: borrowing only
lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is
incurable.

H. IV., 2 pt., I: 2. 778.

BOUNTIFUL.—The.

Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the
way
Of starved people^s

M. V., V: 1. 391.

Mort. * * Valiant as a lion,
And wond'rous affable; and as bountiful
As mines of India.

H. IV., 1 pt., III: 1. 746.

Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous
mind indeed,
A-hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us.

H. VIII., I: 3. 1063.

BOUNTY.—Should have Eyes Behind.

Fla. * *
'T is pity, bounty had not eyes behind;
That man might ne'er be wretched for his
mind.

T. A., I: 2. 1292.

—Unexhausted.

Cleo. * * For his bounty,
There was no winter in 't; an autumn 't was;
That grew the more by reaping.

A. C., V: 2. 1578.

BOYHOOD.—Innocence of.

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did
frisk i' the sun,
And bleat the one at th' other: What we
chang'd

Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd
That any did: Had we pursu'd that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher
rear'd

With stronger blood, we should have an-
swer'd Heaven

Boldly, "Not guilty;" the imposition clear'd
Hereditary ours.

W. T., I: 2. 581.

—Thoughtless.

Pol. We were, fair queen,
Two lads, that thought there was no more
behind

But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

W. T., I: 2. 581.

BOYS.—Pretty.

Eno. * *
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling
Cupids.

A. C., II: 2. 1550.

BRAG.—Provoked.

Hect. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,
I 'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard
thee well:

For I 'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor
there:

But, by the forge that stithied Mars his
helm,

I 'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and
o'er.—

You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag,
His insolence draws folly from my lips;
But I 'll endeavour deeds to match these
words,

Or may I never——

T. C., IV: 5. 1134.

BRAGGART.—Always an Ass.

Par. * * Captain I 'll be no more;
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft
As captain shall; simply the thing I am
Shall make me live. Who knows himself a
braggart,

Let him fear this; for it will come to pass,
That every braggart shall be found an ass.

A. W., IV: 3. 522.

—Fights Dead Lions.

Bart. * *
You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the
beard.

K. J., II: 1. 651.

—Forbearance with a.

Clo. Soft! What are you
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such.—What slave art thou?

Gui. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er, than answering
“A slave” without a knock.

Clo. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, villain: Yield thee, thief.

Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou?
Have not I

An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear
not

My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou
art;

Why I should yield to thee?

Clo. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?

Gui. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather; he made those
clothes,

Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clo. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.

Gui. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art
some fool;

I am loath to beat thee.

Cym., IV. 2. 1615.

—Picture of a.

Fal. * * Lord, Lord, how subject we
old men are to this vice of lying! This same
starved justice hath done nothing but prate
to me of the wildness of his youth, and the
feats he hath done about Turnbull-street;
and every third word a lie, duer paid to the
hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do re-
member him at Clement's-inn, like a man
made after supper of a cheese-paring: when
he was naked, he was, for all the world, like
a forked radish, with a head fantastically
carved upon it with a knife: he was so for-
lorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight
were invisible: he was the very Genius of
famine; yet lecherous as a monkey, and the
whores called him—mandrake: he came
ever in the rear-ward of the fashion; and
sung those tunes to the over-scudched hus-
wives that he heard the carmen whistle, and
sware—they were his fancies, or his good-
nights. And now is this Vice's dagger be-
come a squire; and talks as familiarly of
John of Gaunt, as if he had been sworn
brother to him: and I'll be sworn he never

saw him but once in the Tilt-yard; and then
he burst his head, for crowding among the
marshal's men. I saw it; and told John of
Gaunt, he beat his own name: for you
might have truss'd him, and all his apparel,
into an eel-skin: the case of a treble haut-
boy was a mansion for him, a court; and
now has he lands and beeves. Well; I will
be acquainted with him, if I return: and it
shall go hard, but I will make him a philos-
opher's two stones to me: If the young
dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no
reason, in the law of nature, but I may snap
at him. Let time shape, and there an end.

H. IV., 2 pt., III. 2. 794.

—Profane.

1 *Lord.* * * Is not this a strange fel-
low, my lord, that so confidently seems to
undertake this business, which he knows is
not to be done; damns himself to do, and
dares better be damned than to do 't?

A. W., III. 6. 516.

—Subterfuges of a.

P. Hen. * * Charge an honest woman
with picking thy pocket! Why, thou * *
impudent, embossed rascal, if there were
any thing in thy pocket but tavern-reckon-
ings, memorandums * * and one poor
pennyworth of sugar candy to make thee
long-winded; if thy pocket were enriched
with any other injuries but these, I am a
villain. And yet you will stand to it; you
will not pocket up wrong: Art thou not
ashamed?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest,
in the state of innocence, Adam fell; and
what should poor Jack Falstaff do, in the
days of villany? Thou seest, I have more
flesh than another man; and therefore more
frailty.

H. IV., 1 pt., III. 3. 751.

BRAGGARTS.—Infamy Proclaimed.

Poins. Welcome, Jack. Where hast
thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say,
and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—
Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead
this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks, and
mend them, and foot them too. A plague
of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack,
rogue.—Is there no virtue extant?

P. Hen. Didst thou never see Titan kiss
a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan, that
melted at the sweet tale of the son! if thou
didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here 's lime in this sack
too: There is nothing but roguery to be

found in villanous man: Yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it; a villanous coward. — Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unchanged in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say! I would, I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still. * * I call the coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound, I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me. — Give me a cup of sack: — I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day. * * A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You prince of Wales!

H. IV., 1 pt., II: 4. 739.

—Inventions of.

P. Hen. What, stand'st thou idle here?
lend me thy sword:

Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are unreveng'd: Pr'ythee,
lend thy sword.

Fal. O Hal, I pr'ythee, give me leave to breathe awhile. — Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms, as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

P. Hen. He is, indeed; and living to kill thee.

Lend me thy sword, I pr'ythee.

Fal. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou gett'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

P. Hen. Give it me: What, is it in the case?

Fal. Ay, Hal; 't is hot, 't is hot; there's that will sack a city.

H. IV., 1 pt., V: 3. 759.

—Their Fearfulness.

Fal. Though I could 'scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot here; here's no scoring, but upon the pate. — Soft! who art thou? Sir Walter Blunt; — there's honour for you: Here's no vanity! — I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too: God keep

lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels. — I have led my rag-gamuffins where they are peppered: there's but three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

H. IV., 1 pt., V: 3. 759.

Bragging.—No Help. (See Modesty.)

Con. Even as your horse bears your praises; who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.

H. V., III: 7. 838.

—Proof of Poverty.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,

Braggs of his substance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their worth.

R. J., II: 6. 1258.

BRAINS.—Cannot be Knocked Out.

Gui. This Cloten was a fool; an empty purse,—

There was no money in 't: not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he
had none:

Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head, as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Gui. I am perfect, what: cut off one
Cloten's head,

Son to the queen, after his own report;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and
swore,

With his own single hand he'd take us in,
Displace our heads, where (thank the gods!)
they grow,

And set them on Lud's town.

Cym., IV: 2. 1616.

—Men Without, Powerless.

Ther. * * If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. * * If ye take not that little little less-than-little wit from them that they have! which short-armed ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing their massy irons, and cutting the web.

T. C., II: 3. 1116.

BRAVADO.—A Dependence.

Nym. * * I dare not fight; but I will wink, and hold out mine iron: It is a simple one; but what though? it will toast cheese, and it will endure cold as another man's sword will: and there 's the humour of it.

H. V., II: 1. 825.

BRAVERY.—False.

Orl. Foolish curs! that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crushed like rotten apples: You may as well say,—that 's a valiant flea, that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

H. V., III: 7. 839.

—Incentives to.

K. Hen. Once more unto the breach,
dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead!
In peace, there 's nothing so becomes a
man,
As modest stillness, and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our
ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger.

* *

Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war!—And you,
good yoemen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show
us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding: which I
doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game 's
afoot:
Follow your spirit: and, upon this charge,
Cry —God for Harry! England! and Saint
George!

H. V., III: 1. 831.

—Its Fame.

Pan. That 's Æneas: Is not that a brave man? he 's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you.

T. C., I: 2. 1106.

—Mocked.

Cel. O, that 's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite

traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puisne tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose; but all 's brave that youth mounts, and folly guides:—Who comes here?

A. Y., III: 4. 426.

—National.

Queen. * *

The natural bravery of your isle; which stands

As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscaleable, and roaring waters;
With sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,

But suck them up to the top-mast.

Cym., III: 1. 1604.

—Never Flies.

Lucy. Too late comes rescue; he is ta'en, or slain:

For fly he could not, if he would have fled;
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

H. VI., 1 pt., IV: 4. 888.

—Proud of Wounds.

Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!

Had we done so at first, we had driven them home

With clouts about their heads.

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,

But now 't is made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We 'll beat 'em into bench-holes; I have yet

Room for six scotches more.

A. C., IV: 7. 1571.

—Seeks the Post of Danger.

Mar. I do beseech you,

By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows

We have made to endure friends, that you directly

Set me against Aufidius, and his Antiates:
And that you not delay the present; but,
Filling the air with swords advanc'd, and darts,

We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking; take your choice of
those

That best can aid your action.

Mar. Those are they
That most are willing:—If any such be
here,
(As it were sin to doubt,) that love this
painting

Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report;
If any think, brave death outweighs bad life,
Let him, alone, or so many, so minded,
Wave thus, [*Waving his Hand*] to express
his disposition,

And follow Marcius.

O me, alone! Make you a sword of me?
If these shows be not outward, which of you
But is four Volces? None of you but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
Though thanks to all, must I select: the
rest

Shall bear the business in some other sight,
As cause will be obey'd. Please you to
march;

And four shall quickly draw out my com-
mand,

Which men are best inclin'd.

Com. March on, my fellows:
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us.

C., I: 6. 1157.

—Suspicion of.

Pan. Is 'a not? It does a man's heart
good—Look you what hacks are on his hel-
met? look you yonder, do you see? look
you there! There 's no jesting: there 's
laying on; take 't off who will, as they say:
there be hacks!

Cres. Be those with swords?

T. C., I: 2. 1106.

—To be Feared.

Chat. * *

In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the English bottoms have waft
o'er,

Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scath in Christendom.

K. J., II: 1. 650.

—Turns the Tide of Battle.

Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and
wall'd with turf;
Which gave advantage to an ancient sol-
dier, —

An honest one, I warrant; who deserv'd
So long a breeding, as his white beard came
to,

In doing this for his country;—athwart the
lane,

He, with two striplings, (lads more like to
run

The country base, than to commit such
slaughter;

With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame)
Made good the passage; cry'd to those that
fled,

“Our Britain's harts die flying, not our
men:

To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards!
Stand;

Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beasts, which you shun beastly; and
may save,

But to look back in frown: stand, stand.”—
These three,

Three thousand confident, in act as many,
(For three performers are the file, when all
The rest do nothing,) with this word “stand,
stand,”

Accommodated by the place, more charm-
ing,

With their own nobleness, (which could
have turn'd

A distaff to a lance,) gilded pale looks,
Part, shame, part, spirit renew'd; that some,
turn'd coward

But by example, (O, a sin in war
Damn'd in the first beginners!) 'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began
A stop i' the chaser, a retire; anon,
A rout, confusion thick: Forthwith, they fly
Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles;
slaves,

The strides they victors made: And now
our cowards

(Like fragments in hard voyages,) became
The life o' the need; having found the back-
door open

Of the unguarded hearts, Heavens, how they wound!

Some, slain before; some, dying; some, their friends

O'erborne i' the former wave: ten, chas'd by one,

Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:

Those, that would die or ere resist, are grown

The mortal bugs o' the field.

Lord. . . . This was strange chance:
A narrow lane! an old man, and two boys!

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it: You are made

Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon 't,
And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:
"Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preserv'd the Britons, was the Roman's bane."

Cym., V: 3. 1622.

BRAWLING.—Destroys Reputation.

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont
be civil;

The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great

In mouths of wisest censure: What 's the matter,

That you unlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night-brawler? give me answer to it.

O., II: 3. 1506.

BREATH.—Perfuming the Air.

Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,

And with her breath she did perfume the air;

Sacred, and sweet, was all I saw in her.

T. S., I: 1. 457.

—Sweet.

Per. * *

But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath.

W. T., IV: 3. 602.

BREEDING.—Not to be Disguised.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass
that ever

Ran on the green sward: nothing she does
or seems,

But smacks of something greater than herself;

Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something

That makes her blood look on 't; Good sooth, she is

The queen of curds and cream.

W. T., IV: 3. 602.

—Will Tell.

Bel. * *

This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears, he hath had

Good ancestors.

Arr. . . . How angel-like he sings!

Gui. But his neat cookery! He cut
our roots in characters;

And sauc'd our broths, as Juno had been sick,

And he her dieter.

Cym., IV: 2. 1615.

BREVITY.—The Soul of Wit.

Pol. * *

Therefore,—since brevity is the soul of wit,

And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,—

I will be brief: Your noble son is mad:

Mad call I it: for, to define true madness,

What is 't, but to be nothing else but mad:

But let that go.

H., II: 2. 1404.

BRIBE.—Its Power.

Clo. He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold; show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado: Remember, ston'd and flay'd alive!

W. T., IV: 3. 610.

BRIBERY.—Disgraces a Roman.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this:

You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,

For taking bribes here of the Sardians;

Wherein, my letters, praying on his side,

Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself, to write in
such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not
meet
That every nice offence should bear his
comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you your-
self
Are much condemn'd to have an itching
palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm?
You know, that you are Brutus that speak
this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your
last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this
corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his
head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of
March remember!

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this
world,

But for supporting robbers; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large
honours,

For so much trash, as may be grasped
thus?—

I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

J. C., IV : 3. 1344.

—Its Power.

King. * *

In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
And oft 't is seen, the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law.

H., III : 3. 1417.

BRITAIN.—Neptune's Park.

Queen. * *

The natural bravery of your isle; which
stands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in

With rocks unscaleable, and roaring waters;
With sands that will not bear your enemies'
boots,
But suck them up to the top-most.

Cym., III : 1. 1694.

BROILS.—Domestic.

Duch. Accursed and unquiet wrangling
days!

How many of you have mine eyes beheld?
My husband lost his life to get the crown;
And often up and down my sons were tost,
For me to joy, and weep, their gain, and
loss;

And being seated, and domestic broils
Clean over-blown, themselves, the con-
querors,

Make war upon themselves; brother to
brother,

Blood to blood, self 'gainst self:—O, pre-
posterous

And frantic courage, end thy damned spleen;
Or let me die, to look on death no more!

R. III., II : 4. 1019.

BROTHERHOOD.—Its Claims.

Duch. Finds brotherhood in thee no
sharper spur?

Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Elward's seven sons, whereof thyself art
one,

Were as seven phials of his sacred blood,
Or seven fair branches springing from one
root:

Some of those seven are dried by nature's
course,

Some of those branches by the destinies
cut:

But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my
Gloster,—

One phial full of Edward's sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most royal
root,—

Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt;
Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all
faded,

By envy's hand, and murder's bloody axe.
Ah, Gaunt! his blood was thine; that bed,
that womb,

That mettle, that self-mould, that fashion'd
thee,

Made him a man; and though thou liv'st
and breath'st,

Yet art thou slain in him: thou dost con-
sent

In some large measure to thy father's
death,

In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model of thy father's life.

Call it not patience, Gaunt, it is despair:

In suffering thus thy brother to be slaugh-
ter'd,

Thou show'st the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee:

That which in mean men we entitle—
patience,

Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.

What shall I say? to safeguard thine own
life,

The best way is—to 'venge my Gloster's
death.

R. II., I: 2, 686.

BROTHERS.—All Should be.

*Arr. * **

Are we not brothers?

Imo. So man and man should be;

But clay and clay differs in dignity,

Whose dust is both alike.

Cym., IV: 2, 1614.

—Their Equality.

Orl. Ay, better than him I am before
knows me. I know you are my eldest
brother; and, in the gentle condition of
blood, you should so know me. The court-
esy of nations allows you my better, in
that you are the first-born; but the same
tradition takes not away my blood, were
there twenty brothers betwixt us. I have
as much of my father in me, as you; albeit,
I confess, your coming before me is nearer
to his reverence.

A. Y., I: 1, 407.

BROW.—A Title Leaf.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a
title-leaf,

Foretels the nature of a tragic volume:

So looks the strand, where on the imperious
flood

Hath left a witness'd usurpation. —

H. IV., 2 pt., I: 1, 774.

—Right Arched.

*Fal. * ** Thou hast the right arched
beauty of the brow, that becomes the ship-

tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian
admittance.

M. W., III: 3, 105.

BROWS.—Black.

Mam. Not for because

Your brows are blacker; yet black brows,
they say,

Become some women best; so that there be
not

Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,
Or a half-moon made with a pen.

W. T., II: 1, 587.

BRUSQUENESS.—A Sauce to Good Wit.

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown
to be!

He was quick mettle, when he went to
school.

Cas. So is he now, in execution

Of any bold or noble enterprise,

However he puts on this tardy form.

This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,

Which gives men stomach to digest his
words

With better appetite.

J. C., I: 2, 1326.

—Assumed by Craft.

Corn. This is some fellow,

Who, having been prais'd for bluntness,
doth affect

A saucy roughness; and constrains the
garb,

Quite from his nature: He cannot flatter,
he!—

An honest mind and plain,—he must speak
truth:

And they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.

These kind of knaves I know, which in this
plainness

Harbour more craft, and more corrupter
ends,

Than twenty silly ducking observants,

That stretch their duties nicely.

K. L., II: 2, 1457.

—Lying, Defense of.

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not
endure it:—

Who are they, that complain unto the king
That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them
not?

By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly,
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.

Because I cannot flatter, and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,

Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.

Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd

By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

Grey. To whom in all this presence
speaks your grace?

Glo. To thee, that hast nor honesty, nor grace.

When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong?—

Or thee?—or thee?—or any of your faction?

A plague upon you all! His royal grace,—
Whom God preserve better than you would wish!—

Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while,
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Q. Eliz. Brother of Gloster, you mistake
the matter:

The king, of his own royal disposition,
And not provok'd by any suitor else;
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
That in your outward action shows itself,
Against my children, brothers, and myself,
Makes him to send; that thereby he may gather

The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it.

Glo. I cannot tell;—The world is grown
so bad,

That wrens may prey where eagles dare not perch:

Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

R. III., I: 3. 1007.

—No Proof of Ill Nature.

Mira. Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech.

T., I: 2. 14.

—Resented and Rebuked.

Q. Eliz. My lord of Gloster, I have too
long borne

Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter scoffs:

By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty,
Of those gross taunts I often have endur'd.
I had rather be a country servant-maid,
Than a great queen, with this condition—
To be so baited, scorn'd, and stormed at:
Small joy have I in being England's queen.

R. III., I: 3. 1007.

BRUTALITY.—In the Great.

Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd
in Venice,

Though I should swear I saw it: 'T is very much;

Make her amends, she weeps.

O., IV: 1. 1521.

BUBBLES.—Earth's

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,

And these are of them:—Whither are they vanish'd?

Macb. Into the air; and what seem'd
corporal, melted

As breath into the wind.—Would they had staid!

M., I: 3. 1359.

BUFFOONERY.—Ability for.

Bot. * * I could play Eracles rarely,
or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

M. N., I: 2. 324.

BULLETS.—Invoked.

Hel. * * O, you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim; move the still-peering
air,

That sings with piercing; do not touch my
lord!

A. W., III: 2. 512.

BUMMERS.—Only Think of Plunder.

Mar. See here these movers, that do
prize their hours
At a crack'd drachm! Cushions, leaden
spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen
would

Bury with those that wore them, these base
slaves.

C., I: 5. 1155.

BURIAL.—Antony's.*Cleo.* * *

We'll bury him; and then, what's brave,
what's noble,

Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come,
away:

This case of that huge spirit now is cold.
Ah, women, women! come; we have no
friend

But resolution, and the briefest end.

A. C., IV: 13. 1576.**—Not to be Delayed.***Gui.* * * Let us bury him,

And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt.—To the grave.

Cym., IV: 2. 1617.**—Plea for Honorable.**

Mar. My lord, this is impiety in you:
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him;
He must be buried with his brethren.

* *

Mar. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.
Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous.
The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax
That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son
Did graciously plead for his funerals.
Let not young Mutius then, that was thy
joy,
Be barr'd his entrance here.

Tit. Rise, Marcus, rise:—
The dismall'st day is this, that e'er I saw,
To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome:
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

Tit. And., I: 2. 1205.**BURIAL-PLACE.—Not to be Polluted.**

Tit. Traitors, away! he rests not in this
tomb;

This monument five hundred years hath
stood,

Which I have sumptuously re-edified:
Here none but soldiers, and Rome's ser-
vitors,

Repose in fame; none basely slain in
brawls:—

Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Tit. And., I: 2. 1205.**BUSINESS.—Some, Loved.**

Ant. To business that we love, we rise
betime,
And go to it with delight.

A. C., IV: 4. 1569.**“BUT YET.”—Not Liked.**

Cleo. I do not like “but yet,” it does
allay

The good precedence; fie upon “but yet:”
“But yet” is as a gaoler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Pr'ythee,
friend,

Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together.

A. C., II: 5. 1552.

C

CALAMITIES.—Move the Dead.

Bed. What say'st thou, man, before
dead Henry's corse?

Speak softly; or the loss of those great
towns

Will make him burst his lead, and rise from
death.

Glo. Is Paris lost? is Rouen yielded up?
If Henry were recall'd to life again,

These news would cause him once more
yield the ghost.

H. VI., 1 pt., I: 1. 865.**—National.***Tim.* * *

If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That—Timon cares not. But if he sack
fair Athens,

And take our goodly aged men by the
beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war;
Then, let him know,—and tell him, Timon
speaks it,
In pity of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him, that—I care
not,
And let him take 't at worst; for their
knives care not,
While you have throats to answer.

T. A., V: 2. 1314.

CALAMITY.—Public.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing
should make
A greater crack; The round world should
have shook
Lions into civil streets,
And citizens to their dens:—The death of
Antony
Is not a single doom; in the name lay
A moiety of the world.

A. C., V: 1. 1576.

—Sudden.

Bel. * * Then was I as a tree,
Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but, in
one night,
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my
leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Cym., III: 3. 1607.

CALL.—To Arms.

Sat. Noble patricians, patrons of my
right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms;
And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title with your swords:
I am his first-born son, that was the last
That wore the imperial diadem of Rome;
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Tit. And., I: 1. 1201.

CALUMNY.—Chance to Refute.

Cran. I humbly thank your highness;
And am right glad to catch this good occa-
sion

Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my
chaff
And corn shall fly asunder: for, I know,
There's none stands under more calumni-
ous tongues,
Than I myself, poor man.

K. Hen. Stand up, good Canterbury;
Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted
In us, thy friend.

* *

K. Hen. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail, than we give
way to.

Keep comfort to you; and this morning see
You do appear before them; if they shall
chance,

In charging you with matters, to commit
you,

The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
The occasion shall instruct you: if entreat-
ies

Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them.—Look, the good
man weeps!

He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest
mother!

I swear, he is true-hearted; and a soul
None better in my kingdom.—Get you
gone,

And do as I have bid you. He has strangled
His language in his tears.

H. VIII., V: 1. 1088.

—Its Signs.

Leon. * *

The shrug, the hum, or ha; these petty
brands

That calumny doth use:—O, I am out,
That mercy does; for calumny will sear
Virtue itself: these shrugs, these hums,
and ha's,

When you have said she's goodly, come
between,

Ere you can say she's honest: But be't
known,

From him that has most cause to grieve it
should be,

She's an adulteress.

W. T., II: 1. 588.

—No Escape from.

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortal-
ity

Can censure'scape; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so
strong,

Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue!
But who comes here?

M. M., III: 2. 161.

—The Pure Cannot Escape.

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee
this plague for thy dowry: Be thou as
chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt
not escape calumny.

H., III: 1. 1411.

CANDOR.—Claimed.

Oth. * *

Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice.

O., V: 2. 1533.

CANNIBAL.—Fear Speaks Like a

Host. There's his chamber, his house,
his castle, his standing-bed, and truckle-bed;
't is painted about with the story of the
prodigal, fresh and new: Go, knock and
call; he'll speak like an Anthropophaginian
unto thee: Knock, I say.

M. W., IV: 5. 114.

CARE.—Destroys Sleep.

Fri. * *

Care keeps his watch in every old man's
eye,

And where care lodges, sleep will never lie.

R. J., II: 3. 1253.

P. Hen. * *

O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
That keep'st the ports of slumber open
wide
To many a watchful night!

H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 4. 802.

—Drowns the Heart.

Q. Mar. From such a cause as fills mine
eyes with tears,

And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd
in cares.

H. VI., 3 pt., III: 3. 975.

—Excessive.

Gra. You look not well, signior Antonio;
You have too much respect upon the world:

They lose it that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellously changed.

M. V., I: 1. 362.

—Fruitless.

Puc. * *

Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedied.

H. VI., 1 pt., III: 3. 882.

—Incessant, Destroys.

Cla. No, no; he cannot long hold out
these pangs;

The incessant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure, that should confine
it in,

So thin, that life looks through, and will
break out.

H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 4. 801.

—Its Windy Side.

D. Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a
merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my lord, I thank it; poor
fool, it keeps on the windy side of care.

M. A., II: 1. 233.

—Killed a Cat.

Claud. What! courage, man! What
though care kill'd a cat, thou hast mettle
enough in thee to kill care.

M. A., V: 1. 250.

—Not Lessened by Sharing.

Boling. Part of your cares you give
me with your crown.

K. Rich. Your cares set up, do not pluck
my cares down.

My care is—loss of care, by old care done;
Your care is—gain of care by new care
won:

The cares I give, I have, though given
away;

They tend the crown, yet still with me they
stay.

R. II., IV: 1. 709.

CARELESSNESS.—Its Danger.

Ar. * * That many may be meant
By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth
teach,

Which pries not to th' interior, but, like
the martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.

M. V., II: 9. 374.

CARPING.—A Woman's.

Hero. Why, you speak truth: I never
yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely
featur'd,
But she would spell him backward: if fair
fac'd,
She would swear the gentleman should be
her sister;
If black, why, Nature, drawing of an antic,
Made a foul blot: if tall, a lance ill-headed;
If low, an agate very vildly cut:
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all
winds;
If silent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out,
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

M. A., III: 1. 233.

—Not Commendable.

Urs. Sure, sure, such carping is not
commendable.

Hero. No; not to be so odd, and from
all fashions.

M. A., III: 1. 238.

CASTE.—Based Upon Complexion.

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.

M. V., II: 1. 367.

—In Society.

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit
can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but
those that are germane to him, though re-
mov'd fifty times, shall all come under the
hangman: which though it be great pity, yet
it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue,
a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter
come into grace! Some say, he shall be
ston'd; but that death is too soft for him,
say I: Draw our throne into a sheep-cote!
all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

W. T., IV: 3. 609.

—Its Strange Power.

King. * * Strange is it, that our
bloods,

Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all
together,

Would quite confound distinction, yet stand
off

In differences so mighty.

A. W., II: 3. 507.

—Roman, its Badges.

Fla. Hence; home, you idle creatures,
get you home;

Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk,
Upon a labouring day, without the sign
Of your profession?—Speak, what trade
art thou?

1 *Cit.* Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and
thy rule?

What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—
You, sir; what trade are you?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, in respect of a fine
workman, I am but, as you would say, a
cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? Answer
me directly.

1 *Cit.* A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may
use with a safe conscience; which is, in-
deed, sir, a mender of bad soals.

Mar. What trade, thou knave; thou
naughty knave, what trade?

2 *Cit.* Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not
out with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can
mend you.

Mar. What meanest thou by that? Mend
me, thou saucy fellow?

2 *Cit.* Why, sir, cobble you.

J. C., I: 1. 1322.

CATCHING.—For Others.

Tra. O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his
greyhound,

Which runs himself, and catches for his
master.

T. S., V: 2. 482.

CAT'S-PAW.—Declining to be a.

Page. * * No, he shall not knit a knot
in his fortunes with the finger of my sub-
stance.

M. W., III: 2. 104.

CAUTION.—Inspired by Suspicion.

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What's
o'clock?

1 *Car.* I think it be two o'clock.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thy lantern,
to see my gelding in the stable.

1 *Car.* Nay, soft, I pray ye; I know a
trick worth two of that, i' faith.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thine.

2 *Car.* Ay, when? canst tell?—Lend me
thy lantern, quoth a'?—marry, I'll see thee
hanged first.

H. IV., 1 pt., II: 1. 734.

—Not Based on Fear.

Tro. Hear why I speak it, love;
The Grecian youths are full of quality;
They're loving, well composed, with gifts
of nature flowing,
And swelling o'er with arts and exercise;
How novelty may move, and parts with
person,
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy
(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin,)
Makes me afeard.

T. C., IV: 4. 1130.

—Required.

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio; for,
you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many serv-
ants:
Besides, old Gremio is heark'ning still;
And, happily, we might be interrupted.

T. S., IV: 4. 478.

3 *Cit.* When clouds are seen, wise men
put on their cloaks.

R. III., II: 3. 1018.

Wor. Cousin, farewell:—No further go
in this,
Than I by letters shall direct your course.
When time is ripe, (which will be sud-
denly,)
I'll steal to Glendower, and lord Mortimer;
Where you and Douglas, and our powers at
once,
(As I will fashion it,) shall happily meet.

H. IV., 1 pt., I: 3. 734.

CELERITY.—Admired.

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd,
Than by the negligent.

A. C., III: 7. 1562,

CENSURE.—Dreaded.

Cleo. * * Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave to me! rather on Nilus'
mud

Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My country's high pyramides my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!

A. C., V: 2. 1578.

—Malicious.

Wol. * * We must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new trimm'd; but benefit no further
Than vainly longing.

H. VIII., I: 2. 1060.

—Not to be Escaped.

Duke. No might nor greatness in mor-
tality
Can censure 'scape; back-wounding cal-
umny
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so
strong,
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue!

M. M., III: 2. 161.

CEREMONY.—Hollow.

K. Hen. * *
O ceremony, show me but thy worth!
What is the soul of adoration?
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and
form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?

H. V., IV: 1. 842.

Tim. Nay, my lords, ceremony
Was but devis'd at first, to set a gloss
On faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 't is shown;
But where there is true friendship, there
needs none.
Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my for-
tunes,
Than my fortunes to me.

T. A., I: 2. 1290.

—Neglect of. (See Kings.)

Cleo. What, no more ceremony?—See,
my women!—
Against the blown rose may they stop their
nose,
That kneel'd unto the buds.—Admit him,
sir.

A. C., III: 11. 1565.

—**Sauce to Meat.**

Lady M. * * The sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

M., III: 4. 1371.

—**Sign of Cooling Friendship.**

Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling: Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple
faith:

But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their
mettle:

But when they should endure the bloody
spur,

They fall their crests, and, like deceitful
jades,

Sink in the trial.

J. C., IV: 2. 1343.

—**Undeserved.**

Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this, than by
A single voice; and that not pass'd me,
but

By learned approbation of the judges.

If I am traduc'd by tongues, which neither
know

My faculties, nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing,—let me say,
'T is but the fate of place, and the rough
brake

That virtue must go through.

* * What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as
oft,

Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
For our best act. If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd
at,

We should take root here where we sit, or
sit

State statues only.

H. VIII., I: 2. 1060.

CERTAINTY.—Demanded.

Oth. Make me to see it; or (at the least)
so prove it,

That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on: or, woe upon thy life.

Iago. My noble lord,——

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and tor-
ture me,

Never pray more: abandon all remorse;

On horror's head horrors accumulate:

Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth
amaz'd,

For nothing canst thou to damnation add,
Greater than that.

O., III: 3. 1514.

—**Its Sign.**

Fal. What! is the old king dead?

Pist. As nail in door.

H. IV., 2 pt., V: 3. 809.

Sic. Friend,
Art thou certain this is true? is it most cer-
tain?

Mess. As certain, as I know the sun is
fire.

C., V: 4. 1191.

Aar. * *

As sure a card as ever won the set.

T. A., V: 1. 1226.

CHAGRIN.—At Mistaken Generosity.

1 *Con.* How is it with our general?

Auf. Even so,

As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,
And with his charity slain.

C., V: 5. 1191.

—**Fever of.**

K. John. * *

And none of you will bid the winter come,
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;

Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their
course

Through my burn'd bosom; nor entreat the
north

To make his bleak winds kiss my parched
lips,

And comfort me with cold.

K. J., V: 7. 676.

CHALLENGE.—Accepted.

Hot. Cousin, I think, thou art enamoured
Upon his follies; never did I hear
Of any prince, so wild, at liberty:—

But, be he as he will, yet once ere night
 I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
 That he shall shrink under my courtesy.—
 Arm, arm, with speed:—And, fellows,
 soldiers, friends,
 Better consider what you have to do,
 Than I, that have not well the gift of
 tongue,
 Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

H. IV., 1 pt., V: 2. 758.

—**Bold and Chivalrous.**

Ene. * * Kings, princes, lords!
 If there be one, among the fair'st of Greece,
 That holds his honour higher than his ease;
 That seeks his praise more than he fears his
 peril;
 That knows his valour, and knows not his
 fear;
 That loves his mistress more than in con-
 fession,
 (With truant vows to her own lips he loves)
 And dares avow her beauty and her worth,
 In other arms than hers,—to him this
 challenge.

Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
 Shall make it good, or do his best to do it.
 He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
 Than ever Greek did compass in his arms;
 And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
 Mid-way between your tents and walls of
 Troy,
 To rouse a Grecian that is true in love:
 If any come, Hector shall honour him.

T. C., I: 3. 1110.

—**Given Modestly.**

Ver. No, by my soul; I never in my
 life
 Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,
 Unless a brother should a brother dare
 To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
 He gave you all the duties of a man;
 Trimm'd up your praises with a princely
 tongue;
 Spoke your deservings like a chronicle;
 Making you ever better than his praise,
 By still dispraising praise, valued with you:
 And, which became him like a prince in-
 deed,
 He made a blushing cital of himself;
 And chid his truant youth with such a
 grace,

As if he master'd there a double spirit,
 Of teaching, and of learning, instantly.
 There did he pause: But let me tell the
 world

If he outlive the envy of this day,
 England did never owe so sweet a hope,
 So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

H. IV., 1 pt., V: 2. 758.

—**Laughed at.**

Cæs. * * Let the old ruffian know,
 I have many other ways to die; mean time,
 Laugh at his challenge.

A. C., IV: 1. 1568.

CHANGE.—May do all Things.

Lew. * * *

Have I not here the best cards for the game,
 To win this easy match play'd for a crown?

K. J., V: 2. 673.

Macb. If chance will have me king, why,
 chance may crown me,
 Without my stir.

M., I: 3. 1360.

—**Unreliable.**

Mor. * * But, alas the while!
 If Hercules and Lichas play at dice,
 Which is the better man; the greater throw
 May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
 So is Alcides beaten by his page;
 And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
 Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
 And die with grieving.

M. V., II: 1. 367.

CHANGE.—Adored.

Pand. * * *

And kiss the lips of unacquainted change.

K. J., III: 4. 663.

—**Constant.**

Rosse. * * *

Things at the worst will cease, or else climb
 upward
 To what they were before.

M., IV: 2. 1377.

—**Desired.**

Ant. * * *

And quietness, grown sick of rest, would
 purge
 By any desperate change.

A. C., I: 3. 1544.

—Love of, Dangerous.

K. Hen. * *

To face the garment of rebellion
 With some fine color, that may please the
 eye
 Of fickle changelings, and poor discontents,
 Which gape, and rub the elbow, at the
 news
 Of hurlyburly innovation.

H. IV., 1 pt., V: 1. 757.

—Of Seasons.

P. Humph. * *

The seasons change their manners, as the
 year
 Had found some months asleep, and leap'd
 them over.

*H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 4. 801.***CHANGELESSNESS.—Of Vengeance.***Oth.* O, blood, Iago, blood!*Iago.* Patience, I say; your mind, perhaps, may change.*Oth.* Never, Iago. Like to the Pontick sea,

Whose icy current and compulsive course
 Ne'er knows retiring ebb, but keeps due on
 To the Propontick, and the Hellespont;
 Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent
 pace,
 Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble
 love,
 Till that a capable and wide revenge
 Swallow them up.

*O., III: 3. 1515.***CHANGELINGS.—Contests Over.***Puck.* The king doth keep his revels here
to-night:Take heed the queen come not within his
sight;

For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
 Because that she, as her attendant, hath
 A lovely boy stol'n from an Indian king;
 She never had so sweet a changeling:
 And jealous Oberon would have the child
 Knight of his train, to trace the forests
 wild:

But she, perforce, withholds the loved boy,
 Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all
 her joy:

And now they never meet in grove, or green,

By fountain clear, or spangled starlight
sheen,But they do square; that all their elves, for
fear,

Creep into acorn-cups, and hide them there.

*M. N., II: 1. 325.***CHANGES.—Great, in a Short Time.**

Hel. The greatest grace lending grace,
 Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
 Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;
 Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
 Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy
 lamp;

Or four-and-twenty times the pilot's glass
 Hath told the thievish minutes how they
 pass;

What is infirm from your sound parts shall
fly,Health shall live free, and sickness freely
die.*A. W., II: 1. 504.***CHAOS.—When Love Departs.***Oth.* Excellent wretch! Perdition catch
my soul,But I do love thee! and when I love thee
not,

Chaos is come again.

*O., III: 3. 1510.***CHARACTER.—A Contradictory.**

Alex. This man, lady, hath robbed many
 beasts of their particular additions; he is as
 valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow
 as the elephant: a man into whom nature
 hath so crowded humours, that his valour is
 crushed into folly, his folly sauced with dis-
 cretion: He hath the joints of every thing;
 but every thing so out of joint, that he is a
 gouty Briareus, many hands and no use; or
 purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight.

T. C., I: 2. 1104.

—Appearances do not Indicate.

Pet. * *

So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
 What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
 Because his feathers are more beautiful?
 Or is the adder better than the eel,
 Because his painted skin contents the eye?
 O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse
 For this poor furniture and mean array.

T. S., IV: 3. 477.

—Beastly.

Edg. False of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand : Hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey.

K. L., III : 4. 1465.

—Congenital.

K. Hen. Now, fye upon my false French ! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate : by which honour I dare not swear, thou lovest me, yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage. Now beshrew my father's ambition ! he was thinking of civil wars * * therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I came to woo ladies, I fright them.

H. V., V : 2. 855.

—Developed by Power.

Duke. * * Lord Angelo is precise ;
Stands at a guard with envy ; scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone. Hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers be.

M. M., I : 3. 147.

—Discernment of.

Mari. * *
They say best men are moulded out of faults ;
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad.

M. M., V : 1. 175.

Buck. Sir,
I am thankful to you ; and I 'll go along
By your prescription :—but this top-proud fellow,
(Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions,) by intelligence
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

H. VIII., I : 1. 1058.

—Duplex.

Cleo. * *
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
T' other way he 's a Mars.

A. C., II : 5. 1553.

—End of a Noble.

Car. That honourable day shall ne'er be seen. —

Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
For Jesu Christ ; in glorious Christian field
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross,
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens ;
And, toil'd with works of war, retir'd himself

To Italy ; and there, at Venice, gave
It's body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.

R. II., IV : 1. 708.

—Fulfil the Law.

Biron. * *
For charity itself fulfils the law ;
And who can sever love from charity ?

L. L., IV : 3. 291.

—Its Contradiction. (See Contradictions.)

Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face !

Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave ?
Beautiful tyrant ! fiend angelical !
Dove-feather'd raven ! wolfish-ravelling lamb !

Despised substance of divinest show !
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
A damned saint, an honourable villain !
O, nature ! what hadst thou to do in hell,
When thou did'st bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh ?—
Was ever book, containing such vile matter,
So fairly bound ? O, that deceit should dwell

In such a gorgeous palace !

R. J., III : 2. 1261.

—Key to Position.

Ham. I humbly thank you, sir. — Dost know this water-fly ?

Hor. No, my good lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious ;
for 't is a vice to know him : He hath much land, and let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the king's mess. 'T is a chough ; but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

H., V : 2. 1433.

CHARITY.—Compelled.

Edg. * * Bedlam beggars, who, with
roaring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare
arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rose-
mary;
And with this horrible object, from low
farms,
Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes and mills,
Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with
prayers,
Enforce their charity.

K. L., II: 3. 1458.

—For the Dead.

K. Hen. * *
Let there be sung *Non nobis*, and *Te Deum*,
The dead with charity enclosed in clay.

H. V., IV: 8. 851.

—Invoked.

Chorus. * *
Gently to hear, kindly to judge.

H. V., I: 1. 819.

—Justifies Theft.

And. O! be persuaded: Do not count it
holy
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,
For we would give much, to use violent
thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.

T. C., V: 3. 1139.

—Makes us Considerate.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world
but myself, against whom I know most
faults.

A. Y., III: 2. 423.

—Sin, Counted as.

Ang. * *
Might there not be a charity in sin,
To save this brother's life?

Isab. Please you to do 't,
I'll take it as a peril to my soul;
It is no sin at all, but charity.

Ang. Pleas'd you to do 't, at peril of
your soul,
Were equal poise of sin and charity.

M. M., II: 4. 155.

—Sympathizing.

K. Hen. * *
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity.

H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 4. 800.

CHARM.—Oberon's.

Obe. Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
The next thing then she waking looks upon,
(Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,)
She shall pursue it with the soul of love.
And ere I take this charm off from her sight,
(As I can take it, with another herb,)
I'll make her render up her page to me.

M. N., II: 1. 327.

—Oberon's, Malicious.

Obe. * *
Do it for thy true-love take;
Love and languish for his sake:
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear,
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear;
Wake when some vile thing is near.

M. N., II: 2. 328.

—The Witches'.

1 *Witch.* Thrice the brindled cat hath
mew'd.

2 *Witch.* Thrice; and once the hedge-
pig whin'd.

3 *Witch.* Harper cries:—'T is time, 't is
time.

1 *Witch.* Round about the cauldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw. —

Toad, that under coldest stone,
Days and nights hast thirty-one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot!

All. Double, double toil and trouble,
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

2 *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake:

Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, owlet's wing,

For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

3 *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf;
Witches' mummy; maw, and gulf,
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark;
Root of hemlock, digg'd i' the dark,
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat, and slips of yew,
Silver'd in the moon's eclipse;
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;
Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

2 *Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Hec. O, well done! I commend your
pains;

And every one shall share i' the gains.

And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

SONG.

Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and grey;
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.

M., IV: 1. 1374.

CHASTITY.—A Jewel.

Dia. Mine honour's such a ring:
My chastity's the jewel of our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the
world

In me to lose. Thus your own proper
wisdom

Brings in the champion Honour on my part,
Against your vain assault.

A. W., IV: 2. 518.

—Figures of.

Post. I thought her
As chaste as unsunn'd snow.

Cym., II: 5. 1604.

Claud. * *
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown.

M. A., IV: 1. 244.

Cor. * *

The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle,
That's curdled by the frost from purest
snow,

And hangs on Dian's temple.

C., V: 3. 1189.

—Octavia's.

Eno. * * Octavia is of a holy, cold,
and still conversation.

A. C., II: 6. 1555.

—Precious as Life.

Isab. To whom should I complain? Did
I tell this,

Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the self-same
tongue,

Either of condemnation or approval!—

Bidding the law make court'sy to their will;
Hooking both right and wrong to th' appe-
tite,

To follow as it draws! I'll to my brother:
Though he hath fall'n by prompture of the
blood,

Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,
That, had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them
up,

Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhor'd pollution.

Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:
More than our brother is our chastity!

I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest.

M. M., II: 4. 156.

CHEEKS.—Pale, Bad Sign.

K. John. * *

A fearful eye thou hast: Where is that
blood,

That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?

So foul a sky clears not without a storm:

Pour down thy weather.

K. J., IV: 2. 667.

CHEERFULNESS.—Aid to Recovery.

Ros. I had rather have a fool to make
me merry, than experience to make me sad.

A. Y., IV: 1. 429.

Riv. Have patience, madam; there's no
doubt his majesty

Will soon recover his accustom'd health.

Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse :
Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
And cheer his grace with quick and merry words.
Q. Eliz. If he were dead, what would betide of me?
Grey. No other harm, but loss of such a lord.
Q. Eliz. The loss of such a lord includes all harms.

R. III., I: 3. 1006.

CHESS.—False Play at.

Mira. Sweet lord, you play me false.
Fer. No, my dearest love,
I would not for the world.
Mira. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.

T., V: 1. 32.

CHIDING.—Better than Heartbreak.

Mrs. Page. * * Better a little chiding,
than a great deal of heartbreak.

M. W., V: 3. 117.

—Gentle.

Des. * * Those, that do teach young babes,
Do it with gentle means, and easy tasks :
He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.

O., IV: 2. 1523.

CHILD.—Disobedient.

Duke. No, trust me; she is peevish, sul-
len, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father :
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
And, where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her child-
like duty,
I now am full resolv'd to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in :
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dow'r,
For me and my possessions she esteems not.

T. G., III: 1. 60.

—Government by a.

3 Cit. Woe to that land, that's governed
by a child!

R. III., II: 3. 1018.

—Ungrateful, Cursed.

Lear. * * Hear, nature, hear;
Dear goddess, hear! Suspend thy purpose,
if
Thou didst intend to make this creature
fruitful!
Into her womb convey sterility!
Dry up in her the organs of increase;
And from her derogate body never spring
A babe to honour her! If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen; that it may live,
And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her!
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
With cadent tears fret channels in her
cheeks;
Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,
To laughter and contempt; that she may
feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!

K. L., I: 4. 1452.

CHILDHOOD.—A Terrible.

Per. A terrible child-bed hast thou had,
my dear;
No light, no fire; the unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave: but
straight
Must cast thee, scarcely confined, in the
ooze;
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
And aye-remaining lamps, the belching
whale,
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy
corpse,
Lying with simple shells. Lychorida,
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,
My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander
Bring me the satin coffer: lay the babe
Upon the pillow: hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.

P., III: 1. 1656.

CHILDISHNESS.—Freedom from.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not
give me freedom,
It does from childishness.

A. C., I: 3. 1544.

CHILDREN.—A Blessing.

Clo. In Isabel's case and mine own. Service is no heritage : and I think I shall never have the blessing of God, till I have issue a' my body ; for, they say, bairnes are blessings.

A. W., I : 3. 499.

—A Punishment.

K. Hen. * *

I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
That in his secret doom, out of my blood
He 'll breed revengement and a scourge for me ;

But thou dost, in thy passages of life,
Make me believe,—that thou art only mark'd

For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven,

To punish my mis-treadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate, and low desires,
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts,

Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art matched withal, and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

H. IV., 1 pt., III : 2. 747.

—Adherence to.

Tro. * *

We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,

When we have soil'd them ; nor the remainder viands

We do not throw in unrespective sieve,
Because we now are full.

T. C., II : 2. 1114.

—Dead, Hover over Us.

Q. Eliz. Ah, my poor princes ! ah, my tender babes !

My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets !
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
And be not fixed in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation !

R. III., IV : 4. 1034.

CHOICE.—Freedom of.

Nest. * *

And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,

Makes merit her election ; and doth boil,
As 't were from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues.

T. C., I : 3. 1111.

—Of Evils.

Anne. Alas, I had rather be set quick i' the earth,

And bowl'd to death with turnips.

M. W., III : 4. 108.

—Of no Moment.

Hor. 'Faith, as you say, there 's small choice in rotten apples.

T. S., I : 1. 456.

—Power of.

Iago. * * Our bodies are our gardens ; to the which, our wills are gardeners : so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce ; set hyssop, and weed up thyme ; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many ; either to have it steril with idleness, or manured with industry ; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills.

O., I : 3. 1498.

CHOLER.—Dénied and Rebuked.

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?

Shall I be frighted, when a madman stares?

Cas. O ye gods ! ye gods ! Must I endure all this?

Bru. All this? ay, more : Fret, till your proud heart break ;

Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?

Must I obsefve you? Must I stand and crouch

Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you : for, from this day forth,

I 'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,

When you are waspish.

J. C., IV : 3. 1344.

—Turns Pleasure into Gall.

Tyb. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting,

Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.

I will withdraw : but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall.

R. J., I : 5. 1249.

CHRISTENING.—Cause for Holiday.

K. Hen. * * This day, no man think
He has business at his house ; for all shall
stay,

This little one shall make it holiday.

H. VIII., V : 3. 1094.

—Desired.

K. Hen. Good man, those joyful tears
show thy true heart.

The common voice, I see, is verified

Of thee, which says thus, " Do my lord of
Canterbury

A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for
ever." —

Come, lords, we trifle time away ; I long
To have this young one made a christian.

H. VIII., V : 2. 1092.

**CHRISTMAS-EVE.—Recognized by
Fowls.**

Mar. * *

Some say, that ever 'gainst that season
comes

Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long :
And then, they say, no spirit can walk
abroad ;

The nights are wholesome ; then no planets
strike,

No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to
charm,

So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

H., I : 1. 1393.

CHRONICLER.—An Honest.

Kath. After my death I wish no other
herald,

No other speaker of my living actions,

To keep mine honour from corruption,

But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.

Whom I most hated living, thou hast made
me,

With thy religious truth, and modesty,

Now in his ashes honour : Peace be with
him! —

Patience, be near me still ; and set me
lower :

I have not long to trouble thee. — Good
Griffith,

Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.

H. VIII., IV : 2. 1085.

CHURCH.—A Tyrannical.

Pand. All form is formless, order order-
less,

Save what is opposite to England's love.

Therefore, to arms ! be champion of our
church !

Or let the church, our mother, breathe her
curse,

A mother's curse, on her revolting son.

K. J., III : 1. 659.

—Reconciliation to the.

Pand. Hail, noble prince of France !
The next is this,—king John hath reconcil'd
Himself to Rome ; his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome :
Therefore thy threat'ning colours now wind
up,

And tame the savage spirit of wild war ;

That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,

It may lie gently at the foot of peace,

And be no further harmful than in show.

K. J., V : 2. 672.

CHURCHMAN.—A Fighting.

Shal. What ! the sword and the word ;
do you study them both, master parson ?

M. W., III : 1. 102.

CHURCHMEN.—Should be Peaceful.

K. Hen. * *

Or who should study to prefer a peace,
If holy churchmen take delight in broils ?

H. VI., 1 pt., III : 1. 879.

CHURLISHNESS.—Of Disposition.

Cor. Fair sir, I pity her,
And wish for her sake, more than for mine
own,

My fortunes were more able to relieve her :
But I am shepherd to another man,

And do not shear the fleeces that I graze ;
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little reckes to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality.

A. Y., II : 4. 416.

CIPHER.—Its Importance.

*Pol. * **

Go hence in debt : And therefore, like a
cipher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply,
With one we-thank-you, many thousands
more
That go before it.

W. T., I : 2. 581.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—Alter Cases.

War. Ay, but the case is alter'd :
When you disgrac'd me in my embassy,
Then I degraded you from being king,
And come now to create you duke of York.
Alas ! how should you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to use ambassadors ;
Nor how to be contented with one wife ;
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly ;
Nor how to study for the people's welfare ;
Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies ?

H. VI., 3 pt., IV : 3. 981.

—Change Opinions.

Gaunt. Things sweet to taste, prove in
digestion sour.
You urg'd me as a judge ; but I had rather,
You would have bid me argue like a father :
O, had it been a stranger, not my child,
To smooth his fault I should have been more
mild :
A partial slander sought I to avoid,
And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.
Alas, I look'd, when some of you should
say,
I was too strict, to make mine own away ;
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,
Against my will, to do myself this wrong.

R. II., I : 3. 690.

—Defied.

*Arr. * **

Our valour is, to chace what flies ; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

Cym., III : 3. 1607.

—Give Character.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as
the lark,
When neither is attended ; and, I think
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be
thought

No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise and true perfection !

M. V., V : 1. 389.

—Ground of Suspicion.

Fri. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful
murder ;
And here I stand, both to impeach and
purge
Myself condemned and myself excus'd.

R. J., V : 3. 1277.

—Perplexing.

*Imo. * ** 'Faith, I 'll lie down and
sleep.
But, soft ! no bedfellow : —O, gods and god-
desses !
These flowers are like the pleasures of the
world ;
This bloody man, the care on 't. —I hope, I
dream ;
For, lo, I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures : But 't is not
so ;
'T was but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes : Our very
eyes
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind.
Good faith,
I tremble still with fear : But if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it !
The dream 's here still : even when I wake,
it is
Without me, as within me ; not imagin'd,
felt.
A headless man ! —The garments of Post-
humus !
I know the shape of his leg : this is his
hand ;
His foot Mercurial ; his Martial thigh ;

The brawns of Hercules: but his jovial
face,—

Murder in heaven?—How?—'T is gone.

Cym., IV: 2. 1618.

—Small, Used.

Pand. * * If but a dozen French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thousand English to their side;
Or, as a little snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. O noble
Dauphin,
Go with me to the king: 'T is wonderful,
What may be wrought out of their discontent.

K. J., III: 4. 663.

CITY.—Reputation Precious.

Ant. The duke cannot deny the course
of law;

For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of the state;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations.

M. V., III: 3. 380.

CIVILITY.—Cold and Jealous.

Beat. The count is neither sad, nor sick,
nor merry, nor well: but civil, count; civil
as an orange, and something of that jealous
complexion.

M. A., II: 1. 233.

CIVILIZATION.—Its Blessings Cursed.

Cal. As wicked dew as e'er my mother
brush'd

With raven's feather from unwholesome
fen,

Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er!

Pro. For this, be sure, to-night thou
shalt have cramps,

Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up;
urchins

Shall, for that vast of night that they may
work,

All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more
stinging

Than bees that made them.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.

This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,

Which thou tak'st from me. When thou
cam'st first,

Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me;
would'st give me

Water with berries in 't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I
lov'd thee,

And show'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits,—barren place,
and fertile;

Curs'd be I that did so!—All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on
you!

For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king: and here
you sty me

In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from
me

The rest o' the island.

* *

You taught me language, and my profit
on 't

Is, I know how to curse! the red plague rid
you,

For learning me your language!

T., I: 2. 12.

CLAIMS.—Not Obsolete.

Exe. * *

To him, and to his heirs; namely, the
crown,

And all wide-stretched honours that pertain,
By custom and the ordinance of times,
Unto the crown of France. That you may
know,

'T is no sinister, nor no awkward claim,
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd
days,

Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd,
He sends you this most memorable line.

H. V., II: 4. 830.

CLAMOR.—Inconsistent.

Cit. 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 *Cit.* For mine own part,
When I said, banish him, I said, 't was pity.

2 *Cit.* And so did I.

3 *Cit.* And so did I: and, to say the
truth, so did very many of us: That we did,
we did for the best: and though we will-
ingly consented to his banishment, yet it
was against our will.

*

1 *Cit.* The gods be good to us! Come, masters, let's home. I ever said, we were i' the wrong, when we banish'd him.

2 *Cit.* So did we all.

C., IV: 6. 1184.

—Its Voice.

Ros. * * More clamorous than a parrot against rain.

A. Y., IV: 1. 430.

—To be Disregarded.

K. Hen. * * You are not to be taught That you have many enemies, that know not Why they are so, but, like to village curs, Bark when their fellows do.

H. VIII., 11: 4. 1073.

CLAY.—Tempered with Blood.

Car. My lord of York, try what your fortune is.

The uncivil Kernes of Ireland are in arms, And temper clay with blood of Englishmen.

H. VI., 2 pt., III: 1. 925.

CLERGYMAN.—His Function.

P. John. * *

How deep you were within the books of God?

To us, the speaker in his parliament;
To us, the imagin'd voice of God himself;
The very opener, and intelligencer,
Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven,
And our dull workings.

H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 2. 797.

CLOUDS.—Not Storms.

K. Edw. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,

And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious, threat'ning cloud.
That will encounter with our glorious sun,
Ere he attain his easeful western bed:
I mean, my lords,—those powers, that the queen

Hath rais'd in Gallia, have arriv'd our coast,
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

Clar. A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,

And blow it to the source from whence it came:

Thy very beams will dry those vapours up;
For every cloud engenders not a storm.

H. VI., 3 pt., V: 3. 988.

COCK-CROWING.—Spirits Depart at.

Hor. * * I have heard,

The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat

Awake the god of day; and, at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine: and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.

H., I: 1. 1393.

COIGNE.—Of Vantage.

Ban.

This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath

Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,
buttress,

Nor coigne of vantage, but this bird hath made

His pendent bed, and procreant cradle:
Where they

Most breed and haunt, I have observ'd, the air

Is delicate.

M., I: 6. 1362.

COLD.—Indifference to.

Gru. * * Now, were not I a little pot,
and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to
my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my
mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should
come by a fire to thaw me:—But, I, with
blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for,
considering the weather, a taller man than
I will take cold.

T. S., IV: 1. 471.

COLD-BLOODED.—The, Make Mistakes.

Leon.

Cease; no more.

You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose.

W. T., II: 1. 589.

Lucio. * * A man whose blood
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense.

M. M., I: 4. 147.

COLDNESS.—Extreme.*Mer.* * *

The frozen bosom of the north.

R. J., I: 4. 1248.**COMFORT.—Cold.***K. John.* Poison'd, — ill-fare ; — dead,
forsook, cast off:And none of you will bid the winter come,
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw ;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their
courseThrough my burn'd bosom ; nor entreat the
northTo make his bleak winds kiss my parched
lips,And comfort me with cold : — I do not ask
you much,I beg cold comfort ; and you are so strait,
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.*K. J.*, V: 7. 676.**COMMANDS.—Suited to Exigencies.***Boats.* Down with the topmast ; yare ;
lower, lower ; bring her to try with main-
course.

* *

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold : set her
two courses ; off to sea again ; lay her off.*T.*, I: 1. 7, 8.**COMMENDATION.—Causes Hatred.**3 *Thief.* He has almost charmed me
from my profession, by persuading me to it.1 *Thief.* 'T is in the malice of mankind,
that he thus advises us ; not to have us
thrive in our mystery.2 *Thief.* I'll believe him as an enemy,
and give over my trade.1 *Thief.* Let us first see peace in Athens :
There is no time so miserable, but a man
may be true.*T. A.*, IV: 3. 1310.**—Should be Public.***Duke.* O, your desert speaks loud ; and
I should wrong it,To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
When it deserves with characters of brass
A fortified residence, 'gainst the tooth of time,
And razure of oblivion.*M. M.*, V: 1. 170.**COMMERCE.—Aristocratic.***Salar.* Your mind is tossing on the
ocean ;There, where your argosies with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curt'sy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.*M. V.*, I: 1. 361.**COMMISERATION.—For Injured Innocence.***K. Hen.* Ay, Margaret ; my heart is
drown'd with grief,
Whose flood begins to flow within mine
eyes ;My body round eggirt with misery ;
For what 's more miserable than discon-
tent? —Ah, uncle Humphrey ! in thy face I see
The map of honour, truth, and loyalty ;
And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to
come,That e'er I prove thee false, or fear'd thy
faith.What low'ring star now envies thy estate,
That these great lords, and Margaret our
queen,Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?
Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man
wrong :And as the butcher takes away the calf,
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it
strays,Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house ;
Even so, remorseless, have they borne him
hence.And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmless young one
went,And can do naught but wail her darling's
loss ;Even so myself bewails good Gloster's case,
With sad unhelpful tears ; and with dimm'd
eyesLook after him, and cannot do him good ;
So mighty are his vowed enemies.*H. VI.*, 2^{pt.}, III: 1. 924.**COMMOTION.—Its Cause the Cure.***Pand.* It was my breath that blew this
tempest up,Upon your stubborn usage of the pope ;
But, since you are a gentle convertite,

My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,
And make fair weather in your blustering land.
On this Ascension-day, remember well,
Upon your oath of service to the pope,
Go I to make the French lay down their arms.

K. J., V : 1. 671.

—Popular.

North. * *

The times are wild; contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him.

H. IV., 2 pt., I : 1. 774.

Men You have made good work,
You, and your apron men; you that stood
so much
Upon the voice of occupation, and
The breath of garlic-eaters!

C., IV. 6. 1184.

COMMOTIONS.—How Excited.

Geo. Come, and get thee a sword, though
made of a lath; they have been up these
two days.

John. They have the more need to sleep
now then.

Geo. I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier
means to dress the commonwealth, and turn
it, and set a new nap upon it.

John. So he had need, for 't is thread-
bare. Well, I say, it was never merry
world in England, since gentlemen came
up.

Geo. O miserable age! Virtue is not
regarded in handycrafts-men.

John. The nobility think scorn to go in
leather aprons.

Geo. Nay more, the king's council are
no good workmen.

John. True: And yet it is said,—Labour
in thy vocation: which is as much to say,
as,—let the magistrates be labouring men;
and therefore should we be magistrates.

Geo. Thou hast hit it: for there's no
better sign of a brave mind, than a hard
hand.

John. I see them! I see them! There's
Best's son, the tanner of Wingham:—

Geo. He shall have the skins of our
enemies, to make dog's leather of.

John. And Dick the butcher,——

Geo. Then is sin struck down like an
ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

John. And Smith the weaver:—

Geo. *Argo*, their thread of life is spun.

John. Come, come, let's fall in with
them.

H. VI., 2 pt., IV : 2. 934.

COMMUNISM.—Its Language.

1 *Cit.* You are all resolved rather to die,
than to famish?

Cit. Resolved, resolved.

1 *Cit.* First you know, Caius Marcius is
chief enemy to the people.

Cit. We know 't, we know 't.

1 *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have
corn at our own price. Is 't a verdict?

Cit. No more talking on 't; let it be
done: away, away.

2 *Cit.* One word, good citizens.

1 *Cit.* We are accounted poor citizens;
the patricians, good: What authority sur-
feits on, would relieve us: If they would
yield us but the superfluity, while it were
wholesome, we might guess, they relieved
us humanely; but they think, we are too
dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the ab-
jectness of our misery, is as an inventory to
particularize their abundance; our suffer-
ance is a gain to them.—Let us revenge
this with our pikes, ere we become rakes:
for the gods know, I speak this in hunger
for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

C., I : 1. 1149.

COMPANION.—A Merry.

Ant. S. A trusty villain, sir, that very
oft

When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.

C. E., I : 2. 194.

COMPANIONS.—Fascination of Bad.

Fal. I am accursed to rob in that thief's
company: the rascal hath removed my horse,
and tied him I know not where. If I travel
but four foot by the squire further afoot, I
shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not
but to die a fair death for all this, if I'scape
hanging for killing that rogue. I have for-
sworn his company hourly any time this
two-and-twenty years, and yet I am be-
witched with the rogue's company. If the
rascal have not given me medicines to make
me love him, I'll be hanged; it could not
be else; I have drunk medicines.—Poins!
—Hal!—a plague upon you both!—Bar-
dolph!—Peto!—I'll starve, ere I'll rob a
foot further. An't were not as good a deed

as drink, to turn true man, and leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground, is three score and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: A plague upon 't, when thieves cannot be true to one another!

H. IV., 1 pt., II: 2. 735.

—**Insolence of Bad.**

Fal. I pr'ythee, good prince Hal, help me to my horse; good king's son.

P. Hen. Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler!

Fal. Go, hang thyself in thy own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: When a jest is so forward, and afoot too, — I hate it.

H. IV., 1 pt., II: 2. 735.

—**Show Each Other's Sins.**

Cel. No? hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love,
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one;

Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?

No; let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us:
And do not seek to take your charge upon you,

To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out;

For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,

Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

A. Y., I: 3. 413.

Cel. * * If she be a traitor,
Why, so am I; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;

And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

A. Y., I: 3. 413.

—**Witless, Why Selected.**

Dol. They say, Poins has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit is as thick as Tewksbury mustard;

there is no more conceit in him, than is in a mallet.

Dol. Why does the prince love him so then?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness; and he plays at quoits well; and eats conger and fennel; and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons; and rides the wild mare with the boys; and jumps upon joint-stools; and swears with a good grace; and wears his boot very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg; and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories; and such other gambol faculties he hath, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoirdupois.

H. IV., 2 pt., II: 4. 787.

COMPANIONSHIP. — Evil.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness:

My son corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement.

A. W., III: 2. 512.

—**Good, Essential.**

Cas. I will do so:—till then, think of the world.

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd: Therefore 't is meet

That noble minds keep ever with their likes:
For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd?

Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:

If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein ob-
scurely

Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:

And, after this, let Cæsar seek him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days en-
dure.

J. C., I: 2. 1326.

—**Its Influence.**

Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now; for in companions

That do converse and waste the time together,

Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit :
Which makes me think, that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord.

M. V., III: 4. 380.

—Low.

Poins. Where hast been, Hal?

P. Hen. With three or four loggerheads,
amongst three or four score hogsheads. I
have sounded the very base string of humili-
ty. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash
of drawers; and can call them all by their
Christian names, as—Tom, Dick, and
Francis. They take it already upon their
salvation, that, though I be but prince of
Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy; and
tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Fal-
staff; but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a
good boy,—by the Lord, so they call me;
and when I am king of England, I shall
command all the good lads in Eastcheap.

H. IV., 1 pt., II: 4. 738.

—Wild, Renounced.

King. I know thee not, old man: fall to
thy prayers;
How ill white hairs become a fool, and
jester!

I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,
So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;
But, being awake, I do despise my dream.
Make less thy body, hence, and more thy
grace:

Leave gormandizing; know, the grave doth
gape

For thee thrice wider than for other men:—
Reply not to me with a fool-born jest;
Presume not, that I am the thing I was:
For heaven doth know, so shall the world
perceive,

That I have turn'd away my former self;
So will I those that kept me company.
When thou dost hear I am as I have been,
Approach me; and thou shalt be as thou
wast,

The tutor and the feeder of my riots.

H. IV., 2 pt., V: 5. 810.

COMPANY.—Good, Desirable.

Sten. Ay, you spake in Latin then too;
but 't is no matter: I 'll ne'er be drunk

whilst I live again, but in honest, civil,
godly company, for this trick: If I be drunk,
I 'll be drunk with those that have the fear
of God, and not with drunken knaves.

M. W., I: 1. 90.

—Bad, its Influence.

Fal. * * There is a thing, Harry,
which thou hast often heard of, and it is
known to many in our land by the name of
pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do re-
port, doth defile; so doth the company thou
keepest.

H. IV., 1 pt., II: 4. 742.

COMPARISONS.—Odorous.

Dogb. Comparisons are odorous: *pala-
bras*, neighbour Verges.

M. A., III: 5. 243.

—Show Distinctions.

Ner. When the moon shone, we did not
see the candle.

Por. So doth the great glory dim 'the
less;

A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by.

M. V., V: 1. 389.

COMPENSATION.—In All Things.

Agam. Go we to council. Let Achilles
sleep:

Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks
draw deep.

T. C., II: 3. 1119.

—For Lack of Hair.

Ant. S. Why is Time such a niggard of
hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excre-
ment?

Dro. S. Because it is a blessing that he
bestows on beasts: and what he hath scantied
men in hair, he hath given them in wit.

C. E., II: 2. 197.

COMPETITORS.—Vigilant.

Ulyss. * * *

Where one but goes abreast; keep then the
path;

For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue: If you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost.

T. C., III: 3. 1125.

COMPLAINTS.—A Ground for War.

Arch. * * I sent your grace
The parcels and particulars of our grief;
The which hath been with scorn shov'd
from the court,

Whereon this Hydra son of war is born:
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd
asleep,

With grant of our most just and right
desires;

And true obedience of this madness cur'd,
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our
fortunes

To the last man.

Hast. And though we here fall down,
We have supplies to second our attempt;
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them:
And so, success of mischief shall be born;
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel
up,

Whiles England shall have generation.

H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 2. 797.

COMPLEXION.—A Dark One Prized.

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward
born,

Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his, or
mine.

I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant; by my love, I
swear,

The best-regarded virgins of our clime
Have lov'd it too: I would not change this
hue,

Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle
queen.

M. V., II: 1. 367.

—A Good One.

Phe. * * The best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his
tongue

Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.

He is not very tall; yet for his years he's
tall;

His leg is but so so; and yet 't is well:

There was a pretty redness in his lip;
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 't was just
the difference

Betwixt the constant red, and mingled
damask.

A. Y., III: 5. 428.

COMPLIMENT.—An Elegant.

Boyet. * *

Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As Nature was in making graces dear,
When she did starve the general world be-
side,

And prodigally gave them all to you.

L. L., II: 1. 277.

—A Fine.

Cas. * *

Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees:
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round!

O., II: 1. 1501.

COMPLIMENTS.—Beggarly Thanks.

Jaq. Well, then, if ever I thank any
man, I 'll thank you: but that they call
compliment is like the encounter of two
dog-apes; and when a man thanks me
heartily, methinks I have given him a penny,
and he renders me the beggarly thanks.

A. Y., II: 5. 417.

—Shallow.

Fal. My good lord! God give your lord-
ship good time of day. I am glad to see
your lordship abroad: I heard say, your
lordship was sick. I hope, your lordship
goes abroad by advice. Your lordship,
though not clean past your youth, hath yet
some smack of age in you, some relish of
the saltness of time; and I most humbly
beseech your lordship, to have a reverend
care of your health.

H. IV., 2 pt., I: 2. 777.

COMPROMISE.—Inglorious.

Bast. O inglorious league!

Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play offers, and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley, and base truce,
To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,
A cocker'd silken wanton brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,

And find no check? Let us, my liege, to
arms :

Perchance, the cardinal cannot make your
peace ;

Or if he do, let it at least be said,
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. J., V : 1. 671.

**COMPUNCTION.—Bemoaning Things
Without.**

Lady M. * * Things without remedy,
Should be without regard : what 's done, is
done.

M., III : 2. 1370.

—Bitter.

Sal. * * O, it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker.

K. J., V : 2. 672.

—Has no Law.

K. Rich. * *
Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.
What you will have, I 'll give, and willing
too,
For do we must, what force will have us do.

R. II., III : 3. 705.

—Voiceless.

Sen. * *
My heart is not compact of flint, nor steel :
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my very utterance.

Tit. And., V : 3. 1230.

CONCEALMENT.—Consumes.

Vio. * *
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek : she pin'd in
thought.

T. N., II : 4. 551.

King. * *
We would not understand what was most
fit ;
But, like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life.

H., IV : 1. 1421.

—True Wisdom.

Per. * *
Who has a book of all that monarchs do,

He 's more secure to keep it shut, than
shown ;

For vice repeated, is like the wand'ring
wind,

Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself ;
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see
clear :

To stop the air would hurt them.

P., I : 1. 1643.

CONCEIT.—Of Introspection.

Sir To. Here 's an overweening rogue !
Fab. O, peace ! Contemplation makes
a rare turkey-cock of him ! how he jets un-
der his advanc'd plumes !

T. N., II : 5. 552.

—Rebuked and Braved.

Ghost. * *
O, step between her and her fighting soul ;
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.

H., III : 4. 1419.

Chi. Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in
all ;
And so in this to bear me down with braves.
'T is not the difference of a year, or two,
Makes me less gracious, thee more fortu-
nate :

I am as able, and as fit, as thou,
To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace ;
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

Tit. And., II : 1. 1207.

—Shelters a Poor Conscience.

Iago. * *
Is—not to leave undone, but keep un-
known.

O., III : 3. 1512.

—Thinks it can do Everything.

Quin. * * Nick Bottom, the weaver.
Bot. Ready. Name what part I am for,
and proceed.
Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down
for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a
tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most
gallantly for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the
true performing of it : If I do it, let the

audience look to their eyes; I will move storms; I will condole in some measure. To the rest:—Yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

“The raging rocks,
And shivering shocks,
Shall break the locks
Of prison-gates;
And Phibbus' car
Shall shine from far,
And make and mar
The foolish fates.”

This was lofty.

* *

An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too: I'll speak in a monstrous little voice: “Thisne, Thisne,—Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear; thy Thisby dear! and lady dear!”

* *

Let me play the lion too. I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, “Let him roar again; let him roar again.”

* *

I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us; but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an't were any nightingale.

M. N., I: 2. 324.

—Victim of, Described.

King. * *

A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain:
One who the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony.

L. L., I: 1. 273.

Seb. I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

Ant. And, sewing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

T., II: 1. 16.

CONCEITEDNESS.—In Opinion.

Gra. * *

There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit:
As who should say, “I am sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark!”

M. V., I: 1. 362.

CONCEITS.—Dangerous.

Iago. * *

Dangerous conceits are, in their nature,
poisons,
Which, at the first, are scarce found to dis-
taste;
But, with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur.

O., III: 3. 1513.

CONCESSIONS.—Popular, impolitic.

Cor. * * This kind of service

Did not deserve corn gratis: being i' the
war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they
show'd
Most valour, spoke not for them: The accu-
sation
Which they have often made against the
senate,

All cause unborn, could never be the motive
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then!
How shall this bisson multitude digest
The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
What's like to be their words:—“We did
request it;

We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands:”—Thus we
debase

The nature of our seats, and make the
rabble

Call our cares fears: which will in time
break ope

The locks o' the senate, and bring in the
crows

To peck the eagles.

C., III: 1. 1170.

—Small, Fatal.

K. Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing
but my dukedom;

As being well content with that alone.

Glo. But, when the fox hath once got in
his nose,

He'll soon find means to make the body
follow.

Hast. Why, master mayor, why stand
you in a doubt?

Open the gates, we are king Henry's friends.

May. Ay, say you so? the gates then
shall be open'd.

Glo. A wise stout captain, and persuaded soon!

Hast. The good old man would fain that all were well,

So 't were not 'long of him: but, being enter'd,

I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade Both him, and all his brothers, unto reason.

K. Edw. So, master mayor: these gates must not be shut,

But in the night, or in the time of war.

What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys;

For Edward will defend the town, and thee, And all those friends that deign to follow me.

H. VI., 3 pt., IV: 7. 984.

CONCILIATION.—Its Pleadings.

K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd by me;

Let 's purge this choler without letting blood:

This we prescribe though no physician;

Deep malice makes too deep incision:

Forget, forgive; conclude, and be agreed;

Our doctors say, this is no time to bleed.

R. II., I: 1. 686.

CONCLUSION.—False.

Des. To do what?

Iago. To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.

Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion!

O., II: 1. 1502.

Mal. M. But then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: *A* should follow, but *O* does.

T. N., II: 5. 553.

CONDESCENSION.—Inspires Confidence.

Chor. * * The poor condemned English,

Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires

Sit patiently, and inly ruminate

The morning's danger; and their gesture sad,

Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,

Presenteth them unto the gazing moon

So many horrid ghosts. O, now, who will behold

The royal captain of this ruin'd band,

Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,

Let him cry—Praise and glory on his head!

For forth he goes, and visits all his host;

Bids them good-morrow, with a modest smile;

And calls them—brothers, friends, and countrymen.

Upon his royal face there is no note,

How dread an army hath enrouned him;

Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour

Unto the weary and all-watched night:

But freshly looks, and over-bears attaint,

With cheerful semblance, and sweet majesty;

That every wretch, pining and pale before,

Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks:

A largess universal, like the sun,

His liberal eye doth give to every one,

Thawing cold fear.

H. V., IV: C. 839.

CONDUCT.—Best Exponent of Character.

Duke. Angelo,

There is a kind of character in thy life,

That, to th' observer, doth thy history

Fully unfold.

M. M., I: 1. 143.

CONFESSION.—A Preparation for Death.

Ang. * *

Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar'd;

For that 's the utmost of his pilgrimage.

R. M., II: 1. 148.

—Lightens Guilt's Burden.

Boling. * *

Confess thy treasons, ere thou fly the realm;

Since thou hast far to go, bear not along

The clogging burden of a guilty soul.

R. II., I: 3. 639.

—Must be Plain.

Fri. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;

Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

R. J., II: 3. 1254.

CONFIDENCE.—A Child's Unsuspecting.

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day :

In sooth, I would you were a little sick ;
That I might sit all night, and watch with you :

I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

K. J., IV : 1. 664.

—In Danger.

Hast. I tell thee, man, 't is better with me now,

Than when thou met'st me last where now we meet :

Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the queen's allies ;
But now, I tell thee, (keep it to thyself,) This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state than ere I was.

* *

Pr. Well met, my lord ; I am glad to see your honour.

Hast. I thank thee, good sir John, with all my heart.

I am in your debt for your last exercise ;
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

Pr. I 'll wait upon your lordship.

Buck. What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain?

Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest ;

Your honour hath no shriving work in hand.

Hast. 'Good faith, and when I met this holy man,

The men you talk of came into my mind.
What, go you toward the Tower?

Buck. I do, my lord ; but long I cannot stay there :

I shall return before your lordship thence.

Hast. Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.

Buck. And supper too, although thou know'st it not.

R. III., III : 2. 1023.

—Marital.

Ford. Pardon me, wife : Henceforth do what thou wilt ;

I rather will suspect the sun with cold

Than thee with wantonness : now doth thy honour stand,

In him that was of late an heretic,

As firm as faith.

M. W., IV : 4. 113.

—Misplaced.

Glo. * *

I took him for the plainest, harmless't creature,

That breath'd upon the earth a Christian ;

Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded

The history of all her secret thoughts.

R. III., III : 5. 1026.

—Misplaced, Fatal.

Q. Eliz. * *

Trust not him that hath once broken faith.

H. VI., 3 pt., IV : 4. 982.

Hast. His grace looks cheerfully and smooth this morning ;

There 's some conceit or other likes him well,

When he doth bid good morrow with such spirit.

I think, there 's ne'er a man in Christendom,
Can lesser hide his love, or hate, than he ;

For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

Stan. What of his heart perceive you in his face,

By any likelihood he show'd to-day?

Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is offended ;

For, were he, he had shown it in his looks.

Glo. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve,

That do conspire my death with devilish plots

Of damned witchcraft ; and that have prevail'd

Upon my body with their hellish charms?

Hast. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,

Makes me most forward in this noble presence

To doom the offenders : Whosoe'er they be,
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

Glo. Then be your eyes the witness of their evil.

Look how I am bewitch'd: behold mine arm

Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up:
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot, strumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

Hast. If they have done this deed, my noble lord, —

Glo. If! thou protector of this damned strumpet,
Talk'st thou to me of ifs? — Thou art a traitor: —

Off with his head: — now, by Saint Paul I swear,

I will not dine until I see the same. —
Lovel, and Catesby, look, that it be done;
The rest, that love me, rise, and follow me.

Hast. Woe, woe, for England! not a whit for me;

For I, too fond, might have prevented this:
Stanley did dream, the boar did rase his helm;

But I disdain'd it, and did scorn to fly.
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,

And startled when he look'd upon the Tower,
As loath to bear me to the slaughter-house.

O, now I want the priest that spake to me:
I now repent I told the pursuivant,
As too triumphing, how mine enemies,
To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,
And I myself secure in grace and favour.

O, Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse

Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head.

Cate. Despatch, my lord, the duke would be at dinner.

Make a short-shrift, he longs to see your head.

Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men,

Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!

Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,

Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Lov. Come, come, despatch; 'tis bootless to exclaim.

Hast. O, bloody Richard! — miserable England;

I prophesy the fearful'st time to thee,
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon. —
Come, lead me to the block, bear him my head;

They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead.

R. III., III: 4. 1025.

—Sublime.

Jul. * *

But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth:
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart;

His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.

Luc. Pray heav'n he prove so, when you come to him!

Jul. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong,

To bear a hard opinion of his truth:
Only deserve my love, by loving him;
And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my longing journey.
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only, in lieu thereof, despatch me hence:
Come, answer not, but to it presently;
I am impatient of my tarriance.

T. G., II: 7. 59.

CONFINEMENT.—Delays Death.

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;

It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment; and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

K. J., V: 7. 676.

CONJURER.—His Injurious Tricks.

Ant. E. * *

They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-fac'd villain,

A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller;
A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,

A living dead man : this pernicious slave,
 Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer,
 And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
 And with no face, as 't were, outfacing me,
 Cries out, I was possess'd : then all together
 They fell upon me, bound me, bore me
 thence ;
 And in a dark and dankish vault at home
 There left me and my man, both bound to-
 gether ;
 Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in
 sunder,
 I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
 Ran hither to your grace ; whom I beseech
 To give me ample satisfaction
 For these deep shames, and great indignities.

C. E., V : 1. 212.

Bra. * * I therefore vouch again,
 That with some mixtures powerful o'er the
 blood,
 Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,
 He wrought upon her.

O., I : 3. 1496.

CONQUEROR.—An Uninterrupted.

Glo. England ne'er had a king, until his
 time.
 Virtue he had, deserving to command :
 His brandish'd sword did blind men with his
 beams ;
 His arms spread wider than a dragon's
 wings ;
 His sparkling eyes replete with wrathful
 fire,
 More dazzled and drove back his enemies,
 Than mid-day sun, fierce bent against their
 faces.
 What should I say ? his deeds exceed all
 speech :
 He ne'er lift up his hand, but conquered.

H. VI., 1 pt., I : 1. 864.

—What he Does.

Vol. * * Before him
 He carries noise, and behind him he leaves
 tears ;
 Death, that dark spirit, in 's nervy arm doth
 lie ;
 Which being advanc'd, declines ; and then
 men die.

C., II : 1. 1161.

CONQUEST.—Its Tyranny.

Ros. * *

O, that I knew he were but in by the week !
 How I would make him fawn, and beg, and
 seek,
 And wait the season, and observe the times,
 And spend his prodigal wits in bootless
 rhymes ;
 And shape his service wholly to my behests,
 And make him proud to make me proud that
 jests !
 So potently would I o'ersway his state,
 That he should be my fool, and I his fate.

L. L., V : 2. 294.

—Self, the Greatest.

Ant. Peace :

Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
 But Antony's hath triumphed on itself.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but
 Antony
 Should conquer Antony ; but woe 't is so !

A. C., IV : 13. 1575.

CONSCIENCE.—A Guilty, Disarms us.

Pro. * *

Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike,—
 thy conscience
 Is so possess'd with guilt : come from thy
 ward,
 For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
 And make thy weapon drop.

T., I : 2. 14.

—A Heavy Burden.

King. O, 't is too true ! how smart
 A lash that speech doth give my conscience !
 The harlot's cheek, beautied with plast'ring
 art,
 Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
 Than is my deed to my most painted word :
 O heavy burden !

H., III : 1. 1410.

—A Sufficient Punishment.

Ham. * * Leave her to heaven,
 And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
 To prick and sting her.

H., I : 5. 1400.

—A Tell-Tale.

Sal. The colour of the king doth come
 and go,

Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set.

K. J., IV: 2. 666.

K. Rich. * *

My conscience hath a thousand several
tongues,

And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.

R. III., V: 3. 1044.

Ham. * *

Let the galled jade wince, our withers are
unwrung.

H., III: 2. 1415.

—A Thousand Swords.

Oxf. Every man's conscience is a thou-
sand swords,

To fight against that bloody homicide.

R. III., V: 2. 1042.

—A Troubled.

Doct. * * Unnatural deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles: Infected
minds

To their deaf pillows will discharge their
secrets.

M., V: 1. 1381.

—An Excuse.

K. Hen. Deliver this with modesty to
the queen.

The most convenient place that I can think
of

For such receipt of learning, is Black-Friars;
There ye shall meet about this weighty
business:—

My Wolsey, see it furnish'd.—O my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man, to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? But conscience, con-
science,—

O, 't is a tender place, and I must leave her.

H. VIII., II: 2. 1069.

—An Excuse for Infamy.

K. Hen. * * Thus it came;—give
heed to 't:—

My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches
utter'd

By the bishop of Bayonne, then French am-
bassador;

Who had been hither sent on the debating

A marriage, 'twixt the duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary; I' the progress of this
business,

Ere a determinate resolution, he
(I mean, the bishop) did require a respite;
Wherein he might the king his lord adver-
tise

Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our marriage with the dow-
ager,

Sometime our brother's wife. This respite
shook

The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to
tremble

The region of my breast; which forc'd such
way

That many maz'd considerings did throng.
And press'd in with this caution. First, me-
thought,

I stood not in the smile of heaven; who had
Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,
If not conceiv'd a male child by me, should
Do no more offices of life to 't, than
The grave does to the dead: for her male
issue

Or died where they were made, or shortly
after

This world had air'd them: Hence I took a
thought,

This was a judgment on me; that my king-
dom

Well worthy the best heir o' the world,
should not

Be gladdened in 't by me: Then follows, that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms
stood in

By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
Now present here together; that 's to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience,— which
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,—

By all the reverend fathers of the land,
And doctors learn'd.—First, I began in
private

With you, my lord of Lincoln; you remem-
ber

How under my oppression I did reek,
When I first mov'd you.

* *

Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come with her,
Katharine our queen, before the primest
creature
That's paragon'd o' the world.

H. VIII., II: 4. 1073.

—**Anything to Escape Its Voice.**

*Boling. * **

Lords, I protest, my soul's full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me, to make me
grow :

Come, mourn with me for that I do lament
And put on sullen black incontinent;
I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand :
March sadly after; grace my mourning
here,

In weeping after this untimely bier.

R. II., V: 6. 718.

—**Appealed to for Mercy.**

Isab. Because authority, though it err
like others,

Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' the top. Go to your
bosom;

Knock there; and ask your heart, what it
doth know

That's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

M. M., II: 2. 153.

—**Aroused by Actors.**

*Ham. * * I have heard,*

That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will
speak

With most miraculous organ. I'll have
these players

Play something like the murder of my
father,

Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick; if he but blench,
I know my course. The spirit, that I have
seen,

May be a devil: and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, per-
haps,

Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,
(As he is very potent with such spirits,)
Abuses me to damn me: I'll have grounds
More relative than this. The play's the
thing

Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the
king.

H., II: 2. 1409.

—**Awaking. (See Soliloquy.)**

Gon. All three of them are desperate:
their great guilt,

Like poison given to work a great time
after

Now 'gins to bite the spirits.

T., III: 3. 26.

Bru. 'T is good. Go to the gate; some-
body knocks.

Since Cassius first did whet me against
Cæsar,

I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream;
The genius, and the mortal instruments,
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

J. C., II: 1. 1329.

—**Gobbo's Conflict With.**

Laun. Certainly my conscience will
serve me to run from this Jew, my master.
The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me;
saying to me,—Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo,
good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good
Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the
start, run away. My conscience says,—
no; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed,
honest Gobbo; or (as aforesaid) honest
Launcelot Gobbo; do not run: scorn run-
ning with thy heels. Well, the most cou-
rageous fiend bids me pack. Via! says the
fiend; away! says the fiend, for the heavens;
rouse up a brave mind, says the fiend, and
run. Well, my conscience, hanging about
the neck of my heart, says very wisely to
me,—my honest friend, Lancelot, being an
honest man's son, or rather an honest
woman's son;—for, indeed, my father did
something smack, something grow to, he
had a kind of taste;—well, my conscience
says, Launcelot, budge not: budge, says

the fiend; budge not, says my conscience. Conscience, say I, you counsel well; fiend, say I, you counsel ill: to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who (God bless the mark!) is a kind of devil; and to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnation; and, in my conscience, my conscience is a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment: I will run.

M. V., II: 2. 367.

—**Its Accusing Voice.**

K. Rich. Give me another horse,—bind up my wounds,—
Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft; I did but dream.—

O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!

The lights burn blue.—It is now dead midnight.

Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.

What do I fear? myself? there's none else by:

Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.

Is there a murderer here? No;—yes; I am: Then fly,—what, from myself? Great reason: Why?—

Lest I revenge. What? Myself upon myself?

I love myself. Wherefore? for any good, That I myself have done unto myself?

O, no: alas, I rather hate myself,

For hateful deeds committed by myself.

I am a villain: yet I lie, I am not.

Fool, of thyself speak well:—Fool, do not flatter.

My conscience hath a thousand several tongues

And every tongue brings in a several tale,

And every tale condemns me for a villain.

Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree,

Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree;

All several sins, all us'd in each degree,

Throng to the bar, crying all,—Guilty! guilty!

I shall despair.—There is no creature loves me;

And, if I die, no soul will pity me:—

Nay, wherefore should they? since that I myself

Find in myself no pity to myself.

Methought, the souls of all that I had murder'd

Came to my tent: and every one did threat To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

R. III., V: 3. 1044.

—**Its Matchless Peace.**

Wol. * * I feel within me

A peace above all earthly dignities,

A still and quiet conscience.

H. VIII., III: 2. 1081.

—**Its Qualms.**

Macb. * *

In the affliction of these terrible dreams,

That shake us nightly: Better be with the dead,

Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,

Than on the torture of the mind to lie

In restless ecstasy.

M., III: 2. 1370.

Macb. Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return

To plague the inventor.

* * That his virtues

Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against

The deep damnation of his taking-off:

M., I: 7. 1362.

—**Small Things Awaken.**

Car. * *

Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright,

Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul!

H. VI., 2 pt., III: 3. 931.

—**Sneered at.**

K. Rich. * *

Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge: Let not our babbling dreams affright our

souls;

Conscience is but a word that cowards use, Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe;

Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.

March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell; If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.

R. III., V: 3. 1046.

—Universal.

Iago. * * Who has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets, and law-days, and in session sit
With meditations lawful?

O., III: 3. 1511.

—Voiced in Everything.

Alon. O, it is monstrous! monstrous!
Methought the billows spoke, and told me
of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thun-
der,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pro-
nounc'd
The name of Prosper; it did bass my tres-
pass.
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded; and
I'll seek him deeper than ere plummet
sounded,
And with him there lie mudded.

T., III: 3. 25.

CONSEQUENCES.—Fearful, Defied.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and
midnight hags?
What is 't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you
profess,
(Howe'er you come to know it,) answer me:
Though you untie the winds, and let them
fight

Against the churches; though the yesty
waves

Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd and trees
blown down;

Though castles topple on their warders'
heads;

Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though
the treasure

Of nature's germins tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken, answer me
To what I ask you.

M., IV: 1. 1375.

CONSIDERATION.—Time for, Re-
quired.

Fr. King. *

A night is but small breath, and little pause,
To answer matters of this consequence.

H. V., II: 4. 830.

CONSISTENCY.—Of Character.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee,
captain,
And though that nature with a beauteous
wall

Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.

T. N., I: 2. 541.

CONSPIRACIES.—Guarded Against.

K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath
with thee.

Lay on our royal sword your banish'd
hands;

Swear by the duty that you owe to heaven,
(Our part therein we banish with your-
selves,)

To keep the oath that we administer:—
You never shall (so help you truth and
heaven!)

Embrace each other's love in banishment;
Nor never look upon each other's face;
Nor never write, regret, nor reconcile
This lowering tempest of your home-bred
hate;

Nor never by advised purpose meet,
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,
'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our
land.

R. II., I: 3. 689.

—How Formed.

Casca. You speak to Casca; and to such
a man,

That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold my
hand:

Be factious for redress of all these griefs;
And I will set this foot of mine as far,
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There 's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,
To undergo, with me, an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
And do I know, by this, they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: For, now, this fearful
night,

There is no stir, or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element,
In favour 's like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

J. C., I: 3. 1328.

CONSPIRACY.—Darker than a Cavern.

Bru. Let them enter.
 They are the faction. O conspiracy!
 Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow
 by night,
 When evils are most free? O, then, by day,
 Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
 To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none,
 conspiracy;
 Hide it in smiles and affability:
 For if thou path thy native semblance on,
 Not Erebus itself were dim enough
 To hide thee from prevention.

J. C., II: 1. 1329.

—Its Taste Unknown.

Her. * * Now, for conspiracy,
 I know not how it tastes; though it be
 dish'd
 For me to try how.

W. T., III: 2. 594.

—Requires Watchfulness.

Ari. * *
 While you here do snoring lie,
 Open-cy'd Conspiracy
 His time doth take:
 If of life you keep a care,
 Shake off slumber, and beware:
 Awake! Awake!

T., II: 1. 18.

CONSPIRATOR—A Pausing, Dangerous.

K. Rich. Ah, Buckingham, now do I
 play the touch,
 To try if thou be current gold, indeed:—
 Young Edward lives:—Think now what I
 would speak.

Buck. Say on, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say, I
 would be king.

Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice-re-
 nowned liege.

K. Rich. Ha! am I king? 'T is so: but
 Edward lives.

Buck. True, noble prince.

K. Rich. O bitter consequence,
 That Edward still should live,—true, noble,
 prince!—

Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull:—
 Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead;

And I would have it suddenly perform'd.
 What say'st thou now! speak suddenly, be
 brief.

Buck. Your grace may do your pleasure.

K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy
 kindness freezes:

Say, have I thy consent, that they shall die?

Buck. Give me some breath, some little
 pause, dear lord,

Before I positively speak in this;

I will resolve your grace immediately.

Cate. The king is angry; see, he gnaws
 his lip.

K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted
 fools,

And unrespective boys; none are for me,
 That look into me with considerate eyes;—
 High-reaching Buckingham grows circum-
 spect.

R. III., IV: 2. 1031.

—Inspired by Malice.

Iago. O, you are well tun'd now!
 But I'll set down the pegs that makes this
 music,
 As honest as I am.

O., II: 1. 1502.

—Over-reached.

Cham. The king in this perceives him,
 how he coasts,
 And hedges, his own way. But in this
 point
 All his tricks founder, and he brings his
 physic
 After his patient's death; the king already
 Hath married the fair lady.

II. VIII., III: 2. 1077.

**CONSPIRATORS.—Excited by Ap-
plause.**

1 *Con.* Your native town you enter'd
 like a post,

And had no welcomes home; but he re-
 turns,

Splitting the air with noise.

2 *Con.* And patient fools,
 Whose children he hath slain, their base
 throats tear,

With giving him glory.

3 *Con.* Therefore, at your vantage
 Ere he express himself, or move the people

With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury
His reasons with his body.

C., V: 5. 1192.

CONSTABLE.—A Superserviceable.

Ant. S. What gold is this? What Adam dost thou mean?

Dro. S. Not that Adam that kept the paradise, but that Adam that keeps the prison: he that goes in the calf's-skin that was kill'd for the prodigal; he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

Ant. S. I understand thee not.

Dro. S. No? why, 't is a plain case: he that went like a base-viol, in a case of leather; the man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and 'rests them; he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives them suits of durance; he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace, than a morris-pike.

Ant. S. What! thou mean'st an officer.

Dro. S. Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band; he, that brings any man to answer it that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and says, "God give you good rest!"

C. E., IV: 2. 206.

—Humorously Described.

Dro. S. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell,

A devil in an everlasting garment hath him;
One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;

A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough;
A wolf, nay, worse,—a fellow all in buff;
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands

The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands;

A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;

One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to hell.

C. E., IV: 2. 205.

CONSTANCY.

Tim. Noble Ventidius! Well;
I am not of that feather, to shake off
My friend when he must need me.

T. A., I: 1. 1287.

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!

Cym., V: 5. 1629.

—Essential to Perfection.

Pro. * * O heaven! were man
But constant, he were perfect.

T. G., V: 4. 72.

—Invoked of Jove.

Cor. The God of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou
may'st prove

To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars

Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee!

C., V: 3. 1189.

—Its Concern.

Por. I pr'ythee, boy, run to the senate-house;

Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:
Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.—

O constancy, be strong upon my side!
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!

I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!
Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: And take good note,

What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.

Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Pr'ythee, listen well,
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

J. C., II: 4. 1334.

—Its Signs.

Agam. * *

Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our wrecks;

And think them shames, which are, indeed nought else

But the protractive trials of great Jove,

To find persistive constancy in men?

The fineness of which metal is not found

In fortune's love; for then, the bold and coward,

The wise and fool, the artist and unread,

The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin.

T. C., I: 3. 1107.

—Makes a Good Voyage of Nothing.

Clo. * * I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be everything, and their intent everywhere; for that's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing.

T. N., II: 4. 551.

—Marble. (See Firmness.)

Cleo. * *

My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing Of woman in me: Now from head to foot I am marble-constant: now the fleeting moon

No planet is of mine.

A. C., V: 2. 1581.

—Proof of Demanded. (See Firmness and Fidelity.)

Prin. A time, methinks, too short

To make a world-without-end bargain in:

No, no, my lord, your grace is perjur'd much,

Full of dear guiltiness; and, therefore, this;

If for my love (as there is no such cause)

You will do aught, this shall you do for me:

Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed

To some forlorn and naked hermitage,

Remote from all the pleasures of the world;

There stay until the twelve celestial signs

Have brought about their annual reckoning:

If this austere insociable life

Change not your offer made in heat of blood;

If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds,

Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,

But that it bear this trial, and last love;

Then, at the expiration of the year,

Come challenge, challenge me by these deserts,

And, by this virgin palm, now kissing thine,

I will be thine; and, till that instant, shut

My woful self up in a mourning house,

Raining the tears of lamentation

For the remembrance of my father's death.

If this thou do deny, let our hands part;

Neither intitled in the other's heart.

L. L., V: 2. 303.

—True, Never Shaken.

Cam.

This is desperate, sir.

Flo. So call it; but it does fulfil my vow;

I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,

Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may

Be thereat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or

The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide

In unknown fadoms, will I break my oath

To this my fair belov'd: Therefore, I pray you,

As you have ever been my father's honour'd friend,

When he shall miss me, (as in faith, I mean not

To see him any more,) cast your good counsels

Upon his passion: Let myself and fortune

Tug for the time to come. This you may know,

And so deliver,—I am put to sea

With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore;

And, most opportune to our need, I have

A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd

For this design. What course I mean to hold

Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor

Concern me the reporting.

W. T., IV: 3. 606.

—Unshaken.

Lear. * *

He, that parts us, shall bring a brand from heaven.

K. L., V: 3. 1481.

—Vulgarly Vouched for.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our kindred, though they be long ere

they are wooed, they are constant, being won : they are burs, I can tell you ; they 'll stick where they are thrown.

T. C., III : 2. 1122.

— **Woman's.**

Tro. O, that I thought it could be in a woman,

(As, if it can, I will presume in you,)
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love ;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays !

T. C., III : 2. 1122.

CONSTERNATION.—Complete.

Cas. * *

Behold, destruction, frenzy, and amazement,

Like witless antics, one another meet.

T. C., V : 3. 1140.

CONSULTATION.—Close.

Brw. * *

Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

J. C., IV : 3. 1346.

CONTAMINATION.—By Contact.

Dogb. Truly, by your office, you may ;
but I think they that touch pitch will be defil'd.

M. A., III : 3. 241.

CONTEMPT.—Expressions of. (See Scorn.)

Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sleeve silk, thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pestered with such water-flies ; diminutives of nature !

T. C., V : 1. 1135.

— **For Adversaries.**

K. Rich. * *

Remember whom you are to cope withal ;—
A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and run-aways,

A scum of Breagnes, and base lackey peasants,

Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth

To desperate ventures and assur'd destruction.

You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest ;
You having lands, and bless'd with beautiful wives,

They would restrain the one, disdain the other.

And who doth lead them, but a paltry fellow,
Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost?
A milk-sop, one that never in his life
Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow?

Let 's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again ;

Lash hence these over-weening rags of France,

These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives ;
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,

For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves :

If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
And not these bastard Breagnes ; whom our fathers

Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,

And, on record, left them the heirs of shame.

Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?

Ravish our daughters?—Hark, I hear their drum.

Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!

Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head ;

Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood ;

Amaze the welkin' with your broken staves !

R. III., V : 3. 1046.

— **Forgets Favors**

Ber. * *

Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,

Which warp'd the line of every other favour ;
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stolen ;
Extended or contracted all proportions,

To a most hideous object.

A. W., V : 3. 526.

— **For Panderers.**

Duke. Fie, sirrah ; a bawd, a wicked bawd !

The evil that thou causest to be done,
That is thy means to live. Do thou but think

What 't is to cram a maw, or clothe a back,
From such a filthy vice : say to thyself, —
From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending? Go, mend; go,
mend.

M. M., III: 2. 159.

—Its Bitter Expression.

Wol. * *

He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes : So looks the chafed
lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd
him;
Then makes him nothing.

H. VIII., III: 2. 1079.

Ther. With too much blood, and too
little brain, these two may run mad; but if
with too much brain, and too little blood,
they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here
's Agamemnon, — an honest fellow enough,
and one that loves quails : but he has not so
much brain as ear-wax : and the goodly
transformation of Jupiter there, his brother,
the bull, — the primitive statue, and oblique
memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty shoeing-
horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's
leg, — to what form, but that he is, should
wit larded with malice, and malice forced
with wit, turn him to? To an ass, were
nothing : he is both ass and ox : To an ox
were nothing : he is both ox and ass. To
be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a
lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring with-
out a roe, I would not care : but to be
Menelaus, — I would conspire against des-
tiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I
were not Thersites ; for I care not to be the
louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus. —
Hey-day ! spirits and fires !

T. C., V: 2. 1136.

—Looks Beautiful.

Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beau-
tiful

In the contempt and anger of his lip !

T. N., III: 1. 556.

—Some Persons are Below.

Cost. * * Thou art easier swallowed
than a flap-dragon.

L. L., V: 1. 292.

Tam. * *

The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby ;

Knowing that with the shadow of his wing,
He can at pleasure stint their melody.

Tit. And., IV: 4. 1224.

—Terms of.

P. Hen. Wilt thou rob this leathern-jer-
kin, crystal-button, nodd-pated, agate-ring,
puke-stocking, caddis-garter, smooth-tongue,
Spanish-pouch?

H. IV., 1 pt., II: 4. 739.

—Treating Gallants with.

Prin. No; to the death we will not
move a foot :

Nor to their penn'd speech render we no
grace :

But, while 't is spoke, each turn away her
face.

Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the
speaker's heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part.

L. L., V: 2. 295.

CONTEMPTUOUSNESS.—Of a Weak
Enemy.

Con. * *

Do but behold yon poor and starved band,
And your fair show shall suck away their
souls,

Leaving them but the shales and husks of
men.

There is not work enough for all our hands ;
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins,
To give each naked curtle-axe a stain,
That our French gallants shall to-day draw
out,

And sheath for lack of sport : let us but
blow on them,

The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.
'T is positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,
That our superfluous lackeys, and our peas-
ants, —

Who, in unnecessary action, swarm
About our squares of battle, — were enough
To purge this field of such a hilding foe ;
Though we, upon this mountain's basis by
Took stand for idle speculation :

But that our honours must not. What 's to
say?

A very little little let us do,
And all is done. * *

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my
lords of France?

Yon island carrions, desperate of their bones.

Ill-favour'dly become the morning field :
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
And our air shakes them passing scornfully.
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,

And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps.
Their horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
With torch staves in each hand : and their poor jades

Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips ;

The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes ;

And in their pale dull mouths the gimmel bit

Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless ;

And their executors, the knavish crows,
Fly o'er them all, impatient for their hour.

Description cannot suit itself in words,
To demonstrate the life of such a battle
In life so lifeless as it shows itself.

Con. They have said their prayers, and they stay for death.

Dau. Shall we go send them dinners,
and fresh suits,
And give their fasting horses provender ?

H. V., IV : 2. 843.

CONTENT.—Absolute.

Gawnt. All places that the eye of heaven visits,
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.

E. II., I : 3. 690.

Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content,

To see you here before me. O my soul's joy !

If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death.

And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas,

Olympus high ; and duck again as low
As hell 's from heaven ! If it were now to die,

'T were now to be most happy ; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

O., II : 1. 1502.

CONTENTION.—Let Loose.

North. * * *

The times are wild ; contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,

And bears down all before him.

H. IV., 2 pt., I : 1. 774.

—Noble.

Auf. * * * Here I clip

The anvil of my sword ; and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour.

C., IV : 5. 1181.

CONTENTMENT.—A Crown.

2 *Keep.* Say, what art thou, that talk'st
of kings and queens ?

K. Hen. More than I seem, and less than
I was born to :

A man at least, for less I should not be ;
And men may talk of kings, and why not I ?

2 *Keep.* Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou
wert a king.

K. Hen. Why, so I am, in mind ; and
that 's enough.

2 *Keep.* But, if thou be a king, where is
thy crown ?

K. Hen. My crown is in my heart, not
on my head ;
Not deck'd with diamonds, and Indian
stones,

Nor to be seen : my crown is call'd, content ;
A crown it is, that seldom kings enjoy.

H. VI., 3 pt., III : 1. 971.

—Best Possession.

Old L. Our content

Is our best having.

H. VIII., II : 3. 1070.

Iago. Poor, and content, is rich, and
rich enough.

O., III : 3. 1511.

Lady M. Nought 's had, all 's spent,
Where our desire is got without content.

M., III : 2. 1370.

—Better than Glitter.

Anne. * * *

I swear, 't is better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,

Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

H. VIII., II: 3. 1070.

—**Human.**

*Boling. * * **

Methinks, king Richard and myself should
meet

With no less terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thund'ring
shock

At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of
heaven.

Be he the fire, I 'll be the yielding water:
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
My waters; on the earth, and not on him.

R. II., III: 3. 703.

—**Its Modesty.**

*Fal. * * **

O, I could wish this tavern were my drum!

H. IV., 1 pt., III: 3. 751.

—**National.**

Pem. This once again, but that your
highness pleas'd,

Was once superfluous: you were crown'd
before,

And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off;
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt;
Fresh expectation troubled not the land,
With any long'd-for change, or better state.

K. J., IV: 2. 665.

—**Never Envious.**

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer; I earn
that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man
hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of
other men's good, content with my harm:
and the greatest of my pride is, to see my
ewes graze, and my lambs suck.

A. Y., III: 2. 421.

—**With Small Possessions.**

Iden. Lord, who would live turmoiled
in the court,

And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?
This small inheritance, my father left me,
Contenteth me, and is worth a monarchy.
I seek not to wax great by others' waning;
Or gather wealth, I care not with what
envy;

Sufficeth, that I have maintains my state,

And sends the poor well pleased from my
gate.

H. VI., 2 pt., IV: 10. 940.

CONTEST.—Personal Courage in.

Sold. Doubtful it stood;

As two spent swimmers, that do cling to-
gether,

And choke their art. The merciless Mac-
donwald

(Worthy to be a rebel; for, to that,
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do swarm upon him,) from the western
isles

Of Kernes and Gallowglasses is supplied;
And fortune, on his damned quarrel smil-
ing,

Show'd like a rebel's whore: But all 's too
weak,

For brave Macbeth, (well he deserves that
name,)

Disdaining fortune, with brandish'd steel

Which smoked with bloody execution,

Like valour's minion,

Carv'd out his passage, till he fac'd the
slave;

And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell
to him,

Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the
chaps,

And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

M., I: 2. 1357.

CONTESTS.—Honorable.

*Cit. * * **

Blood hath bought blood, and blows have
answer'd blows;

Strength match'd with strength, and power
confronted power:

Both are alike; and both alike we like.

One must prove greatest; while they weigh
so even

We hold our town for neither; yet for both.

K. J., II: 2. 653.

—**Undetermined.**

*Bast. * * **

Cry, havoc, kings: back to the stained field,
You equal potents, fiery-kindled spirits!

Then let confusion of one part confirm

The other's peace; till then, blows, blood,
death!

K. J., II: 2. 653.

CONTINENCY.—Recommended.*Page. * **

For your physicians have expressly charg'd,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed.

*T. S., Ind : 2. 454.***CONTRADICTIONS.—Absurd.**

Lys. "A tedious brief scene of young
Pyramus,

And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth."

The. Merry and tragical! Tedious and
brief!

That is hot ice, and wond'rous seething
snow.

How shall we find the concord of this dis-
cord?

*M. N., V : 1. 342.***—In Action, Misleading.**

Lew. What he hath won, that hath he
fortified;

So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,
Doth want example: Who hath read, or
heard,

Of any kindred action like to this?

*K. J., III: 4. 661.***—In Character.***Hel. * **

His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet.

*A. W., I : 2. 497.***—Of Character.**

Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring
face!

Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?

Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!

Dove-feather'd raven! wolfish-ravelling
lamb!

Despised substance of divinest show!

Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,

A damned saint, an honourable villain!—

O, nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,

When thou did'st bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?—

Was ever book, containing such vile matter,
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should
dwell

In such a gorgeous palace!

*R. J., III: 2. 1261.***CONTRAST.—Town and Country.**

*Cor. * ** Those that are good man-
ners at the court are as ridiculous in the
country, as the behaviour of the country is
most mockable at the court.

*A. Y., III: 2. 421.***—Its Power.***Boling. * **

Since, the more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.

*R. II., I : 1. 684.***CONVERSATION.—Common.**

Solan. But it is true,—without any slips
of prolixity, or crossing the plain highway
of talk.

*M. V., III: 1. 375.***—Prandial, Complimented.***Hol. Satis quod sufficit.*

Nath. I praise God for you, sir: your
reasons at dinner have been sharp and sen-
tentious; pleasant without scurrility, witty
without affection, audacious without impu-
dency, learned without opinion, and strange
without heresy. I did converse this *quon-*
dam day with a companion of the king, who
is intituled, nominated, or called, don Ad-
riano de Armado.

*L. L., V : 1. 291.***—Shortens Journeys.***North. * **

These high wild hills, and rough uneven
ways,

Draw out our miles, and make them wear-
some:

And yet your fair discourse hath been as
sugar,

Making the hard way sweet and delectable.

*R. II., II : 3. 697.***CONVERSION.—A Complete.**

Cant. The courses of his youth promis'd
it not,

The breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness, mortified in him,

Seem'd to die too: yea, at that very moment,
Consideration like an angel came,

And whipp'd the offending Adam out of
him:

Leaving his body as a paradise,

To envelop and contain celestial spirits.

Never was such a sudden scholar made:

Never came reformation in a flood,
With such a heavy current, scouring faults;
Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,
As in this king.

Ely. We are blessed in the change.

Cant. Hear him but reason in divinity,
And, all-admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire, the king were made a
prelate.

H. V., I: 1. 820.

Oli. 'T was I; but 't is not I: I do not
shame
To tell you what I was, since my conver-
sion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

A. Y., IV: 3. 432.

—Its Fruits.

Jaques de B. Let me have audience for
a word or two;

I am the second son of old sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assem-
bly:

Duke Frederick, hearing how that every
day

Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power, which were on
foot,

In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here, and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came,
Where, meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was con-
verted

Both from his enterprise, and from the
world:

His crown bequeathing to his banish'd
brother,

And all their lands restor'd to them again,
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

A. Y., V: 4. 437.

—Power of Love to Promote.

Bene. May I be so converted, and see
with these eyes?

M. A., II: 3. 235.

Mary. * * And how you may be con-
verted, I know not.

M. A., III: 4. 243.

Por. * *

Myself, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now converted.

M. V., III: 2. 378.

Jes. * * For, in converting Jews to
Christians, you raise the price of pork.

M. V., III: 5. 381.

CONVERTITE.

Pond. * * Since you are a gentle con-
vertite.

K. J., V: 1. 671.

COOKERY.—Fattened Cæsar.

Pom. No, Anthony, take the lot; but,
first,

Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard, that
Julius Cæsar
Grew fat with feasting there.

A. C., II: 6. 1554.

—Neat.

Gui. But his neat cookery! He cuts
our roots in characters;

And sauc'd our broths, as Juno had been
sick,

And he her dieter.

Cym., IV: 2. 1615.

COQUETRY.—Scornful.

Beat. * * * I had rather hear my
dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he
loves me.

M. A., I: 1. 226.

—Waits on Desire.

The. * * She lingers my desires,

Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

M. N., I: 1. 321.

Pand. * * She does so blush, and
fetches her wind so short, as if she were
frayed with a sprite.

T. C., III: 2. 1121.

CORPULENCE.—Its Inconvenience.

Fal. * *

I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy
too.

H. IV., 1 pt., V: 3. 753.

CORRECTION.—Low.

Glo. * * Your purpos'd low correction
Is such, as basest and contemn'd'st wretches,

For pilferings and most common trespasses,
Are punish'd with.

K. L., II: 2. 1457.

Glo. My masters of Saint Albans, have
you not beadles in your town, and things
called whips?

H. VI., 2 pt., II: 1. 917.

—**Needed.**

Duke. * *

Correction and instruction must both work,
Ere this rude beast will profit.

M. M., III: 2. 160.

**CORRESPONDENCE.—A Lover's,
Prized.**

Post. * * Thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words
you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Cym., I: 2. 1590.

CORRUPTION.—Bemoaned.

Ar. * *

O, that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear
honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!

M. V., II: 9. 374.

Duke. My business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and
bubble.

M. M., V: 1. 173.

COST.—Often Exceeds Value.

Tro. * * Why, she is a pearl,
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand
ships,
And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.

T. C., II: 2. 1114.

COUNSEL.—Evil and Villainous.

Aar. * *

My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:
The forest walks are wide and spacious;
And many unfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kind for rape and villany:
Single you thither then this dainty doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by
words:

This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come, our empress, with her sacred
wit,

To villany and vengeance consecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend;
And she shall file our engines with advice
That will not suffer you to square your-
selves,

But to your wishes' height advance you both.
The emperor's court is like the house of
fame,

The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears:
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and
dull;

There speak, and strike, brave boys, and
take your turns:

There serve your lust, shadow'd from heav-
en's eye,

And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no
cowardice.

Dem. *Sit fas aut nefas*, till I find the
stream

To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,
Per Styga, per manes vehor.

Tit. And., II: 1. 1208.

—**Friendly.**

K. Hen. When Gloster says the word,
king Henry goes;
For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.

H. VI., 1 pt., III: 1. 830.

—**Not Always Followed.**

Clo. I thank your worship for your good
counsel, but I shall follow it as the flesh
and fortune shall better determine.

M. M., II: 1. 150.

COUNSELLORS.—Good, Successful.

Clo. Come; fear not you: good counsel-
lors lack no clients: though you change
your place, you need not change your trade.

M. M., I: 2. 145.

COUNTENANCE.—Pleasant.

Per. * *

Her face, the book of praises, where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from
thence

Sorrow were ever ras'd, and testy wrath
Could never be her mild companion.

P., I: 1. 1642.

—**Sorrowful.**

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more

In sorrow than in anger.

H., I: 2. 1396.

COUNTRY.—A Fearful.

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement

Inhabits here : Some heavenly power guide us

Out of this fearful country !

T., V : 1. 31.

COURAGE.

Cor. * * Nay, mother,

Where is your ancient courage ? you were us'd

To say, extremity was the trier of spirits ;

That common chances common men could bear ;

That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike Show'd mastership in floating ; fortune's blows,

When most struck home, being gentle-minded, craves

A noble cunning : you were us'd to load me With precepts, that would make invincible The heart that conn'd them.

C., IV : 1. 1177.

—Admiration of.

Vol. * * The breasts of Hecuba,

When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier

Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood

At Grecian swords' contending.

C., I : 3. 1153.

Ant. * *

Tell them your feats ; whilst they with joyful tears

Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss

The honoured gashes whole.

A. C., IV : 8. 1571.

Cap. * * I saw your brother,

Most provident in peril, bind himself

(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)

To a strong mast that liv'd upon the sea ;

Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,

I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves, So long as I could see.

T. N., I : 2. 540.

Ant. * * I, that with my sword

Quarter'd the world.

A. C., IV : 12. 1574.

—An Englishman's.

Ram. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures. * *

Con. * * And then give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

Orl. Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

Con. Then we shall find to-morrow — they have only stomachs to eat, and none to fight.

H. V., III : 7. 839.

—Begotten of Restraint.

Rich. Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening cur

Run back and bite, because he was withheld ;

Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw, Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs, and cry'd ;

And such a piece of service will you do, If you oppose yourselves to match lord Warwick.

H. VI., 2 pt., V : 1. 943.

—Exhortation to.

Bast. * *

Be stirring as the time ; be fire with fire ;

Threaten the threat'ner, and outface the brow

Of bragging horror : so shall inferior eyes, That borrow their behaviours from the great,

Grow great by your example, and put on

The dauntless spirit of resolution :

Away ; and glisten like the god of war,

When he intendeth to become the field.

K. J., V : 1. 671.

—False.

Orl. Foolish curs ! that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crushed like rotten apples : You may as well say.

H. V., III : 7. 839.

—Honored in Death.

1 *Lord.* Bear from hence his body, And mourn you for him : let him be regarded

As the most noble corse, that ever herald Did follow to his urn.

Auf. My rage is gone,

And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up :—

Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers; I'll be one.—

Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully :

Trail your steel pikes.—Though in this city he

Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.

C., V. 5. 1193.

—Incentive to.

*Boling. * **

O thou, the earthly author of my blood,—
Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,—
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers;

And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,
And furbish new the name of John of Gaunt,

Even in the lusty 'haviour of his son.

R. II., I. 3. 688.

—Inspired by Drink.

Ste. Tell not me;—when the butt is out, we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board 'em: Servant-monster, drink to me.

** **

Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee: thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

** **

My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue in sack; for my part, the sea cannot drown me: I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues, off and on,—by this light! Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

** **

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I am in case to juggle a constable: Why, thou deboshed fish thou, was there ever a man a coward, that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day?

T., III. 2. 22, 23.

—Lady Macbeth's Opinion.

Lady M. We fail!

But screw your courage to the sticking-place,

And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,

(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey

Soundly invite him,) his two chamberlains Will I with wine and wassel so convince, That memory, the warder of the brain, Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason A limbeck only: When in swinish sleep Their drenched natures lie, as in a death, What cannot you and I perform upon The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon His spongy officers; who shall bear the guilt

Of our great quell?

M., I. 7. 1363.

—More than Weapons.

Page. I have heard the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

Shal. Tut, sir, I could have told you more: In these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccadoes, and I know not what: 't is the heart, master Page; 't is here. I have seen the time with my long sword I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

M. W., II. 1. 97.

—Needed.

*Wor. * **

As full of peril and advent'rous spirit,
As to o'er-walk a current, foaring loud,
On the unsteadiest footing of a spear.

H. IV., 1 pt., I. 3. 732.

—Provoked by Occasion.

Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much

We must awake endeavour for defence;
For courage mounteth with occasion.

K. J., II. 1. 650.

—Respected.

P. Hen. By heaven, thou hast deceiv'd me, Lancaster,

I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John;
But now, I do respect thee as my soul.

H. IV., 1 pt., V. 4. 760.

—Roused by Rage.

*Nest. * ** For, in her ray and brightness,

The herd hath more annoyance by the brize,
Than by the tiger: but when the splitting wind

Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies fled under shade, Why, then, the
thing of courage,
As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathy,
And with an accent turn'd in self-same key,
Returns to chiding fortune.

T. C., I: 3. 1108.

—**Strong on Its Own Ground.**

*Bast. * **

Show boldness, and aspiring confidence.
What, shall they seek the lion in his den,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
O, let it not be said!—Courage, and run
To meet displeasure further from the doors;
And grapple with him, ere he come so nigh.

K. J., V: 1. 671.

—**Suffers Wisely.**

*1 Sen. * **

He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe; and make
his wrongs
His outsides; wear them like his raiment,
carelessly;
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.

T. A., III: 5. 1301.

—**True.**

Mach.

Pr'ythee, peace:

I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.

M., I: 7. 1362.

—**Tamed by Labor.**

Ver.

Come, come, it may not be.

I wonder much, being men of such great
leading,
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition: Certain horse
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up:
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day;
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and
dull,
That not a horse is half the half himself.

H. IV., 1 pt., IV: 3. 754.

—**With Loyalty Precious.**

*Nor. * **

A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest
Is—a bold spirit in a loyal breast.

R. II., I: 1. 686.

—**Youthful.**

Arth. Ah, none, but in this iron age,
would do it.

The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink
my tears,
And quench his fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.

K. J., IV: 1. 664.

COURT.—An Open.

*Prin. * ** The roof of this court is
too high to be yours.

L. L., II: 1. 273.

—**The.**

*Aar. * **

The emperor's court is like the house of
fame,
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears.

Tit. And., II: 1. 1208.

COURTESIES.—Carried too Far.

*Leon. * ** This entertainment

May a free face put on; derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
And well become the agent: it may, I grant:
But to be paddling palms, and pinching
fingers,

As now they are; and making practis'd
smiles,

As in a looking glass;—and then to sigh,
as 't were

The mort o' the deer; O, that is entertain-
ment

My bosom likes not, nor my brows.

W. T., I: 2. 582.

COURTESY.—Covers Sin in Hypocrites.

Per. How courtesy would seem to cover
sin!

When what is done is like an hypocrite.

P., I: 1. 1644.

—**Excessive.***Biron.* * *

He can carve too, and lisp: Why, this is he,
That kiss'd away his hand in courtesy;
This is the ape of form, Monsieur the Nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms; nay, he can sing
A mean most meanly; and, in ushering,
Mend him who can: the ladies call him,
sweet;
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his
feet;
This is the flower that smiles on every one,
To show his teeth as white as whales' bone:
And consciences, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.

*L. L., V: 2. 297.**Apem.*

So, so; there!—

Aches contract and starve your supple
joints!—
That there should be small love 'mongst
these sweet knaves,
And all this court'sy! The strain of man's
bred out
Into baboon and monkey.

T. A., I: 1. 1289.—**Extreme.**

Clo. Fie, thou dishonest Sathan! I call
thee by the most modest terms; for I am
one of those gentle ones that will use the
devil himself with courtesy.

T. N., IV: 2. 563.—**Hypocritical.**

K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your
princely knee,
To make the base earth proud with kissing
it;
Me rather had, my heart might feel your
love,
Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy.
Up, cousin, up; your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at least, [*Touching his own head*]
although your knee be low.

R. II., III: 3. 705.—**In an Executioner.**

Sil. * * The common executioner,
Whose heart th' accustom'd sight of death
makes hard,

Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon.

A. Y., III: 5. 427.—**Impossible in Some.**

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but
none for courtesy: his legs are legs for
necessity, not for flexure.

T. C., II: 3. 1117.—**Its Mirror.**

2 Gent. All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my con-
science,
Wish him ten fathom deep: this duke as
much
They love and dote on; call him, bounteous
Buckingham,
The mirror of all courtesy.

H. VIII., II: 1. 1066.—**Mistaken for Pride.***Æne.* * *

In the extremity of great and little,
Valour and pride excel themselves in Hec-
tor;
The one almost as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing. Weigh him
well,
And that, which looks like pride, is courtesy.
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood:
In love whereof, half Hector stays at home;
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to
seek
This blended knight, half Trojan, and half
Greek.

*T. C., IV: 5. 1132.***COURTIER.—A Counterfeit.**

Aut. * * I am a courtier. See'st thou
not the air of the court in these enfoldings?
hath not my gait in it the measure of the
court? receives not thy nose court-odour
from me? reflect I not on thy baseness,
court-contempt? Think'st thou, for that I
insinuate, or touze from thee thy business,
I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier
cap-a-pie.

*W. T., IV: 3. 609.***COURTIERS.—In Peace.**

Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, un-
arm'd,
As bending angels; that's their fame in
peace.

T. C., I: 3. 1110.

—**Make Kings.**

Q. Mar. Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device

By this alliance to make void my suit;
Before thy coming, Lewis was Henry's friend.

* *

Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick,
peace;

Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings!
I will not hence, till with my talk and tears,
Both full of truth, I make king Lewis behold

Thy sly conveyance, and thy lord's false love;

For both of you are birds of self-same feather.

H. VI., 3 pt., III: 3. 976.

COURTSHIP.—Over the Coffin. (See Women.)

Glo. I did not kill your husband.

Anne. Why, then he is alive.

Glo. Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hand.

Anne. In thy soul's throat thou liest;
queen Margaret saw

Thy murderous faulchion smoking in his blood.

* *

Anne. Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!

Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once,

For now they kill me with a living death.

Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,

Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops:

These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,—

Not, when my father York and Edward wept,

To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,

When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at him:

Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,

Told the sad story of my father's death;

And twenty times made pause, to sob, and weep,

That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,

Like trees bedash'd with rain: in that sad time,

My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,

Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.

I never su'd to friend, nor enemy;
My tongue could never learn sweet soothing word;

But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.

Teach not thy lip such scorn; for it was made

For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.

If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword;

Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,

And let the soul forth that adareth thee,

I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,

And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

Nay, do not pause; for I did kill king Henry;—

But 't was thy beauty that provoked me.

Nay, now despatch; 't was I that stabb'd young Edward;—

But 't was thy heavenly face that set me on.
Take up the sword again, or take up me.

Anne. Arise, dissembler; though I wish thy death,

I will not be thy executioner.

Glo. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

Anne. I have already.

* *

Glo. Look, how this ring encompasseth thy finger,

Even so thy breast encompasseth my poor heart;

Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.

And if thy poor devoted servant may

But beg one favor at thy gracious hand,

Thou dost confirm his happiness forever.

Anne. What is it?

Glo. That it may please you leave these sad designs

To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby-place:

Where—after I have solemnly interr'd,
At Chertsey monast'ry, this noble king,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,
I will with all expedient duty see you:
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this boon.

Anne. With all my heart; and much it
joys me too,
To see you become so penitent.

R. III., I: 2. 1004.

COVETOUSNESS.—Between Friends.

Bru. You have done that you should be
sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;

* * I did send to you

For certain sums of gold, which you denied
me;—

For I can raise no money by vile means:

By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,

And drop my blood from drachmas, than to
wring

From the hard hands of peasants their vile
trash,

By any indirection. I did send

To you for gold to pay my legions,

Which you denied me: Was that done like
Cassius?

Should I have answered Cassius so?

When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,

To lock such rascal counters from his
friends,

Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

J. C., IV: 3. 1345.

—Inseparable from Age.

Fal. * * A man can no more separate
age and covetousness, than he can part
young limbs and lechery.

H. IV., 2 pt., I: 2. 778.

COWARD.—A Confessed.

Ant. I have fled myself; and have in-
structed cowards

To run, and show their shoulders.

A. C., III: 9. 1564.

—A Natural.

Nym. His mind is not heroic, and there
's the humour of it.

M. W., I: 3. 92.

Hel. * * I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward.

A. W., I: 1. 496.

Bass. * *

How many cowards, whose hearts are all as
false

As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins

The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,

Who, inward search'd, have lives white as
milk.

M. V., III: 2. 377.

—A Prudent.

Mar. * * He hath the gift of a coward
to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 't is
thought among the prudent he would quick-
ly have the gift of a grave.

T. N., I: 3. 542.

—A Superlative.

Par. * * In a retreat, he outruns any
lackey; marry, in coming on he has the
cramp.

A. W., IV: 3. 522.

—Bloodless.

Sir To. * * I think oxen and wain-
ropes cannot hale them together. For
Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so
much blood in his liver as will clog the foot
of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

T. N., III: 2. 557.

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand:
be curst and brief; it is no matter how witi-
ty, so it be eloquent and full of invention;
taunt him with the licence of ink: if thou
thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be
amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy
sheet of paper, although the sheet were big
enough for the bed of Ware of England, set
'em down; go about it.

T. N. III: 2. 556.

—Defied.

Chi. * *

Foul-spoken coward! that thunder'st with
thy tongue,

And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

T. A., II: 2. 1208.

COWARDICE.—Abject.

Tal. * *

Sheep run not half so timorous from the
wolf,

Or horse, or oxen, from the leopard,

As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.

H. VI., 1 pt., I: 6. 871.

Fal. * * Had as lief hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver, worse than a struck fowl, or a hurt wild-duck.

H. IV., 1 pt., IV: 2. 753.

Hel. * *

The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind Makes speed to catch the tiger. Bootless speed!

When cowardice pursues, and valour flies.

M. N., II: 2. 328.

—Affection no Excuse for.

Eno. * *

The itch of his affection should not then Have nick'd his captainship.

A. C., III: 11. 1565.

—Bitterly Rebuked.

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you,

You shames of Rome! you herd of—Boils and plagues

Plaster you o'er; that you may be abhorr'd Farther than seen, and one infect another Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,

That bear the shapes of men, how have you run

From slaves that apes would beat? Pluto and hell!

All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale With flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge home,

Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe, And make my wars on you.

C., I: 4. 1155.

—Denounced and Proved.

Const. * * Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward;

Thou little valiant, great in villany!

Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!

Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight

But when her humorous ladyship is by To teach thee safety! thou art perjurd too, And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,

A ramping fool; to brag, and stamp, and swear,

Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave, Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?

Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength? And dost thou now fall over to my foes?

Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame, And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. O, that a man should speak those words to me!

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

K. John. We like not this; thou dost forget thyself.

K. J., III: 1. 657.

—Destroys the Innocent.

Boling. * * Like a traitor coward, Sluic'd out his innocent soul through streams of blood.

R. II., I: 1. 685.

—Disclaimed.

Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,

(And I dare well maintain it with my life,)

If well-respected honour bid me on,

I hold as little counsel with weak fear,

As you, my lord, or any Scot that lives:—

Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle,

Which of us fears.

H. IV., 1 pt., IV: 3. 754.

—Does not Dare.

Lady M. * *

Letting I dare not wait upon I would,

Like the poor cat i' the adage.

M., I: 7. 1362.

—Falsely Charged.

Gon. Milk-liver'd man!

That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;

Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning Thine honour from thy suffering; that not

know'st,

Fools do those villains pity, who are punish'd

Ere they have done their mischief.

K. L., IV: 2. 1472.

—Flies the Field.

Mor * *

And as the thing that's heavy in itself,
Upon enforcement, flies with greatest speed;
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
Lend to this weight such lightness with their
fear,
That arrows fled not swifter toward their
aim,
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
Fly from the field.

H. IV., 2 pt., I: 1. 775

—Hare-Hearted.

Tro. * * Manhood and honour

Should have hare hearts, would they but fat
their thoughts
With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect
Make livers pale, and lustihood deject.

T. C., II: 2. 1114.

—In Flight.

Scar. * *

I never saw an action of such shame;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

A. C., III: 8. 1563.

—In Religion.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward,
religious in it.

T. N., III: 4. 562.

—Its Expedients.

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I saw others
run.

P. Hen. Tell me now in earnest, How
came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

Peto. Why, he hacked it with his dagger;
and said, he would swear truth out of Eng-
land, but he would make you believe it was
done in fight; and persuaded us to do the
like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with
spear-grass, to make them bleed; and then
to beslobber our garments with it, and swear
it was the blood of true men. I did that I
did not this seven years before, I blushed to
hear his monstrous devices.

H. IV., 1 pt., II: 4. 741.

—Kingly, Rebuked.

Q. Mar. Enforc'd thee! art thou king,
and wilt be forc'd?

I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous
wretch!

Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me;
And given unto the house of York such
head,

As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.
To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,
What is it, but to make thy sepulchre,
And creep into it far before thy time?

Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of
Calais;

Stern Faulconbridge commands the narrow
seas;

The duke is made protector of the realm;
And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety
finds

The trembling lamb, environed with wolves.
Had I been there, which am a silly woman,
The soldiers should have toss'd me on their
pikes,

Before I would have granted to that act.

But thou preferr'st thy life before thine
honour:

And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself,
Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,
Until that act of parliament be repeal'd,
Whereby my son is disinherited.

The northern lords, that have forsworn thy
colours,

Will follow mine, if once they see them
spread:

And spread they shall be; to thy foul dis-
grace,

And utter ruin of the house of York.

H. VI., 3 pt., I: 1. 957.

—Longs for Safety.

Bard. On, on, on, on! to the breach,
to the breach!

Nym. 'Pray thee, corporal, stay; the
knocks are too hot; and, for mine own part,
I have not a case of lives: the humour of
it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.

Pist. The plain-song is most just; for
humours do abound;

Knocks go and come to all and some;

God's vassals feel the same.

And sword and shield,

In bloody field,

Doth win immortal fame.

Boy. 'Would I were in an alehouse in
London! I would give all my fame for a pot
of ale and safety.

H. V., III: 2. 831.

—Not Cæsar's Weakness.

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice :

Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not : Danger knows full well,

That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We were two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible ;
And Cæsar shall go forth.

J. C., II : 2. 1333.

—Not to be Trusted.

Mar. * * He that trusts you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares ;
Where foxes, geese : You are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun.

C., I : 1. 1151.

—Punished.

Scar. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up as we take hares, behind ;
'T is sport to maul a runner.

A. C., IV : 7. 1571.

—Retreats.

Hel. You go so much backward when
you fight.

A. W., I : 1. 497.

—Ruins any Cause.

York * *
And all my followers to the eager foe
Turn back, and fly, like ships before the wind,
Or lambs pursu'd by hunger-starv'd wolves.

H. VI., 3 pt., I : 4. 959.

—Scorned.

Prince. Methinks, a woman of this valiant spirit
Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,
Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.
I speak not this, as doubting any here ;
For, did I but suspect a fearful man,
He should have leave to go away betimes ;
Lest, in our need, he might infect another,

And make him of like spirit to himself.

If any such be here, as God forbid !

Let him depart, before we need his help.

Som. And he, that will not fight for such
a hope,

Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,
If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

H. VI., 3 pt., V : 4. 989.

—Self Accusing.

Ham. * * *

Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause.

H., II : 2. 1409.

—Sir John Falstaff's.

Tal. Shame to the duke of Burgundy,
and thee !

I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee
next,

To tear the garter from thy craven's leg,
(Which I have done) because unworthily
Thou wast installed in that high degree.—
Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest :
This dastard, at the battle of Patay,
When but in all I was six thousand strong,
And that the French were almost ten to
one,—

Before we met, or that a stroke was given,
Like to a trusty squire, did run away ;
In which assault we lost twelve hundred
men ;

Myself, and divers gentlemen beside,
Were there surpris'd, and taken prisoners.
Then judge, great lords, if I have done
amiss ;

Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood, yea, or no.

Glo. To say the truth, this fact was in-
famous

And ill beseeming any common man ;
Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.

H. VI., 1 pt., IV : 1. 834.

—The Charge Resented.

Clif. So cowards fight, when they can
fly no further ;

So doves do peck the falcon's piercing tal-
ons ;

So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their
lives,

Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

York. O, Clifford, but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought o'er-run my former time :
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face ;
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with coward.

H. VI., 3 pt., I: 4. 960.

—When an Honor.

Alcib. * *
Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice ;
(An honour in him, which buys out his fault,)

But, with a noble fury, and fair spirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his foe :

Tit. And., III: 5. 1301.

COWARDS.—An Incumbrance.

K. Hen. * *
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he, which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart ; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse :
We would not die in that man's company,
That fears his fellowship to die with us.

H. V., IV: 3. 844.

—Beget Cowards.

Bel. * *
Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base.
Nature hath meal, and bran ; contempt, and grace.

Cym., IV: 2. 1614.

—Bred by Peace.

Imo. * *
Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards.

Cym., III: 6. 1612.

—Die Many Deaths.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths ;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear ;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.

J. C., II: 2. 1333

—Flee before Cowards.

Mar. * *
The mouse ne'er shunned the cat, as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.

C., I: 6. 1156.

—From Force of Example.

P. Hen. Now, sirs ; by 'r lady, you fought fair ;—so did you, Peto ;—so did you, Bardolph : you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince ; no,—fie !

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

H. IV., 1 pt., II: 4. 741.

—Great Braggarts.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back ; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I 'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at supper : how thirty, at least, he fought with ; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured ; and, in the reproof of this, lies the jest.

H. IV., 1 pt., I: 2. 730.

—Love Weakness.

Glo. * *
None do you like but an effeminate prince,
Whom, like a school-boy, you may over-awe.

H. VI., I: 1. 864.

—Meet not the Brave.

K. Hen. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him,
He never did encounter with Glendower ;
I tell thee,
He durst as well have met the devil alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.

H. IV., 1 pt., I: 3. 732.

—Swashing and Martial.

Ros. * *
We 'll have a swashing and a martial out-side,
As many other mannish cowards have,
That do outface it with their semblances.

A. Y., I: 3. 413.

—Three Thieving, Described.

Boy. As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers. I am boy to them all

three : but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me ; for, indeed, three such antics do not amount to a man. For Bardolph,—he is white-livered, and red-faced ; by the means whereof 'a faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol,—he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword ; by the means whereof 'a breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym,—he hath heard, that men of few words are the best men ; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest 'a should be thought a coward ; but his few bad words are match'd with as few good deeds ; for 'a never broke any man's head but his own ; and that was against a post, when he was drunk.

H. V., III : 2. 832.

COXCOMB.—Depicted.

Osr. Nay, good my lord ; for my ease, in good faith. Sir, here is newly come to court, Laertes : believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society, and great showing : Indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

H., V : 2. 1434.

COXCOMBS.—Burst like Bubbles.

Ham. * * Thus has he (and many more of the same breed, that, I know, the drossy age dotes on,) only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter ; a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions ; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

H., V : 2. 1435.

CRAFT.—Richer than Innocency.

Clo. * * And furr'd with fox and lambskins too, to signify that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

M. M., III : 2. 159.

CRAFTINESS.—Its Overthrow.

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal : who commands you
To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands ; and to confine yourself
To Asher-house, my lord of Winchester's,
Till you hear further from his highness.

Wol. Stay,

Where 's your commission, lords ? words
cannot carry

Authority so weighty.

Suf. Who dares cross them ?

Bearing the king's will from his mouth
expressly ?

Wol. Till I find more than will, or
words, to do it,

(I mean, your malice,) know, officious lords,
I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel

Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—
envy.

How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
As if it fed ye ! and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my
ruin !

Follow your envious courses, men of mal-
ice ;

You have christian warrant for them, and,
no doubt,

In time will find their fit rewards. That
seal,

You ask with such a violence, the king,
(Mine, and your master,) with his own hand
gave me :

Bade me enjoy it, with the place and hon-
ours,

During my life ; and, to confirm his good-
ness,

Tied it by letters patents : Now, who 'll
take it ?

Sur. The king, that gave it.

H. VIII., III : 2. 1079.

—Its Power.

K. Hen. * *

Who 's there ? my good lord cardinal ?—O
my Wolsey,

The quiet of my wounded conscience,
Thou art a cure fit for a king.—You 're
welcome,

Most learned reverend sir, into our king-
dom ;

Use us, and it :—My good lord, have great
care

I be not found a talker.

Wol. Sir, you cannot.

I would, your grace would give us but an
hour

Of private conference.

K. Hen. We are busy ; go.

H. VIII., II : 2. 1068.

CREDIT.—Impolicy of Giving.

Pist. * *

Look to my chattels, and my moveables :

Let senses rule; the word is, "Pitch and pay;"

Trust none;

For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,

And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck;

Therefore, *caveto* be thy counsellor.

H. V., II: 3. 829.

CREDITOR.—Nurses his Revenge.

Shy. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto; a beggar, that was us'd to come so smug upon the mart.—Let him look to his bond! he was wont to call me usurer;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy;—let him look to his bond!

M. V., III: 1. 375.

CREDITORS.—Rapacious.

Flav. What do you ask of me, my friend?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.

Flav. Ay,

If money were as certain as your waiting, 'T were sure enough. Why then preferred you not

Your sums and bills, when your false masters eat

Of my lord's meat? Then they could smile, and fawn

Upon his debts, and take down th' interest Into their gluttonous maws. You do yourselves but wrong,

To stir me up; let me pass quietly:

Believe 't, my lord and I have made an end;

I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

Flav. If 't will not,

'T is not so base as you; for you serve knaves.

T. A., III: 4. 1300.

CREDULITY.—Easily Victimized.

Edm. * *

A credulous father, and a brother noble,

Whose nature is so far from doing harms,

That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty

My practices ride easy.

K. L., I: 2. 1449.

—Led by the Nose.

Iago. * *

The Moor is of a free and open nature,

That thinks men honest, that but seem to be so;

And will as tenderly be led by the nose,

As asses are.

O., I: 4. 1499.

CREMATION.—Of the Dead.

1 *Cit.* Never, never:—Come, away, away;

We 'll burn his body in the holy place, And with the brands fire the traitors' houses. Take up the body.

2 *Cit.* Go, fetch fire.

J. C., III: 2. 1341.

CRESCENT.—The Sign of Hope.

Pom. I shall do well:

The people love me, and the sea is mine;

My power's a crescent, and my auguring hope

Says it will come to the full.

A. C., II: 1. 1547.

CREST-FALLEN.—Completely.

Fal. * *

I were as crest-fall'n as a dried pear.

M. W., IV: 5. 115

CRIME.—Aristocratic.

Gads. What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I 'll make a fat pair of gallows: for, if I hang, old sir John hangs with me; and, thou knowest, he's no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans that thou dreamest not of, the which, for sport sake, are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be looked into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am joined with no foot land-rakers, no long-staff, sixpenny strikers; none of these mad, mustachio purple-hued malt-worms: but with nobility, and tranquillity; burgomasters and great oneyers.

H. IV., 1 pt., II: 1. 735.

—Beasts Revolt at.

Old M. 'T is unnatural,

Even like the deed that 's done. On Tuesday last,

A falcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,

Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at, and kill'd.

Rosse. And Duncan's horses, (a thing
most strange and certain,)

Beauteous and swift, the minions of their
race,

Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls,
flung out,

Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would
make

War with mankind.

Old M. 'T is said, they eat each other.

Rosse. They did so; to the amazement
of mine eyes,

That look'd upon 't.

M., II: 4. 1367.

—Brings Sorrow.

Pem. * * I 'll go with thee,
And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood, which ow'd the breath of all
this isle,
Three foot of it doth hold: Bad world the
while
This must not be thus borne: this will break
out
To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt.

K. J., IV: 2. 666.

—Demands Despatch.

Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent
prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sudden, and despatch.

K. J., IV: 1. 664.

—Expects Exemption.

Fal. * * But, I pry'thee, sweet wag,
shall there be gallows standing in England
when thou art king? and resolution thus
fobbed as it is, with the rusty curb of old
father antic the law? Do not thou, when
thou art king, hang a thief.

P. Hen. No; thou shalt.

H. IV., 1 pt., I: 2. 729.

—Great, a Vortex.

K. Rich. * * I say again, give out,
That Anne my queen is sick, and like to die:
About it; for it stands me much upon,
To stop all hopes, whose growth may dam-
age me.—

I must be married to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass:

Murder her brothers, and then marry her!
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin.
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

R. III., IV: 2. 1032.

—Its Punishment.

Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not
kill'd it;
She 'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor
malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let
The frame of things disjoint, both the
worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams,
That shake us nightly: better be with the
dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to
peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy.

M., III: 2. 1370.

—Its Scene Revolting.

Sal. * *
Away, with me, all you whose souls abhor
The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house;
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

K. J., IV: 3. 670.

—Makes Crimes Necessary.

Pand. * *
A sceptre, snatch'd with an unruly hand,
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd:
And he, that stands upon a slippery place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up:
That John may stand, then Arthur needs
must fall;
So be it, for it cannot be but so.

K. J., III: 4. 663.

—Must be Punished.

Pem. Indeed, we heard how near his death
he was,
Before the child himself felt he was sick:
This must be answer'd, either here or hence.

K. J., IV: 2. 666.

—National, Punished.

Car. * *
My lord of Hereford here, whom you call
king,

Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king :
And if you crown him, let me prophesy,—
The blood of English shall manure the
ground,

And future ages groan for this foul act :
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
And, in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind con-
found ;

Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of Golgotha, and dead men's
skulls.

O, if you rear this house against this house,
It will the woefullest division prove,
That ever fell upon this cursed earth ;
Prevent, resist it, let it not be so,
Lest child, child's children, cry against
you—woe !

R. II., IV : 1. 708.

—**Strange, Unexpected.**

Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly,
will I speak :

That Angelo's forsown ; is it not strange ?
That Angelo's a murderer ; is 't not strange
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin violator ;
Is it not strange, and strange ?

Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.

Isab. Is it not truer he is Angelo,
Than this is all as true as it is strange ;
Nay, it is ten times true ; for truth is truth
To th' end of reck'ning.

M. M., V : 1. 170.

CRIMES.—Excite the Populace.

Hub. My lord, they say, five moons were
seen to-night :

Four fixed ; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four, in wond'rous motion.

K. John. Five moons ?

Hub. Old men, and beldams, in the
streets

Do prophesy upon it dangerously :

Young Arthur's death is common in their
mouths :

And when they talk of him, they shake their
heads,

And whisper one another in the ear ;

And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's
wrist ;

Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with roll-
ing eyes.

I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
And whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news ;
Who, with his shears and measure in his
hand,

Standing on slippers, (which his nimble
haste

Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,)

Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embatteled and rank'd in Kent :
Another lean unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

K. J., IV : 2. 667.

—**Great, Demand Disguise.**

Macb. * * Though I could
With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my
sight,

And bid my will avouch it ; yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and
mine,

Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his
fall

Whom I myself struck down : and thence
it is,

That I to your assistance do make love ;
Masking the business from the common eye,
For sundry weighty reasons.

M., III : 1. 1369.

—**Great, often Fruitless.**

Macb. * *

Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal
hand,

No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,
For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind ;
For them the gracious Duncan have I mur-
der'd ;

Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them : and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo
kings !

Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance !

M., III : 1. 1369.

—Grow.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar?

Cas. Decius, well urg'd:—I think it is not meet,

Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar: We shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his
means,

If he improves them, may well stretch so far,
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
Let Antony, and Cæsar, fall together.

J. C., II: 1. 1330.

—Some, beyond Mercy.

Bast. * * Knew you of this fair work?
Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

* *
Ha! I'll tell thee what;
Thou art damn'd as black—nay, nothing is
so black;

Thou art more deep damn'd than prince
Lucifer:

There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

K. J., IV: 3. 670.

CRIMINALS.—Great, Easily Accused.

Glo. Presumptuous priest! this place
commands my patience,
Or thou should'st find thou hast dishonour'd
me.

Think not, although in writing I preferr'd
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen:
No, prelate; such is thy audacious wicked-
ness,

Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious
pranks,

As very infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a most pernicious usurer:
Froward by nature, enemy to peace;
Lascivious, wanton, more than well be-
seems

A man of thy profession, and degree;
And for thy treachery, what's more mani-
fest?

In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,
As well at London bridge, as at the Tower?

Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were
sifted,

The king, thy sovereign, is not quite ex-
empt

From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

H. VI., 1 pt., III: 1. 878.

CRITIC.—That, or Nothing.

Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to 't;
For I am nothing, if not critical.

O., II: 1. 1501.

CROAKING.—Justifiable.

Ther. * * I would croak like a raven;
I would bode, I would bode.

T. C., V: 2. 1139.

CROCODILE.—Description of.

Lep. What manner o' thing is your croc-
odile?

Ant. It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it
is as broad as it hath breadth: it is just so
high as it is, and moves with its own organs:
it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the
elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of its own colour too.

Lep. 'T is a strange serpent.

Ant. 'T is so. And the tears of it are
wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him?

A. C., II: 7. 1556.

CROWD.—No Place to Plead.

Art. * * Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along.

J. C., II: 4. 1335.

CROWN.—Its Cost.

K. Edw. Once more we sit in England's
royal throne,

Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies.

What valiant foe-men, like to autumn's
corn,

Have we mow'd down, in tops of all their
pride!

Three dukes of Somerset, threefold re-
nown'd

For hardy and undoubted champions:

Two Cliffords, as the father and the son,

And two Northumberland; two braver men
Ne'er spurr'd their coursers at the trumpet's
sound :

With them, the two brave bears, Warwick
and Montague,

That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,
And made the forest tremble when they
roar'd.

Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
And made our footstool of security.—

Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my
boy :—

Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles, and my-
self,

Have in our armours watch'd the winter's
night;

Went all a-foot in summer's scalding heat,
That thou might'st reposess the crown in
peace;

And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

H. VI., 3 pt., V : 7. 992.

—Wearing, Sweet.

Rich. * * And, father, do but think,
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown;
Within whose circuit is Elysium,
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.
Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest,
Until the white rose, that I wear, be dyed
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's
heart.

H. VI., 3 pt., I : 2. 958.

CRUELTY.—Easily Punished.

Bast. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair,
And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest
thread

That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be
A beam to hang thee on; or would'st thou
drown thyself,

Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.

K. J., IV : 3. 670.

—Expostulated with.

Arth. O heaven!—that there were but
a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!

Then, feeling what small things are bois-
trous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

K. J., IV : 1. 665.

—Extreme.

Mar. O, that delightful engine of her
thoughts,
That blab'd them with such pleasing elo-
quence,

Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage;
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear!

Tit. And., III : 1. 1215.

—Fiendish.

Corn. See it shalt thou never.—Fel-
lows, hold the chair :—
Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

Glo. He, that will think to live till he be
old,

Give me some help :—O cruel! O ye gods!

Reg. One side will mock another; the
other too.

Corn. If you see vengeance.—

* *
Lest it see more, prevent it :—Out, vile
jelly!

Where is thy lustre now?

Glo. All dark and comfortless.—Where's
my son Edmund?

Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,
To quit this horrid act.

* *
Reg. Go, thrust him out at gates, and
let him smell

His way to Dover.

K. L., III : 7. 1469.

—Foretold.

K. Hen. * *
For the fifth Harry from curb'd licence
plucks

The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.

H. IV., 2 pt., IV : 4. 803.

—Hereditary.

K. Hen. * *
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's
hope;

To wit,—an indigest deformed lump,

Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
Teeth hadst thou in thy head, when thou
wast born,
To signify, — thou cam'st to bite the world.

H. VI., 3 pt., V: 6. 991-2.

—In Words.

*Ham. * **

Let me be cruel, not unnatural:
I will speak daggers to her, but use none.

H., III: 3. 1416.

—Invoked by Ambition.

*Lady M. * ** Come, come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me
here;
An fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-
full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse;
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace be-
tween
The effect, and it! Come to my woman's
breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring
ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief!

M., I: 5. 1361.

—Its Ingenuity.

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flayed
alive: then 'nointed over with honey, set on
the head of a wasp's nest; then stand, till
he be three quarters and a dram dead; then
recover'd again with aquavitæ, or some other
hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the
hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall
he be set against a brick wall, the sun look-
ing with a southward eye upon him, where
he is to behold him with flies blown to
death. But what talk we of these traitorly
rascals, whose miseries are to be smil'd at,
their offences being so capital?

W. T., IV: 3. 610.

—Remorseless.

*K. Hen. * **

And as the butcher takes away the calf,
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it
strays,
Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house;
Even so, remorseless, have they borne him
hence.

H. VI., 2 pt., III: 1. 924.

—The Nature of Some.

*Men. * ** There is no more mercy in
him, than there is milk in a male tiger.

C., V: 4. 1191.

—Vindictive.

North. Hold, Clifford; do not honour
him so much,
To prick thy finger, though to wound his
heart:
What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand between his
teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot
away!
It is war's prize to take all vantages;
And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

H. VI., 3 pt., I: 4. 960.

—Woman's.

Tam. Give me thy poniard; you shall
know, my boys,
Your mother's hand shall right your moth-
er's wrong.

* *

Lav. O Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's
face. —

Tam. I will not hear her speak; away
with her.

Lav. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me
but a word.

Dem. Listen, fair madam: Let it be
your glory

To see her tears, but be your heart to them
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

Lav. When did the tiger's young ones
teach the dam?

O, do not learn her wrath; she taught it
thee:

The milk, thou suck'dst from her, did turn
to marble;

Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny. —
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike;
Do thou entreat her show a woman pity.

* *

'T is true; the raven doth not hatch a lark:
Yet I have heard, (O could I find it now!)
The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure
To have his princely claws par'd all away.
Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds famish in their
nests:

O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,

Nothing so kind, but something pitiful!

Tam. I know not what it means; away with her.

Lav. O, let me teach thee: for my father's sake,
That gave thee life, when well he might have slain thee,
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

Tam. Had thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I pitiless:—
Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,

To save your brother from the sacrifice;
But fierce Andronicus would not relent.
Therefore away with her, and use her as you will;

The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

Lav. O Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place:

For 't is not life, that I have begged so long;
Poor I was slain, when Bassianus died.

Tam. What begg'st thou then; fond woman, let me go.

Lav. 'T is present death I beg; and one thing more,

That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,

And tumble me into some loathsome pit;
Where never man's eye may behold my body:

Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

* *

Dem. Away, for thou hast staid us here too long.

Lav. No grace? no womanhood? Ah, beastly creature!

The blot and enemy to our general name!

Tit. And., II: 3. 1210.

CUNNING.—With Power, Dangerous.

Buck. To the king I'll say 't; and make my vouch as strong

As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both, (for he is equal ravenous,
As he is subtle; and as prone to mischief,
As able to perform it: his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally,)
Only to show his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests the king our master

To this last costly treaty, the interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass

Did break i' the rinsing.

Nor. Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning cardinal

The articles o' the combination drew,
As himself pleas'd; and they were ratified,
As he cried, Thus let be: to as much end,
As give a crutch to the dead: But our count-cardinal

Has done this, and 't is well; for worthy Wolsey,

Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,

(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy To the old dam, treason,)—Charles the emperor,

Under pretence to see the queen his aunt,
(For 't was, indeed, his colour; but he came To whisper Wolsey,) here makes visitation:
His fears were, that the interview, betwixt England and France, might, through their amity,

Breed him some prejudice; for from this league

Peep'd harms that menac'd him: He privily Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow,—
Which I do well; for, I am sure, the emperor

Paid ere he promis'd; whereby his suit was granted,

Ere it was ask'd;—but when the way was made,

And pav'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd;—

That he would please to alter the king's course,

And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know,

(As soon he shall by me,) that thus the cardinal

Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.

H. VIII., I: 1. 1058.

CUPID.—Described.

Biron. * *

This whimp'd, whining, purblind, wayward boy,

This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid:

Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
Th' anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents.

L. L., III: 1. 282.

—His Prejudice.

Ros. No; that same wicked bastard of
Venus, that was begot of thought, conceiv'd
of spleen, and born of madness; that blind
rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes,
because his own are out, let him be judge
how deep I am in love.

A. Y., IV: 1. 430.

—Kills Some by Traps.

Urs. She's lim'd, I warrant you; we
have caught her, madam.

Hero. If it prove so, then loving goes
by haps:

Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with
traps.

M. A., III: 1. 238.

CURIOSITY.—Not to be Satisfied.

Hot. * * But hark you, Kate;

I must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I go, nor reason whereabout:

Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.

I know you wise; but yet no further wise,
Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are;

But yet a woman: and for secrecy,
No lady closer; for I well believe,

Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not
know;

And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate!

Lady. How! so far?

Hot. Not an inch further.

H. IV., 1 pt., II: 3. 738.

CURSE.—A Father's.

Lear. Never, Regan:

She hath abated me of half my train;
Look'd black upon me; struck me with her
tongue,

Most serpent-like, upon the very heart:—
All the stor'd vengeance of heaven fall

On her ingrateful top! Strike her young
bones,

You taking airs, with lameness!
Corn. Fie, fie, fie!

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your
blinding flames

Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,

You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful
sun,

To fall and blast her pride!

K. L., II: 4. 1460.

—A Mother's.

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my ex-
pedition?

* *

Duch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is
thy brother Clarence?

And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?

Q. Eliz. Where is the gentle Rivers,
Vaughan, Grey?

Duch. Where is kind Hastings?

* *

K. Rich. And came I not at last to com-
fort you?

Duch. No, by the holy rood, thou
know'st it well,

Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my
hell.

A grievous burden was thy birth to me;
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;

Thy school-days, frightful, desperate, wild,
and furious;

The prime of manhood, daring, bold, and
venturous;

Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and
bloody,

More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in
hatred:

What comfortable hour canst thou name,
That ever grac'd me in thy company?

K. Rich. So:

Duch. Either thou wilt die, by God's
just ordinance,

Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror;
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,

And never look upon thy face again.
Therefore, take with thee my most heavy

curse;

Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more,
Than all the complete armour that thou

wear'st!

My prayers on the adverse party fight;
And there the little souls of Edward's chil-
dren

Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them success and victory.

Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;
Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death

attend.

R. III., IV: 4. 1035.

—A Widow's.

Const. A widow cries; be husband to me, heavens!

Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset,
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd
kings!

Hear me, O, hear me!

K. J., III: 1. 657.

Const. A wicked day, and not a holiday.
What hath this day deserv'd? what hath
it done;

That it in golden letters should be set,
Among the high tides in the calendar?
Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week;
This day of shame, oppression, perjury:
Or, if it must stand still, let wives with
child

Pray, that their burdens may not fall this
day,

Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd:
But on this day, let seamen fear no wreck;
No bargains break, that are not this day
made:

This day, all things begun come to ill end;
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

K. J., III: 1. 657.

—Remembered and Fulfilled.

Buck. * *

This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul.
Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs.
That high All-seer which I dallied with,
Hath turned my feigned prayer on my head,
And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked
men

To turn their own points on their masters'
bosoms:

Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my
neck,—

“When he,” quoth she, “shall split thy
heart with sorrow.

Remember Margaret was a prophetess.”—
Come, sirs, convey me to the block of
shame;

Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due
of blame.

R. III., V: 1. 1041.

—Self-Reaped.

Q. Eliz. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not
thy glory;

To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm.

Anne. No! why?—When he, that is my
husband now,

Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse;
When scarce the blood was well wash'd
from his hands,

Which issu'd from my other angel husband,
And that dead saint which then I weeping
follow'd;

O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,
This was my wish,—“Be thou,” quoth I,
“accurs'd,

For making me, so young, so old a widow!
And, when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy
bed;

And be thy wife (if any be so mad)
More miserable by the life of thee,
Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's
death!”

Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,
Even in so short a space, my woman's heart
Grossly grew captive to his honey words,
And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's
curse:

Which ever since hath held mine eyes from
rest;

For never yet one hour in his bed
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,
But with his timorous dreams was still
awak'd.

Besides, he hates me for my father War-
wick;

And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

R. III., IV: 1. 1031.

CURSES.—Often a Prophecy.

Q. Mar. O princely Buckingham, I kiss
thy hand,

In sign of league and amity with thee:
Now fair befall thee, and thy noble house!
Thy garments are not spotted with our
blood,

Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

Buck. Nor no one here; for curses never
pass

The lips of those that breathe them in the
air.

Q. Mar. I'll not believe but they ascend
the sky,

And there awake God's gentle-sleeping
peace.

O Buckingham, beware of yonder dog;

Look, when he fawns, he bites : and, when
he bites,

His venom tooth will rankle to the death :
Have not to do with him, beware of him ;
Sin, death, and hell, have set their marks
on him ;

And all their ministers attend on him.

Glo. What doth she say, my lord of
Buckingham?

Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gra-
cious lord.

Q. Mar. What, dost thou scorn me for
my gentle counsel?

And sooth the devil that I warn thee from?
O, but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sor-
row ;

And say, poor Margaret was a prophetess. —
Live each of you the subjects to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to God's !

R. III., I : 3. 1009.

—Recoil.

Q. Mar. * *

And these dead curses — like the sun 'gainst
glass,

Or like an overcharged gun, — recoil, —
And turn the force of them upon thyself.

H. VI., 2 pt., III : 2. 930.

CURSING.—Excess in.

Beat. Too curst is more than curst : I
shall lessen God's sending that way : for it
is said, "God sends a curst cow short
horns ;" but to a cow too curst he sends
none.

M. A., II : 1. 230.

—Skill in.

Q. Eliz. O thou well skill'd in curses,
stay a while,

And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the night, and
fast the day ;

Compare dead happiness with living woe ;
Think that thy babes were fairer than they
were,

And he, that slew them, fouler than he is :
Bettering thy loss makes the bad-causer
worse ;

Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

Q. Eliz. My words are dull, O, quicken
them with thine !

* *

Poor breathing orators of miseries !

Let them have scope : though what they do
impart

Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.

Duch. If so, then be not tongue-ty'd :
go with me,

And in the breath of bitter words let's
smother

My damned son, that thy two sweet sons
smother'd.

R. III., IV : 4. 1035.

CUSTOM.—Makes Flint Down.

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave sen-
ators,

Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down : I do agonize
A natural and prompt alacrity,
I find in hardness ; and do undertake
These present wars against the Ottomites.

O., I : 3. 1497.

—Not to be Followed.

Cor. * *

What custom wills, in all things should we
do 't,

The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
For truth to over-peer.

C., II : 3. 1166.

CYNIC.—A Friend to Brutes.

Tim. * * What would'st thou do with
the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of
the men.

Tim. Would'st thou have thyself fall in
the confusion of men, and remain a beast
with the beasts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

T. A., IV : 3. 1309.

CYNICISM.—Bitterness of.

Tim. * * Thou singly honest man,
Here, take : —the gods out of my misery
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich, and
happy :

But thus condition'd : Thou shalt build from
men ;

Hate all, curse all : show charity to none ;
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the
bone,

Ere thou relieve the beggar : give to dogs

What thou deny'st to men; let prisons swallow them,
Debts wither them: Be men like blasted woods,
And may diseases lick up their false bloods!

T. A., IV: 3. 1311.

—**Its Prayer.**

Tim. That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry!—Common mother, thou,
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,
Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm,
With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven,
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine:
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,

From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root:

Ensear thy fertile and conception's womb,
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears;

Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face

Hath to the marbled mansion all above
Never presented!—O, a root,—Dear thanks!
Dry up thy meadows, vines, and plough-torn leas:

Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts,

And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,

That from it all consideration slips!

T. A., IV: 3. 1307.

—**Woman's.**

Tim. What, dost thou weep?—Come nearer;—then I love thee,
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give,
But thorough lust, and laughter.

T. A., IV: 3. 1311.

D

DAINTINESS.—Excessive.

Biron. O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread!

L. L., IV: 3. 290.

DAMNATION.—Dared by Revenge.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with:
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!
Conscience, and grace, to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation: To this point I stand,—
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd
Most thoroughly for my father.

H., IV: 5. 1425.

DANCING.—Admired.

Cap. Gentlemen, welcome! ladies that have their toes
Unplagu'd with corns, will have a bout with you;—

Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all
Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty, she,

I'll swear, hath corns: Am I come near you now?

You are welcome, gentlemen!

* *

More light, ye knaves; and turn the tables up,

And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.—

Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.

R. J., I: 5. 1248.

—Like Waves.

Flo. * * When you do dance, I wish
you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so.

W. T., IV: 3. 602.

—With a Burden.

Rom. I am too sore enpierced with his
shaft
To soar with his light feathers; and so
bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

* *
Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough
with love;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love
down.

R. J., I: 4. 1247.

DANGER.—Braved, Vanishes.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth: The things that
threaten'd me,
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they
shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

J. C., II: 2. 1332.

—Caution against.

Suf. * *
Thou may'st not wander in that labyrinth;
There Minotaurs, and ugly treasons, lurk.

H. VI., 1 pt., V: 3. 894.

—Deliverance out of.

Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth
wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy
cheeks,
And shows the ragged entrails of this pit:
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden
blood.

Tit. And., II: 4. 1212.

—Demands Courage.

K. Hen. Gloster, 't is true, that we are
in great danger;
The greater therefore should our courage be.

H. V., IV: 1. 840.

—Disguised.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find,
the band that seems to tie their friendship
together, will be the very strangler of their
amity.

A. C., II: 6. 1555.

—Fear, a Source of.

Bel. * * Whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery, that
The fear 's as bad as falling.

Cym., III: 3. 1607.

—Fed, Destroys.

Fool. For you trow, nuncle,
The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it had its head bit off by its young.
So, out went the candle, and we were left
darkling.

K. L., I: 4. 1452.

—Foreseen.

Wol. * *
Anne Bullen! No; I 'll no Anne Bullens
for him:
There is more in it than fair visage.—
Bullen!
No, we 'll no Bullens.

H. VIII., III: 2. 1077.

—Forewarned of.

3 *Cit.* * *
By a divine instinct, men's minds mistrust
Ensuing danger; as, by proof, we see
The water swell before a boist'rous storm.

R. III., II: 3. 1018.

—From Alliances.

Pand. * *
France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the
tongue,
A cased lion by the mortal paw,
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou
dost hold.

K. J., III: 1. 659.

—From False Friends.

Q. Mar. * * Such safety finds
The trembling lamb, environed with wolves.

H. VI., 3 pt., I: 1. 957.

—From Omission.

Patr. * *
Omission to do what is necessary

Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

T. C., III: 3. 1126.

—Future, Foreseen.

Ant. * * Much is breeding,
Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but
life,
And not a serpent's poison.

A. C., I: 2. 1543.

—Imminent.

Lucio. I warrant, it is: and thy head
stands so tickle on thy shoulders, that a
milkmaid, if she be in love, may sigh it off.

M. M., 1: 2. 146.

—None to Fools.

Ulyss. * *
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should
break.

T. C., III: 3. 1125.

—Rescue from, Urged.

Lucy. * *
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot;
Who now is girdled with a waist of iron,
And hemm'd about with grim destruction.

H. VI., 1 pt., IV: 3. 887.

—Seemingly Powerless.

Eno. 'T is better playing with a lion's
whelp,
Than with an old one dying.

A. C., III: 11. 1566.

—The Nettle of Safety.

Hot. * * "The purpose you under-
take is dangerous;"—Why, that's certain;
't is dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to
drink: but I tell you, my lord fool, out of
this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower,
safety.

H. IV., 1 pt., II: 3. 736.

DARING.—Beyond Manhood.

Mach. Pr'ythee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.

M., 1: 7. 1362.

—In Extreme Peril.

K. Edw. Bring forth the gallant, let us
hear him speak:
What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,

For bearing arms, for stirring up my sub-
jects,

And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?

Prince. Speak like a subject, proud am-
bitious York!

Suppose, that I am now my father's mouth;
Resign thy chair, and, where I stand, kneel
thou,

Whilst I propose the self-same words to
thee,

Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me an-
swer to.

Q. Mar. Ah, that thy father had been so
resolv'd!

Glo. That you might still have worn
the petticoat,

And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lan-
caster.

Prince. Let Æsop fable in a winter's
night:

His currish riddles sort not with this place.

Glo. By heaven, brat, I'll plague you
for that word.

Q. Mar. Ay, thou wast born to be a
plague to men.

Glo. For God's sake, take away this
captive scold.

Prince. Nay, take away this scolding
crook-back rather.

K. Edw. Peace, wilful boy, or I will
charm your tongue.

Clar. Untutor'd lad, thou art too mala-
pert.

Prince. I know my duty, you are all un-
dutiful.

Lascivious Edward,—and thou perjurd
George,—

And thou misshapen Dick,—I tell ye all,
I am your better, traitors as ye are;—

And thou usurp'st my father's right and
mine.

H. VI., 3 pt., V: 5. 990.

—Inspired.

Puc. * *

Now am I like that proud insulting ship,
Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.

H. VI., 1 pt., I: 2. 868.

—Irrepressible.

Hor. * *

I'll cross it, though it blast me.

H., I: 1. 1392.

Laer. * *

I dare damnation : To this point I stand.

H., IV : 5. 1425.

—**Man's Daily.**

Claud. O, what men dare do ! what men may do ! what men daily do ! not knowing what they do !

M. A., IV : 1. 244.

DARKNESS.—Flecked.

Fri. * *

And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path-way, made by Titan's
wheels.

R. J., II : 3. 1253.

—**Invoked.**

Lady M. * * Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell !
That my keen knife see not the wound it
makes ;
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of
the dark,
To cry, "Hold, hold !"——Great Glamis !
worthy Cawdor !

M., I : 5. 1361.

—**Preternatural.**

Rosse. Ah, good father,
Thou see'st, the heavens, as troubled with
man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage : by the clock,
't is day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling
lamp.
Is it night's predominance, or the day's
shame,
That darkness does the face of earth intomb,
When living light should kiss it ?

M., II : 4. 1367.

—**Quickens the Brain.**

Obe. * *

Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night ;
The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog, as black as Acheron.

M. N., III : 2. 336.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his
function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes ;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense.

M. N., III : 2. 334.

—**Suits Bad Designs.**

Macb. * * Stars, hide your fires !

Let not light see my black and deep desires :
The eye wink at the hand ! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.

M., I : 4. 1360.

—**The Friend of Evil.**

K. Rich. Discomfortable cousin ! know'st
thou not,

That when the searching eye of heaven is
hid
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad un-
seen,

In murders, and in outrage, boldly here.

R. II., III : 2. 701.

DASTARDLINESS.—In a Brother.

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live :
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far,
That it becomes a virtue.

Isab. O, you beast !
O, faithless coward ! O, dishonest wretch !
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice ?
Is 't not a kind of incest, to take life
From thine own sister's shame ?

M. M., III : 1. 158.

DAUGHTER.—A Disappointing.

Lear. * * Thou art a boil,
A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood. But I 'll not chide
thee ;

Let shame come when it will, I do not call
it :

I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove :
Mend, when thou canst ; be better, at thy
leisure.

K. L., II : 4. 1461.

—**Blessing Invoked upon.**

Her. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head !

W. T., V : 3. 617.

—**Filial Duty of a.**

Lear. * * 'T is not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,

And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in : thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude.

K. L., II : 4. 1460.

—Gross Revolt of a.

Rod. * *

Your daughter,—if you have not given her
leave,—

I say again, hath made a gross revolt;
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,
To an extravagant and wheedling stranger.

O., I : 1. 1492.

DAUGHTERS.—Not to be Trusted.

Bra. * * O treason of the blood!—
Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds
By what you see them act.

O., I : 1. 1493.

—Tigers.

Alb. * *

Tigers, not daughters, what have you performed?

A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whose reverence the head-lugg'd bear would lick,

Most barbarous, most degenerate!

K. L., IV : 2. 1472.

DAWN.—Early.

Ant. * *

This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.

A. C., IV : 4. 1570.

DAY.—A Blabber.

Cap. The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea;
And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades

To drag the tragic melancholy night;
Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings

Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws

Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.

H. VI., 2 pt., IV : 1. 932.

—An Illustrious.

Bard. * * O, such a day,
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,
Came not, till now, to dignify the times,
Since Cæsar's fortunes!

H. IV., 2 pt., I : 1. 774.

DAYBREAK.—How Heralded.

Rom. * * Look, love, what envious streaks

Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east :
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day

Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.

R. J., III : 5. 1265.

—Spirits Rest at.

Puck. * * Yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;

At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,

Troop home to church-yards : damned spirits all,

That in cross-ways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone;
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,

They wilfully themselves exile from light,
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

M. N., III : 2. 337.

—Walking o'er the Dew.

Hor. * *

But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.

H., I : 1. 1393.

DAYS.—Ominous of Misfortune.

Bast. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;

Some airy devil hovers in the sky,
And pours down mischief.

K. J., III : 2. 660.

DEAD.—Avenge their Wrong.

Bru. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!

Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords

In our own proper entrails.

J. C., V : 3. 1351.

—Destiny of their Dust.

Ham. To what base uses we may return,
Horatio! Why may not imagination trace
the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it
stopping a bung-hole?

* *

As thus; Alexander died, Alexander was
buried, Alexander returneth to dust; the
dust is earth; of earth we make loam: And
why of that loam whereto he was converted,
might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperious Caesar, dead, and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
O, that the earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!

H, V: 1. 1431.

—Honored.

Char. * *

Her ashes, in an urn more precious
Than the rich-jewel'd coffer of Darius,
Transported shall be at high festivals
Before the kings and queens of France.

H. VI., 1 pt., I: 6. 871.

—Insulting Body of.

Bast. Hew them to pieces, hack their
bones asunder;

Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's
wonder.

H. VI., 1 pt., IV: 7. 890.

—Obligations to the.

Bru. * * Friends, I owe more tears

To this dead man, than you shall see me
pay.

J. C., V: 3. 1351.

—Prayer for the.

Boling. Sweet peace conduct his sweet
soul to the bosom

Of good old Abraham!

R. II., IV: 1. 708.

—Sight of the.

K. Hen. O thou that judgest all things,
stay my thoughts;

* *

Fain would I go to chase his paly lips
With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears;
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling.
But all in vain are these mean obsequies;

And, to survey his dead and earthy image,
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

H. VI., 2 pt., III: 2. 928.

—Soon Forgotten.

Ham. So long? * * O heavens! die
two months ago, and not forgotten yet?
Then there's hope, a great man's memory
may outlive his life half a year: But, by'r-
lady, he must build churches then.

H., III: 2. 1413.

—Talking of the.

Leon. Prithee, no more; cease; thou
know'st

He dies to me again, when talk'd of:

W. T., V: 1. 612.

—The, beyond Recall.

Paul. I say, she's dead: I'll swear 't:
if word, nor oath,

Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring
Tincture, or lustre, in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve
you

As I would do the gods.

W. T., III: 2. 596.

DEAD-BEAT.—Smells Strong.

Clo. Truly, Fortune's displeasure is but
sluttish, if it smell so strongly as thou
speak'st of: I will henceforth eat no fish of
Fortune's butt'ring. Prithee allow the wind.

A. W., V: 2. 525.

DEAFNESS.

Ch. Just. What, to York? Call him
back again.

Atten. Sir John Falstaff!

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Page. You must speak louder, my mas-
ter is deaf.

Ch. Just. I am sure he is, to the hearing
of anything good.

H. IV., 2 pt., I: 2. 777.

—Affected.

Ch. Just. I think, you are fallen into
the disease; for you hear not what I say to
you.

Fal. Very well, my lord, very well:
rather, an't please you, it is the disease of
not listening, the malady of not marking,
that I am troubled withal.

H. IV., 2 pt., I: 2. 777.

DEATH.—A Debt.

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride me, so; 't is a point of friendship.

P. Hen. Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

P. Hen. Why, thou owest God a death.

H. IV., 1 pt., V : 1. 757.

—A Despairing.

Car. * *

Died he not in his bed? where should he die?
Can I make men live, wher' they will or no?
O! torture me no more, I will confess.—
Alive again? then show me where he is;
I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.—

He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.—

Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright,

Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul!—

Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary

Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

K. Hen. O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,

Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!

O, beat away the busy meddling fiend,

That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,

And from his bosom purge this black despair!

H. VI., 2 pt., III : 3. 931.

—A Gain.

Ant. S. He gains by death, that hath such means to die:—

Let Love, being light, be drowned if she sink!

C. E., III : 2. 201.

—A Great Disguiser.

Duke. O, death's a great disguiser: and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard; and say, it was the desire of the penitent to be so bar'd before his death. You know the course is common.

M. M., IV : 2. 166.

—A Journey.

Duke. * * I beseech you, look forward on the journey you shall go.

M. M., IV : 3. 167.

—A Lingerer.

Kent. Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he hates him,

That would upon the rack of this tough world

Stretch him out longer.

K. L., V : 3. 1485.

—A Mirror.

Per. * *

For death remember'd, should be like a mirror,

Who tells us, life's but breath; to trust it, error.

P., I : 1. 1643.

—A Mother's.

Mess. My liege, her ear

Is stopp'd with dust; the first of April, died Your noble mother: And, as I hear, my

lord,

The lady Constance in a frenzy died

Three days before.

K. John. * * Dreadful occasion!

* *

What! mother dead!

K. J., IV : 2. 667.

—A Warning Bell.

La. Cap. O me! this sight of death is as a bell,

That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

R. J., V : 3. 1277.

—Always at Command.

Cas. * *

Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,

Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;

But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.

J. C., I : 3. 1327.

—Ambition's Debt.

Bru. * * Stand still:—ambition's debt is paid.

J. C., III : 1. 1336.

—An Escape from Kings.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's
strong hand:—
Good lords, although my will to give is
living,
The suit which you demand is gone and
dead;
He tells us, Arthur is deceas'd to-night.

K. J., IV : 2. 666.

—An Eternal Sleep.

Tit. * *
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damned grudges; here, are
no storms,
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep.

Tit. And., I : 2. 1203.

—Assuredly Certain.

Fal. What! is the old king dead?

Pist. As nail in door.

H. IV., 2 pt., V : 3. 809.

—Attempt to Bribe.

Car. If thou be'st death, I'll give thee
England's treasure,
Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

K. Hen. Ah, what a sign it is of evil
life,
When death's approach is seen so terrible!

H. VI., 2 pt., III : 3. 931.

—Bemoaned.

Arr. * * The bird is dead,
That we have made so much on. I had
rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to
sixty,
To have turn'd my leaping time into a
crutch,
Than to have seen this.

Cym., IV : 2. 1617.

—Blaspheming and Remorseless.

Vaux. * * Beaufort is at point of
death:
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch
the air,
Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.

Sometime, he talks as if duke Humphrey's
ghost
Were by his side; sometime, he calls the
king,
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
The secrets of his overcharged soul:
And I am sent to tell his majesty,
That even now he cries aloud for him.

H. VI., 2 pt., III : 2. 930.

—Cawdor's, Studied.

Mal. * * Nothing in his life
Became him, like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death.

M., I : 4. 1360.

—Changes Everything.

Cap. All things, that we ordained festi-
val,

Turn from their office to black funeral:
Our instruments, to melancholy bells;
Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.

R. J., IV : 5. 1272.

—Cheerfulness in.

Boling. * *
Not sick, although I have to do with death;
But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing
breath.

R. II., I : 3. 688.

—Counterfeit.

Fal. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no coun-
terfeit: To die, is to be a counterfeit; for
he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath
not the life of a man: but to counterfeit
dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be
no counterfeit, but the true and perfect im-
age of life indeed. The better part of val-
our is—discretion; in the which better part,
I have saved my life.

H. IV., 1 pt., V : 4. 761.

—Crawling Towards.

Lear. * *
Unburdened crawl toward death.

K. L., I : 1. 1443.

—Declared Prematurely.

Cer. * * They were too rough,
That threw her in the sea. Make fire with-
in;

Fetch hither all the boxes in my closet.
 Death may usurp on nature many hours,
 And yet the fire of life kindle again
 The overpressed spirits. I have heard
 Of an Egyptian, had nine hours lien dead,
 By good appliance was recovered.

* *

This queen will live; nature awakes; a
 warmth

Breathes out of her; she hath not been en-
 tranc'd

Above five hours. See, how she 'gins to
 blow

Into life's flower again!

* *

She is alive; behold
 Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
 Which Pericles hath lost,
 Begin to part their fringes of bright gold;
 The diamonds of a most praised water.

P., III: 2. 1657.

—Desired.

King. * * "Let me not live," quoth he,
 "After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
 Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive
 senses

All but new things disdain."

A. W., I: 3. 498.

Anne. * *

O, would to God, that the inclusive verge
 Of golden metal, that must round my brow,
 Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain!
 Anointed let me be with deadly venom;
 And die, ere men can say—God save the
 queen!

R. III., IV: 1. 1031.

—Desired and Invoked.

Const. * *

Death, death:—O amiable lovely death!
 Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!
 Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
 Thou hate and terror to prosperity.
 And I will kiss thy detestable bones;
 And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows;
 And ring these fingers with thy household
 worms;
 And stop this gap of breath with fulsome
 dust,

And be a carrion monster like thyself:
 Come, grin on me; and I will think thou
 smil'st,

And buss thee as thy wife! Misery's love,
 O, come to me!

X. J., III: 4. 662.

—Desired in Dishonor.

York. * *

Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

R. II., II: 1. 693.

—Disregards Rank.

Char. * *

Now boast thee, death! in thy possession
 lies

A lass unparall'd.—Downy windows, close;
 And golden Phœbus never be beheld
 Of eyes again so royal.

A. C., V: 2. 1581.

—Easy, Sought.

Cæs.

Most probable,

That so she died; for her physician tells me,
 She hath pursued conclusions infinite
 Of easy ways to die.

A. C., V: 2. 1582.

—Effect on a Mother.

Puc. * *

As looks the mother on her lovely babe,
 When death doth close his tender dying
 eyes.

H. VI., 1 pt., III: 3. 883.

—End of Life's Fever.

Macb. * *

Duncan is in his grave;
 After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
 Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor
 poison,
 Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
 Can touch him further.

M., III: 2. 1370.

—Ends all Distinctions.

Guid. * *

Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,
 When neither are alive.

Cym., IV: 2. 1618.

—Ends Prosperity.

Q. Mar.

So, now prosperity begins to
 mellow,
 And drop into the rotten mouth of death.

R. II., IV: 4. 1084.

—Fattened for.

Ham. * * Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else, to fat us; and we fat ourselves for maggots: Your fat king, and your lean beggar, is but variable service; two dishes, but to one table; that's the end.

H., IV, 3. 1422.

—Foolishness of a Lingering.

Edg. * *

That with the pain of death we'd hourly die,
Rather than die at once.

K. L., V, 3. 1484.

—Frivolity a Sign of.

P. Hen. It is too late: the life of all his blood

Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain
(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house)

Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.

K. J., V, 7. 675.

—Good Inspirations at.

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men at their death have good inspirations.

M. V., I, 2. 363.

—Grins at Pomp.

K. Rich. * * For within the hollow crown,

That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps death his court: and there the antic sits,

Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp.

R. II., III, 2. 702.

—Heroic.

Tal. * *

Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity!
Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee:—

When he perceiv'd me shrink, and on my knee,

His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,
And, like a hungry lion, did commence
Rough deeds of rage, and stern impatience;
But when my angry guardant stood alone,
Tend'ring my ruin, and assail'd of none,
Dizzy-ey'd fury, and great rage of heart,
Suddenly made him from my side to start

Into the clust'ring battle of the French;
And in that sea of blood my boy did drench
His overmounting spirit; and there died.

H. VI., 1 pt., IV, 7. 890.

—Heroic, in Battle.

Exe. * *

Suffolk first died: and York, all haggled over,

Comes to him, where in gore he lay in-steep'd,

And takes him by the beard; kisses the gashes,

That bloodily did yawn upon his face;

And cries aloud,—“Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!

My soul shall thine keep company to heaven:

Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly a-breast;

As, in this glorious and well-foughten field,
We kept together in our chivalry!”

* *

So he did turn, and over Suffolk's neck

He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips;

And so, espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd

A testament of noble-ending love.

H. V., IV, 6. 847.

—Honorable.

Tit * *

For two and twenty sons I never wept,
Because they died in honour's lofty bed.

Tit. And., III, 1. 1214.

—Impartial.

Ham. * * This fell sergeant, death,
Is strict in his arrest.

H., V, 2. 1436.

—In View.

Mel. Have I not hideous death within my view,

Retaining but a quantity of life;

Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?

K. J., V, 4. 674.

—Indiscriminate.

Bast. * *

O, now doth death line his dead chaps with steel;

The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;
And now he feasts, mouthing the flesh of men,
In undetermined differences of kings.

K. J., II: 2. 653.

—Inevitable.

Bru. * * We must die, Messala:
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

J. C., IV: 3. 1346.

Bru. * *
That we shall die, we know; 't is but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

J. C., III: 1. 1336.

—Insatiable.

Fort. This quarry cries on havock!—O proud death!
What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,
That thou so many princes, at a shot,
So bloodily hast struck?

H., V: 2. 1437.

—Invoked.

Cleo. Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take
a queen
Worth many babes and beggars!

A. C., V: 2. 1578.

—Its Fear.

Claud. * *
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ach, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

M. M., III: 1. 158.

—Its Horrible Uncertainties.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know
not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round
about

The pendent world; or to be worse than worst

Of those, that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling!—'t is too horrible!

M. M., III: 1. 158.

—Its Signs.

P. Hen. * * By his gates of breath
There lies a downy feather, which stirs not:
Did he suspire, that l'ght and weightless
down

Perforce must move.—My gracious lord!
my father!—

This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep,
That from this golden rigo hath divorc'd
So many English kings.

H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 4. 802.

—Its Silence.

North. * *
His tongue is now a stringless instrument;
Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath
spent.

R. II., II: 1. 693.

—Juliet's Sudden.

Cap. * * Alas! she's cold;
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;
Life and these lips have long been separated;
Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

R. J., IV: 5. 1271.

—Like a Lover's Pinch.

Cleo. * *
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desir'd.

A. C., V: 2. 1581.

—Mercenary Wish for.

K. Rich. Now put it, heaven, in his physician's mind,
To help him to his grave immediately!
The lining of his coffers shall make coats
To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.

R. II., I: 4. 691.

—Natural

War. He's walk'd the way of nature;
And, to our purposes, he lives no more.

H. IV., 2 pt., V: 2. 806.

—Not Found when Sought.

Post. * * I, in mine own woe charm'd,
 Could not find death, where I did hear him
 groan;
 Nor feel him, where he struck: Being an
 ugly monster,
 'T is strange, he hides him in fresh cups,
 soft beds,
 Sweet words: or hath more ministers than
 we
 That draw his knives i' the war.

Cym., V: 3. 1623.

—Not to be Feared.

Duke. Be absolute for death; either
 death, or life,
 Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus
 with life:
 If I lose thee, I do lose a thing
 That none but fools would keep.
 * * Thou art Death's fool;
 For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
 And yet runn'st toward him still.
 * * Thy best of rest is sleep,
 And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly
 fear'st
 Thy death, which is no more.
 * * Friend hast thou none
 For thine own bowels, which do call thee
 sire,
 The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
 Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
 For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor
 youth, nor age:
 But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
 Dreaming on both:
 * * What's yet in this,
 That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
 Lie hid more thousand deaths: yet death
 we fear,
 That makes these odds all even.

M. M., III: 1. 156.

—Not to be Mourned.

Fri. L. * *
 And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd,
 Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
 O, in this love, you love your child so ill,
 That you run mad, seeing that she is well:
 She's not well married, that lives married
 long;
 But she's best married, that dies married
 young.

Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
 On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,
 In all her best array bear her to church:
 For though fond nature bids us all lament,
 Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

R. J., IV: 5. 1272.

—Of an Only Child.

Cap. Despis'd, distressed, hated, mar-
 tyr'd, kill'd!—
 Uncomfortable time! why cam'st thou now
 To murder, murder our solemnity?—
 O child! O child!—my soul, and not my
 child!—
 Dead art thou, dead!—alack! my child is
 dead;
 And, with my child, my joys are buried!

R. J., IV: 5. 1272.

—Of Cæsar.

Cin. O Cæsar, —
Cæs. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?
Dec. Great Cæsar, —
Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?
Casca. Speak, hands, for me.
 [CASCA stabs CÆS. in the neck. CÆS.
 catches hold of his arm. He is then
 stabbed by several other Conspirators,
 and at last by MARCUS BRUTUS.]
Cæs. Et tu, Brute? — Then fall, Cæsar.
Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is
 dead!—
 Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.
Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and
 cry out,
 "Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!"
Bru. People and senators! be not af-
 frightened;
 Fly not; stand still:—ambition's debt is
 paid.

J. C., III: 1. 1336.

—Of Falstaff.

Quick. Nay, sure, he's not in hell; he is
 in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Ar-
 thur's bosom. 'A made a finer end, and
 went away, an it had been any christom
 child; 'a parted even just between twelve
 and one, e'en at turning o' the tide: for after
 I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play
 with flowers, and smile upon his fingers'
 ends, I knew there was but one way; for
 his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a bab-
 bled of green fields. How now, sir John?
 quoth I: what, man! be of good cheer. So
 'a cried out—God, God, God! three or four
 times: now I, to comfort him, bid him 'a

should not think of God; I hoped, there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet: So 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and so upward, and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

H. V., II: 3. 828.

—Of Richard II.

K. Rich. * *

That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire,
That staggers thus my person. — Exton, thy fierce hand
Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land.
Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die.

R. II., V: 5. 717.

—Of Salisbury.

Tal. * *

In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;
Henry the Fifth he first train'd to the wars;
Whilst any trumpet did sound, or drum struck up,
His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field. —
Yet liv'st thou Salisbury? though thy speech doth fail,
One eye thou hast, to look to heaven for grace:
The sun with one eye vieweth all the world. —
Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,
If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands! —
Bear hence his body, I will help to bury it.

H. VI., 1 pt., I: 4. 870.

—Of Sir Thomas Gargrave.

Tal. * *

Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?
Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.
Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort;
Thou shalt not die, whiles —
He beckons with his hand and smiles on me;
As who should say, "When I am dead and gone,
Remember to avenge me on the French." —
Plantagenet, I will; and Nero-like,

Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:
Wretched shall France be only in my name.

H. VI., 1 pt., I: 4. 870.

—Of the Duke of York.

York. That face of his the hungry cannibals

Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood:

But you are more inhuman, more inexorable, —

O, ten times more, — than tigers of Hyrcania.

See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:
This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy,

And I with tears do wash the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:

* *

North. Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin,

I should not for my life but weep with him,
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

Q. Mar. What, weeping-ripe, my lord Northumberland?

Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

Clif. Here 's for my oath, here 's for my father's death. [*Stabbing him.*]

Q. Mar. And here 's to right our gentle-hearted king. [*Stabbing him.*]

York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God!

My soul flies through these wounds to seek out thee.

Q. Mar. Off with his head, and set it on York gates;

So York may overlook the town of York.

H. VI., 3 pt., I: 4. 961.

—Of the Great.

Ros. * * The cease of majesty
Dies not alone; but, like a gulf, doth draw
What 's near it, with it: it is a massy wheel,
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things

Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,

Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

H., III: 3. 1417.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing
should make
A greater crack: The round world should
have shook
Lions into civil streets,
And citizens to their dens:—The death of
Antony
Is not a single doom; in the name lay
A moiety of the world.

A. C., V: 1. 1576.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so
low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs,
spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure?—Fare thee
well.—

I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is
rank:

If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour; nor no instrument
Of half that worth, as those your swords,
made rich

With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purple hands do reek and
smoke,

Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years.
I shall not find myself so apt to die:

No place will please me so, no mean of
death,

As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off.

J. C., III: 1. 1337.

—Of Wolsey.

Grif. * *

Lodg'd in the abbey; where the reverend
abbot,

With all his convent, honourably receiv'd
him;

To whom he gave these words,—“O father
abbot,

An old man, broken with the storms of
state,

Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!”

So went to bed: where eagerly his sickness
Pursu'd him still; and, three nights after
this,

About the hour of eight, (which he himself
Foretold, should be his last,) full of repent-
ance,

Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in
peace.

H. VIII., IV: 2. 1084.

—Past Fearing.

Duke. * *

That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear.

M. M., V: 1. 174.

—Pays all Debts.

Ste. He that dies, pays all debts.

T., III: 2. 24.

—Personifications of.

Mor. * *

But now, the arbitrator of despairs,
Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me
hence.

H. VI., 1 pt., II: 5. 876.

—Pomp no Barrier to.

War. * *

Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely
eagle,

Under whose shade the ramping lion slept;
Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spread-
ing tree,

And kept low shrubs from winter's power-
ful wind.

These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's
black-veil,

Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,
To search the secret treasons of the world:

The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with
blood,

Were likened oft to kingly sepulchres;
For who liv'd king but I could dig his grave?

And who durst smile, when Warwick bent
his brow?

Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,

Even now forsake me; and, of all my lands,
Is nothing left me, but my body's length!

Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth
and dust?

And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

H. VI., 3 pt., V: 2. 988.

—Predetermined.

Achil. * * Keep yourselves in breath,
And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about;
In fellest manner execute your arms.
Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye;—
It is decreed—Hector the great must die.

T. C., V: 7. 1142.

—Preparation Wanting for.

Cate. 'T is a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepar'd, and look not for it.

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey: and so 't will do
With some men else, who think themselves as safe
As thou, and I.

R. III., III: 2. 1023.

—Relation to Sleep.

Lady M. * * The sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as pictures: 't is the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil.

M. II: 2. 1365.

—Rids of Languish.

Cleo. What, of death too
That rids our dogs of languish?

A. C., V: 2. 1578.

—Saves from Greater Misery.

Gra. Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's dead;
Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,
This sight would make him do a desperate turn.

O., V: 2. 1531.

—Sense of.

Isab. * *
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

M. M., III: 1. 157.

—Simulated.

Fri. L. * *
Take thou this phial, being then in bed,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off:
When, presently, through all thy veins shall run

A cold and drowsy humour; for no pulse
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease:
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st;

The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes; thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
Each part, depriv'd of supple government,
Shall stiff, and stark, and cold, appear like death:

And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death

Thou shalt remain full two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes

To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:

* *
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift;
And hither shall he come; and he and I
Will watch thy waking.

R. J., IV: 1. 1269.

—Subject of every Third Thought.

Pro. * *
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

T., V: 1. 34.

—The Common Lot.

Queen. * *
Seek for thy noble father in the dust:
Thou know'st, 't is common; all, that live,
must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.

H., I: 2. 1394.

Claud. Death is a fearful thing.

M. M., III: 1. 157.

—The Night of Life.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:

Even with the vail and dark'ning of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

T. C., V : 9. 1143.

—Unbalances the Mind.

P. Hen. * *

Death, having prey'd upon the outward
parts,

Leaves them invisible; and his siege is now
Against the mind, the which he pricks and
wounds

With many legions of strange fantasies;
Which, in their throng and press to that
last hold,

Confound themselves. 'T is strange, that
death should sing.

K. J., V : 7. 676.

—Unmerited.

Buck. * *

I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die: Yet, heaven
bear witness,

And, if I have a conscience, let it sink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!

The law I bear no malice for my death,
It has done, upon the premises, but justice:
But those, that sought it, I could wish more
christians:

Be what they will, I heartily forgive them:
Yet let them look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great
men;

For then my guiltless blood must cry against
them.

* *

Go with me, like good angels, to my end;
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on
me,

Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven.—Lead on, o'
God's name.

* * All good people,

Pray for me! I must now forsake ye; the
last hour

Of my long weary life is come upon me.

Farewell:

And when you would say something that is
sad,

Speak how I fell.

H. VIII., II : 1. 1066.

—Unties the Knot of Life.

Cleo. * *

With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate
Of life at once untie.

A. C., V : 2. 1581.

—Untimely.

Ghost. * *

Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd;
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.

H., I : 5. 1400.

—Waiting on News.

K. John. O cousin, thou art come to set
mine eye:

The tackle of my heart is crack'd and
burn'd;

And all the shrouds, wherewith my life
should sail,

Are turn'd to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered;
And then all this thou seest, is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty.

K. J., V : 7. 676.

—Welcomed.

Claud. * * If I must die,

I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.

M. M., III : 1. 157.

—Wipes its Brow.

Vol. * * His bloody brow

With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he
goes;

Like to a harvest-man, that's task'd to mow
Or all, or lose his hire.

C., I : 3. 1153.

—York's.

Rich. Say how he died, for I will hear
it all.

Mess. Environed he was with many foes;
And stood against them as the hope of Troy
Against the Greeks, that would have enter'd
Troy.

But Hercules himself must yield to odds;
And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.

By many hands your father was subdu'd;
 But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm
 Of unrelenting Clifford, and the queen:
 Who crown'd the gracious duke in high de-
 spite;
 Laugh'd in his face; and, when with grief
 he wept,
 The ruthless queen gave him, to dry his
 cheeks,
 A napkin steeped in the harmless blood
 Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford
 slain:
 And, after many scorns, many foul taunts,
 They took his head, and on the gates of
 York,
 They set the same; and there it doth re-
 main,
 The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.

H. VI., 3 pt., II: 1. 962.

DEATH-BED.—Counsel.

*Mor. * **

Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;
 Only, give order for my funeral;
 And so farewell; and fair be all thy hopes!
 And prosperous be thy life, in peace, and
 war!

H. VI., 1 pt., II: 5. 877.

DEBAUCHERY.—Its Expense.

Poins. Falstaff!—fast asleep behind the
 arras, and snorting like a horse.

P. Hen. Hark, how hard he fetches
 breath: Search his pockets. What hast
 thou found?

Poins. Nothing but papers, my lord.

P. Hen. Let's see what they be: read
 them.

Poins. Item, A capon, 2s. 2d.

Item, Sauce, 4d.

Item, Sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.

Item, Anchovies, and sack after supper,
 2s. 6d.

Item, Bread, a halfpenny.

P. Hen. O monstrous! but one half-pen-
 nyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of
 sack!

H. IV., 1 pt., II: 4. 744.

DEBT.—Cowardly to Pay a.

Nym. You'll pay me the eight shillings
 I won of you at betting?

Pist. Base is the slave that pays.

H. V., II: 1. 825.

—Demanded, Hopelessly.

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thou-
 sand pound.

Shal. Ay, marry, sir John; which I be-
 seech you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, master Shallow.
 Do not you grieve at this; I shall be sent
 for in private to him: look you, 'he must
 seem thus to the world. Fear not your ad-
 vancement; I will be the man yet, that shall
 make you great.

Shal. I cannot perceive how; unless
 you give me your doublet, and stuff me out
 with straw. I beseech you, good sir John,
 let me have five hundred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word:
 this that you heard, was but a colour.

Shal. A colour, I fear, that you will die
 in, sir John.

H. IV., 2 pt., V: 5. 810.

—How to Demand one.

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you
 to lord Timon;

Importune him for my monies; be not ceas'd
 With slight denial; nor then silenc'd, when—
 "Commend me to your master"—and the
 cap

Plays in the right hand, thus:—but tell
 him, sirrah,

My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn
 Out of mine own; his days and times are
 past,

And my reliances on his fracted dates
 Have smit my credit: I love, and honour
 him;

But must not break my back, to heal his
 finger:

Immediate are my needs; and my relief
 Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in
 words,

But find supply immediate. Get you gone:
 Put on a most importunate aspect,
 A visage of demand; for, I do fear,
 When every feather sticks in his own wing,
 Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,
 Which flashes now a phoenix.

T. A., II: 1. 1293.

—Not Paid by Sickness.

Luc. Serv. Many do keep their chambers,
 are not sick:

And, if it be so far beyond his health,
 Methinks, he should the sooner pay his debts,
 And make a clear way to the gods.

T. A., III: 4. 1300.

DECAY.—Sudden.

Lys. * * Behold,
The jaws of darkness do devour it up :
So quick bright things come to confusion.
M. N., I: 1. 323.

DECEIT.—A Warning against.

Pol. * *
Do not believe his vows: for they are
brokers;—
Not of that die which their investments
show,
But mere implorators of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,
The better to beguile.
H., I: 3. 1398.

—Cursed.

Tim. * * Speak, and be hang'd :
For each true word, a blister! and each false
Be as a caut'ring to the root o' the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking!
T. A., V: 2. 1313.

—Ineffectual.

Tim. * *
Paint till a horse may mire upon your face.
T. A., IV: 3. 1307.

—Never Enriches.

Nor. * *
The fire, that mounts the liquor till it run
o'er,
In seeming to augment it, wastes it.
H. VIII., I: 1. 1058.

—Universal.

Tim. * * All is oblique;
There's nothing level in our cursed natures,
But direct villany.
T. A., IV: 3. 1305.

—With Grandeur.

Jul. * * O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!
R. J., III: 2. 1261.

Duch. Ah, that deceit should steal such
gentle shapes,
And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice!
He is my son, ay, and therein my shame,
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.
R. III., II: 2. 1016.

DECEIVED.—Self.

Ham. * * Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your
soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness
speaks :
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place;
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen.
H. III.: 4. 1420.

Cas. I humbly thank you for't. I never
knew
A Florentine more kind and honest.
O., III: 1. 1509.

DECEIVERS.—Take the Roses.

Dia. Ay, so you serve us,
Till we serve you: but when you have our
roses,
You barely leave our thorns to prick our-
selves,
And mock us with our bareness.
A. W., IV: 2. 518.

DECEPTION.—Bold.

Iago. Do; with like timorous accent,
and dire yell,
As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous cities.
O., I: 1. 1492.

—Impotent with Justice.

Ch. Just. Sir John, sir John, I am well
acquainted with your manner of wrenching
the true cause the false way. It is not a
confident brow, nor the throng of words
that come with such more than impudent
sauciness from you, can thrust me from a
level consideration; you have, as it appears
to me, practised upon the easy-yielding
spirit of this woman, and made her serve
your uses both in purse and person.
H. IV., 2 pt., II: 1. 781.

—Quaint and Perfect.

Lord. Even as a flatt'ring dream, or
worthless fancy.
Then take him up, and manage well the
jest;
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pic-
tures :
Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters,

And burn sweet wood to make the lodging
sweet :

Procure me music ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound ;
And if he chance to speak, be ready
straight,

And, with a low submissive reverence,
Say,—What is it your honour will com-
mand?

Let one attend him with a silver bason,
Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flow-
ers ;

Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
And say,—Will 't please your lordship
cool your hands?

Some one be ready with a costly suit,
And ask him what apparel he will wear ;
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease :
Persuade him that he hath been lunatic :
And, when he says he is,—say that he
dreams,

For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do, and do it kindly, gentle sirs ;
It will be pastime passing excellent
If it be husbanded with modesty.

T. S., Ind : 1. 452.

—Repeats Itself.

Bra. Look to her, Moor ; have a quick
eye to see ;
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

O., I : 3. 1498.

—Seen Through.

Sil. You have your wish ; my will is
even this,—

That presently you hie you home to bed.
Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man !
Think'st thou, I am so shallow, so conceit-
less,

To be seduced by thy flattery,
That hast deceiv'd so many with thy vows ?
Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me,—by this pale queen of night I
swear,

I am so far from granting thy request,
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit ;
And by and by intend to chide myself,
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

T. G., IV : 2. 67.

—Verbal.

Glo. So wise so young, they say, do ne'er
live long.

Prince. What say you, uncle?

Glo. I say, without characters, fame lives
long.

Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word.

R. III., III : 1. 1020.

DECEPTIONS.—By Mischievous
Fairies.

Puck. I 'll follow you, I 'll lead you
about a round,

Through bog, through bush, through
brake, through brier,

Sometime a horse I 'll be, sometime a
hound,

A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire ;
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar,
and burn,

Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every
turn.

M. N., III : 1. 331.

—Of the Imagination.

Ant. Sometime, we see a cloud that 's
dragonish ;

A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air : Thou hast
seen these signs ;

They are black vesper's pageants.

Eros. Ay, my lord.

Ant. That, which is now a horse, even
with a thought,

The rack dislimns ; and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

A. C., IV : 12. 1573.

DECISION.—Difficulty of. (See So-
liloquy.)

War. Between two hawks, which flies
the higher pitch,

Between two dogs, which hath the deeper
mouth,

Between two blades, which bears the better
temper,

Between two horses, which doth bear him
best,

Between two girls, which hath the merriest
eye,

I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment :

But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

H. VI., 1 pt., II: 4. 875.

DECOYING.—Its Arts.

Art. * * Then I beat my tabor,
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd
their ears,

Advanc'd their eyelids, lifted up their noses,
As they smelt music; so I charm'd their
ears,

That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd
through

Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss
and thorns.

T., IV: 1. 28.

DECREES.—Unalterable.

Bass. * * And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority :
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be. There is no power
in Venice

Can alter a decree established :

'T will be recorded for a precedent ;
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state : — it cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgment ! yea,
a Daniel !

O wise young judge, how I do honour thee !

M. V., IV: 1. 384.

DEEDS.—Unnatural.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad : Un-
natural deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles : Infected
minds

To their deaf pillows will discharge their
secrets.

More needs she the divine, than the physi-
cian.

M., V: 1. 1381.

DEER.—Picture of a Wounded.

1 *Lord.* * * *

To-day, my lord of Amiens and myself

Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood :
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish ; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such
groans,

That their discharge did stretch his leathern
coat

Almost to bursting ; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase : and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on th' extremest verge of the swift
brook,

Augmenting it with tears.

A. Y., II: 1. 414.

DEFEAT.—A Great.

Queen. * * His shipping,
(Poor ignorant baubles !) on our terrible
seas,

Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges,
crack'd

As easily 'gainst our rocks.

Cym., III: 1. 1605.

—Begets Desperation.

Auf. * * Five times, Marcius,
I have fought with thee ; so often hast thou
beat me ;

And would'st do so, I think, should we en-
counter

As often as we eat. — By the elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He is mine, or I am his : Mine emulation
Hath not that honour in 't, it had ; for where
I thought to crush him in an equal force,
(True sword to sword,) I'll potch at him
some way ;

Or wrath, or craft, may get him.

1 *Sol.* He 's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle : My
valour 's poison'd,

With only suffering stain by him ; for him
Shall fly out of itself : nor sleep, nor sanct-
uary,

Being naked, sick : nor fane, nor Capitol,
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacri-
fice,

Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up

Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius: where I find him,
were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, even
there
Against the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in his heart.

C., I: 10. 1159.

—Death, rather than.

Hot. O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of
my youth,
I better brook the loss of brittle life,
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;
They wound my thoughts, worse than thy
sword my flesh:—
But thought's the slave of life, and life
time's fool;
And time, that takes survey of all the
world,
Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue:—No, Percy, thou art
dust,
And food for—

[*Dies.*

H. IV., 1 pt., V: 4. 761.

—Deserved.

Suf. * * I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a
rolling,
'T would fall upon ourselves.
Nor. Do you think, my lords,
The king will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?

Cham. 'Tis now too certain:
How much more is his life in value with
him?

'Would I were fairly out on 't.

Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales, and informations,
Against this man, (whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at,)
Ye blew the fire that burns ye: Now have
at ye.

H. VIII., V: 2. 1091.

—Ignominious.

Scar. * *
Whom leprosy o'ertake; i' the midst of the
fight,—
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,

Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,—
The brize upon her, like a cow in June,
Hoists sails, and flies.

A. C., II: 8. 1563.

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no
more upon 't,
It is asham'd to bear me.

A. C., III: 9. 1563.

—Shame of.

Tal. * *
A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,
Drives back our troops, and conquers as she
lists:
So bees with smoke, and doves with noisome
stench,
Are from their hives, and houses, driven
away.
They call'd us, for our fierceness, English
dogs;
Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.

H. VI., 1 pt., I: 5. 871.

DEFECTS.—Distinguished by.

Por. He knows me, as the blind man
knows the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.

M. V., V: 1. 389.

DEFENCE.—Of Reputation.

Ege. Yet, that the world may witness
that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.

C. E., I: 1. 192.

—Of Rights.

Bas. Romans,—friends, followers, fa-
vourers of my right,—
* *
Keep then this passage to the Capitol;
And suffer not dishonour to approach
The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence, and nobility:
But let desert in pure election shine;
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your
choice.

Tit. And., I: 1. 1201.

—Preparation for.

Dau. * *
In cases of defence 't is best to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he seems,

So the proportions of defence are fill'd;
Which, of a weak and niggardly projection,
Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat, with
scanting
A little cloth.

H. V., II: 4. 829.

—Self, no Vice.

*Mon. * **

Of all that I do know: nor know I aught
By me that's said or done amiss this night;
Unless self-charity be sometime a vice;
And to defend ourselves it be a sin,
When violence assails us.

O., II: 3. 1506.

DEFIANCE.—A Braggart's.

*Bast. * **

This apish and unmannerly approach,
This harness'd masque, and unadvised revel,
This unhair'd sauciness, and boyish troops,
The king doth smile at: and is well pre-
par'd

To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy
arms,

From out the circle of his territories.

That hand, which had the strength, even at
your door,

To cudgel you and make you take the hatch;
To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells;

To crouch in litter of your stable planks;

To lie, like pawns, lock'd up in chests and
trunks;

To hug with swine; to seek sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons; and to thrill, and
shake,

Even at the crowing of your nation's cock,
Thinking his voice an armed Englishman;—

Shall that victorious hand be feeble here,
That in your chambers gave you chastise-
ment?

No: Know, the gallant monarch is in arms;
And like an eagle o'er his airy towers,

To souse annoyance that comes near his
nest.

K. J., V: 2. 673.

—Armed.

Æne. Health to you, valiant sir,
During all question of the gentle truce:
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defi-
ance,
As heart can think, or courage execute.

T. C., IV: I. 1127.

—Bold.

Bast. Thou wert better gall the devil,
Salisbury:

If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I'll strike thee dead.

K. J., IV: 3. 670.

*Hot. * **

The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
And yet not ours:—Come, let me take my
horse,

Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt,
Against the bosom of the prince of Wales:
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
Meet and ne'er part, till one drop down a
corse.

H. IV., 1 pt., IV: 1. 753.

—Courageous.

Mont. Thus says my king:—Say thou to
Harry of England, Though we seemed dead,
we did but sleep: Advantage is a better sol-
dier, than rashness. Tell him, we could
have rebuked him at Harfleur; but that we
thought not good to bruise an injury, till it
were full ripe:—now we speak upon our
cue, and our voice is imperial: England
shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and
admire our sufferance. Bid him, therefore,
consider of his ransom; which must pro-
portion the losses we have borne, the sub-
jects we have lost, the disgrace we have
digested; which, in weight to reanswer, his
pettishness would bow under. For our
losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the
effusion of blood, the muster of his king-
dom too faint a number; and for our dis-
grace, his own person, kneeling at our feet,
but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To
this add—defiance: and tell him, for con-
clusion, he hath betrayed his followers,
whose condemnation is pronounced.

H. V., III: 6. 837.

—How Met.

*Bast. * ** Let France and England
mount

Their battering cannon, charged to the
mouths;

Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawl'd
down

The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city.

K. J., II: 2. 654.

—Hurled in the Teeth.

Oct. Come, Antony; away.—
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.

J. C., V: 1. 1349.

—“Lay on, Macduff.”

Macb. I'll not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's
feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last: Before my body
I throw my warlike shield; lay on, Macduff;
And damned be him that first cries, “Hold,
enough.”

M., V: 7. 1385.

—Met by Defiance.

Buck. I read in his looks
Matter against me; and his eye revild
Me, as his abject object: at this instant
He bores me with some trick: He's gone to
the king;
I'll follow, and out-stare him.

H. VIII., I: 1. 1058.

—Of Enemies.

Rich. Now Clifford, I have singled thee
alone:
Suppose, this arm is for the duke of York,
And this for Rutland: both bound to re-
venge,
Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

Clif. Now, Richard, I am with thee here
alone:
This is the hand, that stabbed thy father
York;
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rut-
land;
And here's the heart, that triumphs in their
death,
And cheers these hands, that slew thy sire
and brother,
To execute the like upon thyself;
And so, have at thee.

H. VI., 3 pt., II: 4. 967.

—Of Unjust Judges.

Q. Kath. * * Now the Lord help,

They vex me past my patience!—pray you,
pass on;

I will not tarry: no, nor ever more,
Upon this business, my appearance make
In any of their courts.

H. VIII., II: 4. 1072.

—Sign of.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my
thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them,
if they bear it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. Is the law on our side, if I say—
ay?

Gre. No.

Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb
at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.

R. J., I: 1. 1242.

—Throws out its Signs.

Macb. Hang out our banners on the out-
ward walls;
The cry is still, “They come:” Our cas-
tle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them
lie,
Till famine, and the ague, eat them up.

M., V: 5. 1383.

DEFILEMENT.—Causes Loathing.

Per. * *

You're a fair viol, and your sense the
strings;

Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,
Would draw heaven down, and all the gods
to hearken;

But, being played upon before your time,
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime:
Good sooth, I care not for you.

P., I: 1. 1643.

DEFORMITY.—An Impediment.

Glo. * *

Why, love forswore me in my mother's
womb;

And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail nature with some
bribe

To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd
shrub;

To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;
To shape my legs of an unequal size;
To disproportion me in every part,
Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp,
That carries no impression like the dam.
And am I then a man to be beloved?

H. VI., 3 pt., III: 2. 974.

—Contempt for.

*Glo. * **

I, that am curtailed of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made
up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable,
That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them.

R. III., I: 1. 1001.

*Glo. * ** The women cried,
"O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!"
And so I was; which plainly signified—
That I should snarl, and bite, and play the
dog.

H. VI., 3 pt., V: 6. 992.

—None, but in the Mind.

*Ant. * **

In nature there's no blemish but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd but the un-
kind.
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the
devil.

T. N., III: 4. 562.

DEGENERACY.—In Brains.

*3 Lord. * **

That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass! a woman,
that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her
son
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen.

Cym., II: 1. 1599.

—Universal.

Glo. I cannot tell;—The world is grown

so bad,

That wrens may prey where eagles dare not
perch:

Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack

R. III., I: 3. 1007.

DEGRADATION.—In making Changes

*K. Rich. O God! O God! that ere this
tongue of mine,*

That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On yon proud man, should take it off again
With words of sooth! O, that I were as
great

As is my grief, or lesser than my name!
Or that I could forget what I have been!
Or not remember what I must be now!
Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee
scope to beat,
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and
me.

R. II., III: 3. 704.

DELAY.—Baited for Revenge.

*Mrs. Page. * ** Let's be reveng'd on
him: let's appoint him a meeting; give him
a show of comfort in his suit; and lead him
on with a fine baited delay, till he hath
pawn'd his horses to mine host of the Garter.

M. W., II: 1. 96.

—Bitterness of.

*Kath. O my good lord, that comfort
comes too late;*

'T is like a pardon after execution:
That gentle physick, given in time, had cur'd
me;
But now I am past all comforts here, but
prayers.

H. VIII., IV: 2. 1086.

—Dulls Device.

*Iago. * **

Dull not device by coldness and delay.

O., II: 3. 1508.

—Extenuated by Disaster.

*Com. 'T is not a mile; briefly we heard
their drums:*

How could'st thou in a mile confound an
hour,
And bring thy news so late?

*Mess. Spies of the Volces
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about; else had I, sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.*

C., I: 6. 1156.

—Gives Advantage.

K. Hen. * * *

Our hands are full of business : let's away ;
Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay.

H. IV., 1 pt., III : 2. 749.

—Incentive to Despair.

Sal. * * *

One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth :
O, call back yesterday, bid time return.

R. II., III : 2. 701.

—Its Danger.

Alen. Defer no time : Delays have dangerous ends.

H. VI., 1 pt., III : 2. 881.

Tro. * * *

Injurious time now, with a robber's haste,
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not
how :

As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses
to them,
He fumbles up into a loose adieu ;
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

T. C., IV : 4. 1130.

Glo. But he, poor man, by your first order died,
And that a winged Mercury did bear ;
Some tardy cripple bore the countermand.

R. III., II : 1. 1015.

K. Rich. * * * Fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay ;
Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary :

* * *
We must be brief, when traitors brave the field.

R. III., IV : 3. 1034.

King. * * *

We should do when we would ; for this
would changes,
And hath abatements and delays as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents.

H., IV : 7. 1428.

York. * * *

Away ; vexation almost stops my breath,

That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death. —

Lucy, farewell : no more my fortune can,
But curse the cause I cannot aid the man. —
Maine, Blois, Poitiers, and Tours, are won
away,

'Long all of Somerset, and his delay.

H. VI., 1 pt., IV : 3. 887.

—Its Dangers.

Mer. I mean, sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.

R. J., I : 4. 1247.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime
upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't : we shall
lose our time

And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villainous low.

T., IV : 1. 29.

—Not Denial.

Mene. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.

A. C., II : 1. 1547.

DELICACY.—Comes of Leisure.

Ham. 'T is e'en so : the hand of little
employment hath the daintier sense.

H., V : 1. 1430.

DELUSION.—Self.

Kath. He that is giddy thinks the world
turns round.

T. S., V : 2. 482.

DEMAGOGUE.—Tragic End of.

Cade. By my valour, the most complete
champion that ever I heard. — Steel, if thou
turn the edge, or cut not out the burly-boned
clown in chimes of beef ere thou sleep in
thy sheath, I beseech God on my knees,
thou mayest be turned to hobnails. [*They fight. CADE falls.*] O, I am slain ! famine,
and no other, hath slain me : let ten thousand devils come against me, and give me
but the ten meals I have lost, and I'd defy
them all. Wither, garden ; and be hence-
forth a burying-place to all that do dwell in
this house, because the unconquered soul of
Cade is fled.

* * *

Iden. * * *
Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that
bare thee !

And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.
Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels
Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave,
And there cut off thy most ungracious head;
Which I will bear in triumph to the king,
Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.

H. VI., 2 pt., IV: 10. 941.

DEMAGOGUES.—Bloody and Arrogant.

Sold. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

Cade. Knock him down there. [*They kill him.*]

Smith. If this fellow be wise, he'll never call you Jack Cade more: I think, he hath a very fair warning.

Dick. My lord, there's an army gathered together in Smithfield.

Cade. Come then, let's go fight with them: But, first, go and set London-bridge on fire; and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away.

H. VI., 2 pt., IV: 6. 937.

—Promise Extravagantly.

Cade. Be brave then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be, in England, seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny: the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer: all the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass. And, when I am king, (as king I will be) —

All. God save your majesty!

Cade. I thank you, good people:—there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

Dick. The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say, the bee stings: but I say, 't is the bee's wax, for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since.

H. VI., 2 pt., IV: 1. 934.

—Use the People.

Sic. Assemble presently the people hither:

And when they hear me say, "It shall be so

I' the right and strength o' the commons,"
be it either

For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,

If I say, fine, cry "fine;" if death, cry "death."

Insisting on the old prerogative

And power i' the truth o' the cause.

C., III: 3. 1175.

DEMONIAC.—Affecting to be One.

Edg. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats crowdung for sallets; swallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipped from tything to tything, and stocked, punished, and imprisoned; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear,—

But mice, and rats, and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.

Beware my follower:—Peace, Smolkin; peace, thou fiend!

K. L., III: 4. 1466.

DEMONSTRATIVENESS.—Excessive.

York. * * I have seen him
Caper upright like a wild Morisco,
Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.

H. VI., 2 pt., III: 2. 926.

DENIAL.—The Greatest Good.

Mene. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers

Deny us for our good; so find we profit,
By losing of our prayers.

A. C., II: 1. 1547.

DENUNCIATION.—A Wronged Brother's.

Edg. * * I protest,—
Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,

Despite thy victor sword, and fire-new fortune,

Thy valour, and thy heart,—thou art a traitor:

False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father:

Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious
prince;
And from the extremest upward of thy
head,
To the descent and dust beneath thy feet,
A most toad-spotted traitor.

K. L., V: 3. 1483.

DEPARTING.—Watched.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-
strings; crack'd them, but
To look upon him; till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my nee-
dle, —

Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.

Cym., I: 4. 1592.

DEPARTURE.—Of the Tedious.

Pol. * * My honorable lord, I will
most humbly take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me
anything that I will more willingly part
withal; except my life, except my life, ex-
cept my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools!

H., II: 2. 1405.

—Sighed at.

Ulyss. * * Welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing.

T. C., III: 3. 1125.

—Stealthy.

Hel. * * I will be gone:
My being here it is that holds thee hence:
Shall I stay here to do 't? no, no, although
The air of paradise did fan the house,
And angels offic'd all: I will be gone, —
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
To console thine ear. Come, night; end,
day!
For, with the dark, poor thief, I 'll steal
away.

M. A., III: 2. 513.

—The Order of.

Rosse. What sights, my lord?

Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows
worse and worse;

Question enrages him: at once, good night:

Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

M., III: 4. 1373.

DEPENDENTS.—Care for.

Kath. * * My next poor petition
Is, that his noble grace would have some
pity
Upon my wretched women.

* *
The last is, for my men;—they are the
poorest,
But poverty could never draw them from
me;—

That they may have their wages duly paid
them,

And something over to remember me by;
If heaven had pleased to have given me
longer life,

And able means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole contents:—And, good
my lord,

By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish Christian peace to souls de-
parted,

Stand these poor people's friend, and urge
the king

To do me this last right.

H. VIII., IV: 2. 1086.

DEPENDENCE.—Mutual.

Men. There was a time when all the
body's members

Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it:—
That only like a gulf it did remain

I' the midst o' the body, idle and inactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest; where the other
instruments

Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk,
feel,

And, mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body.

* * The belly answered, —

"True is it, my incorporate friends," quoth
he,

"That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon: and fit it is;
Because I am the store-house, and the shop
Of the whole body: But if you do remem-
ber,

I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart—to the seat o'
the brain;
And, through the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves, and small inferior
veins,
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live."

C., I: 1. 1150.

—**Wifely.**

Adr. * *

Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine,
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger
state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, briar, or idle moss.

C. E., II: 2. 198.

DEPRAVITY.—Universal.

Chan. * * We all are men,

In our natures frail; and capable
Of our flesh, few are angels.

H. VIII., V: 1. 1090.

Apem. * * Who lives, that's not

Depraved, or depraves?

T. A., I: 2. 1291.

DEPRECATION.—Self.

Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death; the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me.

M. V., IV: 1. 383.

Tro. * *

But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance;
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

T. C., I: 1. 1102.

DEPUTY.—His Power.

Duke. * * We have with special soul

Elected him our absence to supply;
Lent him our terror, dress'd him with our
love;

And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own pow'r.

* *

In our remove, be thou at full ourself:
Mortality and mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart. Old Escalus,
Though first in question, is thy secondary.

M. M., I: 1. 143.

DESCENT.—Does not Insure Respect.

Imo. * *

Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more,
But what thou art, besides, thou wert too
base

To be his groom: thou wert dignified
enough,

Even to the point of envy, if 't were made
Comparative for your virtues, to be styl'd
The under-hangman of his kingdom; and
hated

For being preferr'd so well.

Clo. The south fog rot him!

Imo. He never can meet more mischance,
than come

To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest gar-
ment,

That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is
dearer,

In my respect, than all the airs above thee,
Were they all made such men.

Cym., II: 3. 1601.

DESERT.—Not a Measure.

Ham. Odd's bodikin, man, much better:
Use every man after his desert, and who
shall 'scape whipping? Use them after your
own honour and dignity: The less they
deserve, the more merit is in your bounty.
Take them in.

H., II: 2. 1409.

DESERTERS.—Treatment of.

Scar. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, be-
hind;

'T is sport to maul a runner.

A. C., IV: 7. 1571.

DESERTION.—A Doubtful Friend's.

Bast. * *

Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy;

And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. J., V: 1. 671.

—**By Braggart.**

Fal. * * A rascal bragging slave! the
rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

H. IV., 2 pt., II: 4. 787.

—Treatment of.

Ant. Is he gone?*Sold.* Most certain.*Ant.* Go, Eros, send his treasure after;
do it;Detain no jot, I charge thee : write to him
(I will subscribe) gentle adieus, and greet-
ings :Say, that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master. — O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men.*A. C.*, IV : 5. 1570.**DESERTS.—Humbly Sued for.***Cor.* * *I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother the
people, to earn a dearer estimation of them;
't is a condition they account gentle : and
since the wisdom of their choice is rather
to have my hat than my heart, I will prac-
tise the insinuating nod, and be off to them
most counterfeitedly ; that is, sir, I will coun-
terfeit the bewitchment of some popular
man, and give it bountifully to the desirers.
Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.*C.*, II : 3. 1166.**DESERVERS.—Rewarded.***Dun.* * *But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall
shine
On all deservers.*M.*, I : 4. 1360.**DESIRE.—Of the Multitude.***Ar.* * *What says the golden chest? ha! let me
see :“Who chooseth me shall gain what many men de-
sire.”What many men desire. — That many may
be meantBy the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth
teach,Which pries not to th' interior, but, like the
martlet,Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common
spirits,And rank me with the barbarous multi-
tudes.*M. V.*, II : 9. 374.*Laer.* * *And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.*H.*, I : 3. 1397.*Aug.* * *So play the foolish throngs with one that
swounds ;Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should revive.*M. M.*, II : 4. 154.

—Persistent.

Duke. * *And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.*T. N.*, I : 1. 540.

—Sharper than Filed Steel.

Ant. I could not stay behind you ; my
desire,More sharp than filed steel, did spur me
forth.*T. N.*, III : 3. 557.

—Sickly.

Mar. * * Your affections areA sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil.*C.*, I : 1. 1151.**DESOLATION.—Complete.***Bas.* * *I 'd play incessantly upon these jades,
Even till unfenced desolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.*K. J.*, II : 2. 654.**DESPAIR.—A Sense of Desertion.***Ant.* * * My good stars, that were my
former guides,Have empty left their orbs, and shot their
fires

Into the abism of hell.

A. C., III : 12. 1567.

—A Warrior's.

Cas. * *And in their steads, do ravens, crows, and
kites,Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on
us,

As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

J. C., V: 1. 1349.

—An Adjunct of Cruelty.

K. John. O cousin, thou art come to set
mine eye:

The tackle of my heart is crack'd and
burn'd;

And all the shrouds, wherewith my life
should sail,

Are turned to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered;
And then all this thou seest, is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty.

K. J., V: 7. 676.

—Death a Relief to.

Const. O, if thou teach me to believe
this sorrow,

Teach thou this sorrow how to make me
die;

And let belief and life encounter so,
As doth the fury of two desperate men,
Which, in the very meeting, fall, and die.—

K. J., III: 1. 656.

—Demands Silence.

Val. No more; unless the next word
that thou speak'st

Have some malignant power upon my life:
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endless dolour.

T. G., III: 1. 62.

—Expostulated with.

Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? Men
must endure

Their going hence, even as their coming
hither:

Ripeness is all: Come on.

K. L., V: 2. 1481.

—Extreme. (See Recklessness and Repentance.)

K. Hen. Even as men wrecked upon a
sand, that look to be washed off the next
tide.

Hot. * *

H. V., IV: 1. 841.

Sick, low in the world's regard, wretched and
A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home.

H. IV., 1 pt., IV: 3. 755.

—Its Warrant.

Bard. * *

Lives so in hope, as in an early spring
We see the appearing buds; which, to prove
fruit,

Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair,
That frosts will bite them.

H. IV., 2 pt., I: 3. 779.

—Language of.

Tim. Come not to me again: but say to
Athens,

Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Which once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover; thither
come,

And let my grave-stone be your oracle.

T. A., V: 2. 1314.

—Maddened by Deception.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake; I
cannot fly,

But, bear-like, I must fight the course.—
What's he,

That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou 'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'st thy-
self a hotter name,

Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name 's Macbeth.

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not
pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.

M., V: 7. 1384.

—Makes Desperate.

Bru. * *

Our enemies have beat us to the pit:
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us.

J. C., V: 5. 1352.

—Of a Patriot.

Edw. * *

Now my soul's palace is become a prison.

H. VI., 3 pt., II: 1. 963.

Reig. * *

He fighteth as one weary of his life.

H. VI., 1 pt., I: 2. 866.

Macd. * * O nation miserable,
 With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,
 When shalt thou see thy wholesome days
 again?
 Since that the truest issue of thy throne
 By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,
 And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal
 father
 Was a most sainted king; the queen, that
 bore thee,
 Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,
 Died every day she lived. Fare thee well!
 These evils, thou repeat'st upon thyself,
 Have banish'd me from Scotland. — O, my
 breast,
 Thy hope ends here!

M., IV, 3. 1379.

—On the Death of Friends.

Jul. * *
 Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general
 doom!
 For who is living, if those two are gone?

R. J., III: 2. 1261.

—Unalterable.

K. Rich. * * What comfort have we
 now?
 By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly,
 That bids me be of comfort any more.
 Go, to Flint castle; there I'll pine away;
 A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.
 That power I have, discharge; and let them
 go
 To ear the land that hath some hope to grow,
 For I have none.

R. II., III: 2. 703.

—Uncalled for.

Laun. * * I reckon this, always—that
 a man is never undone.

T. G., II: 5. 57.

—Utter.

Tet. * *
 O, what a sympathy of woe is this?
 As far from help as limbo is from bliss!

Tit. And., III: 1. 1215.

Oth. * *
 But there, where I have garner'd up my
 heart;
 Where either I must live, or bear no life;

The fountain from the which my current
 runs,
 Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!
 Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads
 To knot and gender in!—turn thy complex-
 ion there!
 Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cher-
 ubim;
 Ay, there, look grim as hell!

O., IV: 2. 1522.

DESPERATE.—The, Dangerous.

Rom. * *
 Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate
 man,
 Fly hence and leave me;—think upon these
 gone;
 Let them affright thee.—I beseech thee,
 youth,
 Heap not another sin upon my head,
 By urging me to fury:—O, be gone!
 By heaven, I love thee better than myself;
 For I come hither arm'd against myself;
 Stay not, be gone;—live, and hereafter
 say—

A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

R. J., V: 3. 1275.

**DESPERATION.—Conquers Indecis-
 ion.**

North. * *
 As the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd
 joints,
 Like stringless hinges, buckle under life,
 Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire,
 Out of his keeper's arms; even so my limbs,
 Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd
 with grief,
 Are thrice themselves: hence, therefore,
 thou nice crutch;
 A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel,
 Must glove this hand: and hence, thou sick-
 ly quoin;
 Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
 Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim
 to hit.
 Now bind my brows with iron; and approach
 The ragged'st hour that time and spite dare
 bring,
 To frown upon the enrag'd Northumberland!
 Let heaven kiss earth! Now let not nature's
 hand

Keep the wild flood confin'd! let order die,
And let this world no longer be a stage,
To feed contention in a lingering act;
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being
set

On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead!

H. IV., 2 pt., I: 1. 775.

—**Hard Usage Leads to.**

Ant. * * The next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me; for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.

A. C., III: 11. 1567.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with
your hard thoughts, wherein I confess me
much guilty to deny so fair and excellent
ladies anything. But let your fair eyes and
gentle wishes go with me to my trial: where-
in if I be foil'd, there is but one sham'd that
was never gracious; if kill'd, but one dead
that is willing to be so. I shall do my friends
no wrong, for I have none to lament me;
the world no injury, for in it I have nothing;
only in the world I fill up a place, which
may be better supplied when I have made
it empty.

A. Y., I: 2. 411.

DESTINY.

Ham. * *

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

H., V: 2. 1433.

K. John. * *

Think you, I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

K. J., IV: 2. 666.

—**Compels Greatness.**

K. Hen. * *

But that necessity so bow'd the state,
That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss.

H. IV., 2 pt., III: 2. 790.

—**Dependent on an Act.**

Iago. * *

It makes us, or it mars us; think on that,
And fix most firm thy resolution.

O., V: 1. 1526.

—**Must be Fulfilled.**

Sal. Be of good comfort, prince; for
you are born

To set a form upon that indigest
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

K. J., V: 7. 676.

—**Not to be Defeated.**

Gon. I'll warrant him for drowning,
though the ship were no stronger than a
nut-shell.

T., I: 1. 7.

—**Ours Reflected in Others'.**

Mec. When such a spacious mirror's set
before him,
He needs must see himself.

A. C., V: 1. 1577.

DETERMINATION.—Aimed at Success.

K. Hen. * *

France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces: Or there we'll
sit,

Ruling, in large and ample empery,
O'er France, and all her almost kingly duke-
doms;

Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
Tombless, with no remembrance over them.

H. V., I: 2. 823.

—**Dauntless.**

K. Lew. Whate'er it be, be thou still like
thyself,

And sit thee by our side: yield not thy neck
To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless
mind

Still ride in triumph over all mischance.

H. VI., 3 pt., III: 3. 975.

Lew. Outside or inside, I will not return
Till my attempt so much be glorified
As to my ample hope was promised
Before I drew this gallant head of war,
And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world.

K. J., V: 2. 673.

—**Invincible.**

Ham. If it assume my noble father's
person,

I'll speak to it, though hell itself should
gape,

And bid me hold my peace.

H., I: 2. 1396.

—Peremptory.

1 *Cit.* * *

The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
More free from motion; no, not death her-
self

In mortal fury half so peremptory,
As we to keep this city.

K. J., II: 2. 654.

—Takes its Risks.

Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes;
I have yet
Room for six scotches more.

A. C., IV: 7. 1571.

DETHRONED.—Abjectness of the.

K. Hen. * *

No, Harry, Harry, 't is no land of thine;
Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from
thee,
Thy balm wash'd off, wherewith thou wast
anointed:

No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,
No humble suitors press to speak for right.
No, not a man comes for redress of thee;
For how can I help them, and not myself?

H. VI., 3 pt., III: 1. 971.

DETRACTION.—Its Cant.

Cleo. I do not like "but yet," it does
allay
The good precedence; fie upon "but yet:"
"But yet" is a gaoler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor.

A. C., II: 5. 1552.DETRACTIONS.—Should Improve
by Them.

Bene. * * Happy are they that hear
their detractions, and can put them to mend-
ing.

M. A., II: 3. 237.

DEVIL.—To be Shamed.

Glend. Why, I can teach you, cousin,
to command
The devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to
shame the devil,
By telling truth: Tell truth, and shame
the devil.

H. IV., 1 pt., III: 1. 745.

DEVILS.—When Greatest Tempters.

Biron. Devils soonest tempt, resembling
spirits of light.

L. L., IV: 3. 290.

DEVOTION.—A Source of Trouble.

Dun. See, see! our honour'd hostess!
The love that follows us, sometime is our
trouble,

Which still we thank as love. Herein I
teach you,

How you shall bid God yield us for your
pains,

And thank us for your trouble.

M., I: 6. 1362.

—A Wife's.

Cor. * *

If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you'd have done and sav'd
Your husband so much sweat.

C., IV: 1. 1177.

—Clownish.

Cal. I'll show thee the best springs;
I'll pluck thee berries;

I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow
thee,

Thou wondrous man!

* *

I prithee let me bring thee where crabs
grow,

And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-
nuts;

Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee
how

To snare the nimble marmozet; I'll bring
thee

To clust'ring filberts, and sometimes I'll
get thee

Young scamels from the rock.

T., II: 2. 21.

—Complete.

Port. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die.

Cym., V: 5. 1629.

—Deserves Recompense.

Boling. I thank thee, gentle Percy; and
be sure,

I count myself in nothing else so happy,
As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends;
And, as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It shall be still thy true love's recompense.

R. II., II: 3. 698.

—**Eros's Heroic.**

Ant. * * Thou art sworn, Eros,
That when the exigent should come, (which
now
Is come, indeed,) when I should see behind
me
The inevitable prosecution of disgrace
And horror, that, on my command, thou
then
Would'st kill me: do 't; the time is come:
Thou strik'st not me, 't is Cæsar thou de-
feat'st.
Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods withhold me!
Shall I do that, which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

A. C., IV: 12. 1574.

—**Ignores Self.**

Orl. Then, but forbear your food a lit-
tle while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor
man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love; till he be first suffic'd,
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and
hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

A. Y., II: 7. 419.

—**In Misfortune.**

Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let's away
to prison;
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel
down,
And ask of thee forgiveness: So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and
laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with
them too,—
Who loses, and who wins; who's in, who's
out;—
And take upon us the mystery of things,

As if we were God's spies: And we'll wear
out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great
ones
That ebb and flow by the moon.
* * Upon such sacrifices
The gods themselves throw incense.

K. L., V: 3. 1481.

—**Rare.**

Arth. * * When your head did but
ache,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
* *
And with my hand at midnight held your
head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time.

K. J., IV: 1. 664.

Orl. O good old man, how well in thee
appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times.
* *
Adam. Master, go on: and I will follow
thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.—
From seventeen years till now almost four-
score
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek,
But at fourscore, it is too late a week:
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better,
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.

A. Y., II: 3. 416.

—**Secret.**

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that
my heart shall say.

R. II., V: 5. 117.

—**Shown by Action.**

Rich. * *
But, in this troublous time, what's to be
done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning
gowns,
Numb'ring our Ave-Maries with our beads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes

Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
If for the last, say — Ay, and to it, lords.

H. VI., 3 pt., II: 1. 964.

— **Silent, Disinherited.**

Lear. * *

Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barbarous
Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou my sometime daughter.

K. L., I: 1. 1444.

— **Sugars over the Devil.**

Pol. * * We are oft to blame in this, —
'T is too much prov'd, — that, with devotion's
visage,
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

H., III: 1. 1410.

— **Superlative.**

Eno. But he loves Cæsar best; — Yet he
loves Antony:
Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards,
poets, cannot
Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho,
his love to Antony.
But as for Cæsar, kneel down, kneel down,
and wonder.

A. C., III: 2. 1558.

— **To Beauty.**

Biron. * *

Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your
face,
That we, like savages, may worship it.

L. L., V: 2. 295.

Por. * *

From the four corners of the earth they come
To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing
saint.

M. V., II: 7. 372.

— **True and Constant.**

1 *Sen.* Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is;

And I am constant. — Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus'
face:

What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?

Tit. No, Caius Marcius;
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with
the other,

Ere stay behind this business.

Men. O, true bred!

C., I: 1. 1152

— **True, of a Lover.**

Her. Now I but chide, but I should use
thee worse;
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to
curse.

If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the
deep,

And kill me too.

The sun was not so true unto the day,
As he to me.

M. N., III: 2. 333.

— **Woman's, to a Child.**

Tita. Set your heart at rest;
The fairy land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a vot'ress of my order:

* *

But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And, for her sake, I do rear up her boy:
And, for her sake, I will not part with him.

M. N., II: 1. 326.

— **Youthful, Modest.**

Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you
my service,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young;
Which elder days shall ripen, and confirm
To more approved service and desert.

R. II., II: 3. 698.

DEVOTIONS. — Public.

3 *Gent.* At length her grace rose, and
with modest paces
Came to the altar; where she kneel'd, and,
saint-like,
Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd de-
voutly.

H. VIII., IV: 1. 1084.

DEW.—Pearls on Flowers.*Obe. * **

And the same dew, which sometime on the
buds
Was wont to swell like round and orient
pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flow'rets' eyes,
Like tears that did their own disgrace be-
wail.

*M. N., IV: 1. 338.***DIFFERENCE.—In all Things.**

Men. There is differency between a
grub, and a butterfly; yet your butterfly
was a grub. This Marcius is grown from
man to dragon: he has wings; he's more
than a creeping thing.

*C., V: 4. 1191.***DIFFERENCES.—Danger of Discuss-
ing.***Lep. * **

May it be gently heard: When we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds: Then, noble
partners,
(The rather, for I earnestly beseech,)
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest
terms.

*A. C., II: 2. 1548.***—Wide.**

Salar. There is more difference between
thy flesh and hers, than between jet and
ivory; more between your bloods, than there
is between red wine and Rhenish.

*M. V., III: 1. 375.***DIFFICULTIES.—Between Friends.***Bru.* Cassius, be content,

Speak your griefs softly;—I do know you
well:—

Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love
from us,

Let us not wrangle: Bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your
griefs,

And I will give you audience.

*J. C., IV: 2. 1343.***DIFFICULTY.—Superlative.***K. Rich. * **

"It is as hard to come, as for a camel
To thread the postern of a needle's eye."

*R. II., V: 5. 716.***DIGNITY.—Not to be Assumed.***Ar. * **

Without the stamp of merit? Let none
presume

To wear an undeserved dignity.

O, that estates, degrees and offices,

Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear
honour

Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!

*M. V., II: 9. 374.***—Shame at Home.**

*2 Lord. * ** The great dignity that
his valour hath here acquir'd for him, shall
at home be encount'rd with a shame as am-
ple.

*A. W., IV & 3. 520.***DILEMMA.—After Dilemma.**

Pro. Thus have I shunn'd the fire, for
fear of burning,

And drench'd me in the sea, where I am
drown'd.

*T. G., I: 3. 51.***DILIGENCE.—Excited by Things We
Love.***Ant. * **

To business that we love, we rise betime,
And go to it with delight.

*A. C., IV: 4. 1569.***DIMINUTIVENESS.—No Bar to
Greatness.***Chor. * **

O England!—model to thy inward great-
ness,

Like little body with a mighty heart,—

What might'st thou do, that honour would
thee do,

Were all thy children kind and natural!

*H. V., II: C. 824.***—Ridiculed.**

*Fal. * ** If the prince put thee into
my service for any other reason than to set
me off, why then I have no judgment.
Thou * * mandrake, thou art fitter to
be worn in my cap than to wait at my heels.
I was never manned with an agate till now:
but I will set you neither in gold nor silver,
but in vile apparel, and send you back again
to your master, for a jewel; the juvenal, the
prince your master, whose chin is not yet
fledged.

H. IV., 2 pt., I: 2. 776.

DINNER. — Katherine's.*Pet.* * *

Here, love; thou see'st how diligent I am,
To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee:
I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits
thanks.

What, not a word? Nay, then thou lov'st
it not,

And all my pains are sorted to no proof:
Here, take away this dish.

Kath. I pray you, let it stand.*Pet.* The poorest service is repaid with
thanks:

And so shall mine, before you touch the
meat.

Kath. I thank you, sir.*T. S.*, IV: 3. 475.**—Spoilt by Delay.***Dro. E.* * *

The capon burns, the pig falls from the
spit;

The clock hath stricken twelve upon the
bell,

My mistress made it one upon my cheek:
She is so hot, because the meat is cold;

The meat is cold, because you come not
home;

You come not home, because you have no
stomach;

You have no stomach, having broke your
fast;

But we, that know what 't is to fast and
pray,

Are penitent for your default to-day.

C. E., I: 2. 194.**DIRTINESS. — Incurable.***Ant. S.* What complexion is she of?

Dro. S. Swart, like my shoe, but her
face nothing like so clean kept. For why?
she sweats; a man may go over shoes in the
grime of it.

Ant. S. That's a fault that water will
mend.

Dro. S. No, sir, 't is in grain; Noah's
flood could not do it.

C. E., III: 2. 202.**DISABILITIES. — Civil, a Wrong.***Boling.* * *

Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
A wand'ring vagabond; my rights and roy-
alties

Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given
away

To upstart unthrifths? Wherefore was I
born?

If that my cousin king be king of England,
It must be granted, I am duke of Lancaster.
You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kins-
man;

Had you first died, and he been thus trod
down,

He should have found his uncle Gaunt a
father,

To rouse his wrongs, and chase them to the
bay.

I am denied to sue my livery here,
And yet my letters-patent give me leave:
My father's goods are all distrain'd, and sold;
And these, and all, are all amiss employ'd.
What would you have me do? I am a sub-
ject,

And challenge law: Attornies are denied
me.

R. II., II: 3. 699.**DISAPPOINTMENT. — Bitter.**

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know. — O,
sir,

You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones: but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud,
and lay me

Where no priest shovels in dust, — O cursed
wretch!

W. T., IV: 3. 606.*Imo.* * *

How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make
him swear

The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest, and his honour; or have
charg'd him,

At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at mid-
night,

To encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my
father

And, like the tyrannous breathing of the
north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Cym., I: 4. 1592.

— Complete.

Ther. * * 'A were as good crack a
fusty nut with no kernel.

T. C., II: 1. 1113.

— Of Ambition.

Hel. Where most it promises; and oft
it hits,
Where hope is coldest, and despair most
shifts.

A. W., II: 1. 504.

Lew. * *

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.

K. J., III: 4. 663.

York. Cold news for me; for I had hope
of France,
As firmly as I hope for fertile England.
Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
And caterpillars eat my leaves away.

H. VI., 2 pt., III: 1. 923.

— Result of Choice.

Mor. O hell! what have we here?
A carrion death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll? I 'll read the
writing.

"All that glisters is not gold;
Often have you heard that told:
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold:
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been in scroll'd:
Fare your well; your suit is cold."

M. V., II: 7. 373.

DISAPPOINTMENTS.—Killing.

Wol. * *

This candle burns not clear: 't is I must
snuff it:
Then, out it goes.—What though I know
her virtuous,
And well-deserving? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of
Our hard-rul'd king. Again, there is sprung
up

An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer; one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,
And is his oracle.

Nor.

He is vex'd at something.

Suf. I would, 't were something that
would fret the string,
The master-cord of his heart!

H. VIII., III: 2. 1078.

DISCERNMENT.—A Good Man's.

Friar. * *

By noting of the lady. I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions start
Into her face; a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness bear away those blushes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool;
Trust not my reading, nor my observations,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenour of my book; trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting error.

M. A., IV: 1. 246.

— Claimed.

Iach.

Thanks, fairest lady.—

What! are men mad? Hath nature given
them eyes

To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish
'twixt

The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd beach? and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

Cym., I: 7. 1590.

DISCLOSURE.—Self, Dangerous.

Cres. * *

Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?

T. C., III: 2. 1122.

DISCOMFORT.—Swells out of Comfort.

Sold. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders
break;
So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd
to come.

M., I: 2. 1357.

DISCONTENT.—Cynical.

D. John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdain'd of all, than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any. In this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle, and enfranchised with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage. If I had my mouth I would bite; if I had my liberty I would do my liking: in the mean time, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no use of your discontent?

D. John. I make all use of it, for I use it only.

M. A., I: 3. 229.

—Destruction.

Lady M. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'T is safer to be that which we destroy,
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

M., III: 2. 1370.

—Its Winter.

Glo. Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
And all the clouds, that lower'd upon our
house,
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.

R. III., I: 1. 1001.

—With Everything.

*Ham. * **

Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God!
O God!

How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on 't! O fie! 't is an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank, and gross
in nature,
Possess it merely.

H., I: 2. 1395.

DISCORD.—How Caused.

*Ulyss. * **

Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing
meets
In mere oppugnancy.

T. C., I: 3. 1108.

DISCORDS.—Private.

*Lucy. * **

Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.
Let not your private discord keep away
The levied succours that should lend him aid
While he, renowned noble gentleman,
Yields up his life unto a world of odds.

H. VI., I pt., IV: 4. 888.

DISCOURAGEMENT.—Its Effect.

*Mor. * **

For from his metal was his party steel'd;
Which once in him abated, all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy
lead.

And as the thing that's heavy in itself,
Upon enforcement, flies with greatest speed;
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss.

H. IV., I pt., I: 1. 775.

DISCRETION.—A Firm.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou
hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide
as a bristle may enter.

T. N., I: 5. 543.

—A Little Hole.

Arm. For mine own part, I breathe
free breath: I have seen the day of wrong
through the little hole of discretion.

L. L., V: 2. 302.

—Delays.

*Mont. * ** We thought not good to
bruise an injury, till it were full ripe.

H. V., III: 6. 837.

—Disguised.

*Con. * **

Covering discretion with a coat of folly;
As gardeners do with ordure hide those
roots
That shall first spring, and be most delicate.

H. V., II: 4. 829.

—Prudently Submits.

York. So triumph thieves upon their
conquer'd booty;
So true men yield, with robbers so o'er-
match'd.

H. VI., 3 pt., I: 4. 960.

—Relation to Valor.

*Fal. * ** The better part of valour is
discretion; in which better part I have

saved my life, 'Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead: How, if he should counterfeit too, and rise? I am afraid, he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure:—yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise, as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah, [*Stabbing him,*] with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

H. IV., 1 pt., V: 4. 761.

DISCRIMINATION.—Protects the Innocent.

I Sent. * * Like a shepherd,
Approach the fold, and cull the infected
forth,
But kill not all together.

T. A., V: 5. 1316.

—Winnows.

Agam. * *

But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass, or matter, by itself
Lies, rich in virtue, and unmingled.

T. C., I: 8. 1107.

DISCUSSIONS.—Vain and Trifling.

Pol. This business is well ended.
My liege, and madam, to expostulate
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night, night, and time is
time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and
time.

H., II: 2. 1404.

DISDAIN.—At Inferiors.

Old Ath. This fellow here, lord Timon,
this thy creature,
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclin'd to
thrift;
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd,
Than one which holds a trencher.

T. A., I: 1. 1287.

DISENCHANTMENT.—Of Light.

Pro. * * The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses

Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that
mantle

Their clearer reason.

T. V., 1. 30.

DISGUISE.—A Wickedness.

Vio. * *

Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.

T. N., II: 2. 548.

—Greatness in.

Auf. I know thee not:—Thy name?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who
hath done

To thee particularly, and to all the Volces,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness
may

My surname, Coriolanus: The painful ser-
vice,

The extreme dangers, and the drops of
blood

Shed for my thankless country, are re-
quited

But with that surname; a good memory,

And witness of the malice and displeasure

Which thou should'st bear me: only that
name remains;

The cruelty and envy of the people,

Permitted by our dastard nobles, who

Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;

And suffered me by the voice of slaves to be
Whoop'd out of Rome.

C., IV: 5. 1180.

—Nobility in.

Suf. Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner
is a prince,

The duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.

Whit. The duke of Suffolk, muffled up
in rags!

Suf. Ay, but these rags are no part of
the duke;

Jove sometimes went disguis'd, And why
not I?

H. VI., 2 pt., IV: 1. 932.

—Of Purpose.

Lucio. * *

His giving-out was of an infinite distance
From his true-meant design.

M. M., I: 4. 147.

DISGUISES.—Abandoned.*K. Hen.* * * *

But tell the Dauphin,—I will keep my state;
Be like a king, and show my soul of great-
ness,

When I do rouse me in my throne of
France:

For that I have laid by my majesty,
And plodded like a man for working-days;

*H. V., I: 2. 823.***—Strange Fancy for.**

D. Pedro. There is no appearance of
fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he
hath to strange disguises; as, to be a Dutch-
man to-day; a Frenchman to-morrow; or in
the shape of two countries at once, as, a
German from the waist downward, all slops;
and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no
doublet.

*M. A., III: 2. 239.***DISGUST.**

Iago. * * * The food that to him now is
as luscious as locusts, shall be to him short-
ly as bitter as coloquintida.

*O., I: 3. 1499.***—At Persistence.**

Vio. My lord would speak, my duty
hushes me.

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my
lord,

It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear
As howling after music.

*T. N., V: 1. 566.***DISHONESTY.—Complete.**

Lucio. *Cucullus non facit monachum:*
honest in nothing, but in his clothes.

*M. M., V: 1. 173.***DISHONOR.—How Wiped out.***Nur.* * * *

Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad
Amongst the fairest burdens of our clime.
The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy
seal,

And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's
point.

*Tit. And., IV: 2. 1221.***DISLOYALTY.—Hideous in Old Age.***K. Hen.* * * * O, where is loyalty?

If it be banish'd from the frosty head,
Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?—
Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,

And shame thine honourable age with
blood?

Why art thou old, and want'st experience?
Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me,
That bows unto the grave with mickle age.

*H. VI., 2 pt., V: 1. 943.***DISMAY.—Never Disarms the Brave.***Dun.* Dismay'd not this

Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Sold. Yes;

As sparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks,
So they

Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe.

*M., I: 2. 1357.***DISMISSION.—A Boon.***Boling.* Yet ask.*K. Rich.* And shall I have?*Boling.* You shall.*K. Rich.* Then give me leave to go.*Boling.* Whither?

K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were
from your sights.

*R. II., IV: 1. 710.***—Contemptuous.***Pist.* * *

The grave doth gape, and doting death is
near;

Therefore exhale.

*H. V., II: 1. 825.***—Emphatic.***Fal.* * *

Rogues, hence, avaunt! vanish like hail-
stones! go;

Trudge, plod away i' the hoof; seek shelter,
pack!

*M. W., I: 3. 92.***—Peremptory.***Duke.* * *

Go, base intruder! overweening slave!
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates;
And think my patience, more than thy de-
sert,

Is privilege for thy departure hence:

Thank me for this, more than for all the fa-
vours,

Which, all too much, I have bestowed on thee.

But if thou linger in my territories,
Longer than swiftest expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
By heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love

I ever bore my daughter, or thyself.
Be gone! I will not hear thy vain excuse;
But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence.

T. G., III: 1. 61.

—Reluctant.

Oth. * * Cassio, I love thee;
But never more be officer of mine.

O., II: 3. 1506.

—Silent.

Com. * *

'T was very faintly he said, "Rise;" dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand.

C., V: 1. 1187.

DISORDER.—In War.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself:
For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
As war were hoodwink'd.

Cym., V: 2. 1622.

DISPARAGEMENT.—Love never Guilty of.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.
Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, sir, I know what I know.
Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak.

M. M., III: 2. 161.

DISPLAY.—In Jewels.

Prin. * *

A lady wall'd about with diamonds!

L. L., V: 2. 293.

DISPOSITION.—Changed by Clothes.

Per. * * Sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

W. T., IV: 3. 602.

—Mildness of.

K. Hen. * *

Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down.

H. IV., 1 pt., I: 3. 730.

DISPRAISE.—Of Things We Want.

Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,

Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:
But we in silence hold this virtue well,—
We'll not commend what we intend to sell.

T. C., IV: 1. 1128.

DISPUTATIONS.—Foolish.

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest controversy,
Come from the country to be judg'd by you,
That e'er I heard

K. J., I: 1. 646.

DISSEMBLING.—Before the Victim.

L. Macb. * *

Your face, my thane, is a book, where men
May read strange matters:—To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under it.

M., I: 5. 1361.

—Perfect, Invoked.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.

I pr'ythee, turn aside, and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and say, the tears
Belong to Egypt: Good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling; and let it look
Like perfect honour.

A. C., I: 3. 1544.

—Unsuccessful.

K. Hen. * *

Came he right now to sing a raven's note,
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers;
And thinks he, that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
Can chase away the first-conceived sound?

H. VI., 2 pt., III: 2. 927.

DISSENSION.—Civil, Dangerous.

K. Hen. * *

O, what a scandal is it to our crown,

That two such noble peers as ye, should jar!
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell,
Civil dissension is a viperous worm,
That gnaws the bowels of the common-
wealth.

H. VI., 1 pt., III: 1. 878.

DISSENSIONS.—Calamitous.

*Mess. * **

Among the soldiers this is muttered,—
That here you maintain several factions;
And, whilst a field should be despatch'd and
fought,
You are disputing of your generals.
One would have ling'ring wars, with little
cost;
Another would fly swift but wanteth wings;
A third man thinks, without expense at all,
By guileful fair words peace may be ob-
tain'd.

H. VI., 1 pt., I: 1. 865.

—Civil, Implacable.

May. O, my good lords,—and virtuous
Henry,—

Pity the city of London, pity us!
The bishop and the duke of Gloster's men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble-
stones;
And, banding themselves in contrary parts,
Do pelt so fast at one another's pate,
That many have their giddy brains knock'd
out:
Our windows are broke down in every
street,
And we, for fear, compell'd to shut our
shops.

** **
2 Serv. Ay, and the very parings of our
nails
Shall pitch a field, when we are dead.

H. VI., 1 pt., III: 1. 879.

—Smoldering.

*Exc. * **

This late dissension, grown betwixt the
peers,
Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd love,
And will at last break out into a flame:
As fester'd members rot but by degrees,
Till bones, and flesh, and sinews, fall away,
So will this base and envious discord breed.

H. VI., 1 pt., III: 1. 880.

DISSIMILARITY.—Extreme.

*Fool. * ** She 's as like this as a crab
is like an apple.

K. L., I: 5. 1453.

*Ulyss. * **

That 's done;—as near as the extremest
ends

Of parallels; as like as Vulcan and his wife.

T. C., I: 3. 1109.

DISSIMULATION.—A Plea for.

*Vol. * ** It lies on you to speak
To the people; not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts
you to,

But with such words that are but roted in
Your tongue, though but bastards, and syl-
lables

Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth.
Now, this no more dishonours you at all,
Than to take in a town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune,
and

The hazard of much blood. —

I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes, and my friends, at stake, re-
quir'd,

I should do so in honour: I am in this,
Your wife, your son, these senators, the
nobles;

And you will rather show our general louts
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon
them.

** **

Vol. I pr'ythee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand,
And thus far having stretch'd it, (here be
with them,)

Thy knee bussing the stones, (for in such
business

Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ig-
norant

More learned than the ears,) waving thy
head,

Which often, thus, correcting thy stout
heart,

That humble, as the ripest mulberry,
Now will not hold the handling: Or, say
to them,

Thou art their soldier, and being bred in
broils,

Hast not the soft way, which, thou dost con-
fess,

Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt
frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power, and person.

C., III: 2. 1174.

— **A Protest against.**

Cor. Must I go show them my unbarb'd
sconce? Must I,
With my base tongue, give to my noble
heart
A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do 't:
Yet were there but this single plot to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should
grind it,
And throw it against the wind.—To the
market-place:—
You have put me now to such a part, which
never
I shall discharge to the life.

* *
Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be
turn'd,

Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! The smiles of
knaves
Tent in my cheeks; and school-boys' tears
take up
The glasses of my sight! A beggar's
tongue
Make motion through my lips; and my
arm'd knees,
Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not
do 't;
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
And, by my body's action, teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

C., III: 2. 1174.

— **Adopted as a Policy.**

Cor. Pray, be content;
Mother, I am going to the market-place;
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their
loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home
belov'd
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am
going;

Commend me to my wife. I'll return
consul;
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I' the way of flattery, further.

C., III: 2. 1175.

— **An Aid to Revenge.**

King. * * *

The harlot's cheek, beautied with plast'ring
art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it
Than is my deed to my most painted word.

H., III: 1. 1410.

Tam. * * *

Dissemble all your griefs and discontents:
You are but newly planted in your throne;
Lest then the people, and patricians too,
Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,
And so supplant us for ingratitude,
(Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,)
Yield at entreats, and then let me alone:
I'll find a day to massacre them all,
And raze their faction, and their family.

Tit. And., I: 2. 1206.

— **Compared.**

Leon. * * But were they false
As o'er-did blacks, as wind, as waters; false
As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes
No bourn 'twixt his and mine.

W. T., I: 2. 582.

— **Grows with Use.**

Duke. O, thou dissembling cub! what
wilt thou be,
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine over-
throw?

T. N., V: 1. 567.

— **Impossible to the Noble.**

Cor. The fires i' the lowest hell fold in
the people!
Call me their traitor!—Thou injurious
tribune!
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand
deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would
say,

Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.

* *

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian
death.

Vagabond exile, flaying: Pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;
Nor check my courage for what they can
give,

To have 't with saying, Good morrow.

C., III: 3. 1176.

—Recommended.

Luc. * *

Let not my sister read it in your eye;

Be not thy tongue thy own shame's ora-
tor;

Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger:

Bear a fair presence, though your heart be
tainted;

Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint.

* *

'T is holy sport to be a little vain,

When the sweet breath of flattery con-
quers strife.

C. E., III: 2. 201.

—Tickles as it Wounds.

Imo. O

Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds!

Cym., I: 2. 1590.

DISSOLUTION.—Of all Things.

Pro. * *

Our revels now are ended. These our act-
ors,

As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:

And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous pal-
aces,

The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a wreck behind.

T., IV: 1. 28.

DISTANCE.—Diminishes and Changes.

Dem. These things seem small and un-
distinguishable,

Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

M. N., IV: 2. 340.

—Increases to the Wretched.

Imo. I see, a man's life is a tedious one:
I have tir'd myself; and for two nights to-
gether

Have made the ground my bed. I should
be sick,

But that my resolution helps me. Milford,
When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd
thee,

Thou wast within a ken: O Jove! I think,
Foundations fly the wretched: such, I mean,
Where they should be reliev'd.

Cym., III: 6. 1612.

—Wildness Increases.

North. Believe me, noble lord,
I am a stranger here in Glostershire.
These high wild hills, and rough uneven
ways,

Draw out our miles, and make them wear-
some.

R. II., II: 3. 697.

DISTINCTION.—Unworthily Worn.

Blanch. O, well did he become that
lion's robe!

That did disrobe the lion of that robe!

Bast. It lies as sightly on the back of
him,

As great Alcides' shoes upon an ass:—

But, ass, I'll take that burden from your
back;

Or lay on that, shall make your shoulders
crack.

K. J., II: 1. 651.

DISTINCTIONS.—Abolition, Danger- ous.

Ulyss. * *

Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing
meets

In meer oppugnancy: The bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the
shores,

And make a sop of all this solid globe.

T. C., I: 3. 1108.

—Broken Down.

Ham. * * By the lord, Horatio, these
three years I have taken note of it; the age
is grown so picked, that the toe of the peas-

ant comes so near the heel of the courtier,
he galls his kibe.—How long hast thou been
a grave-maker?

H., V: 1. 1430.

—Class, Breaking Down.

Ulyss. * *

Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father
dead:

Force should be right; or, rather, right and
wrong,

(Between whose endless jar justice resides,)
Should lose their names, and so should
justice too.

* * The general's disdain'd

By him one step below; he, by the next;
That next, by him beneath; so every step,
Exempl'd by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior.

T. C., I: 3. 1108.

—Class, why Mentioned.

Ulyss. * *

The heavens themselves, the planets, and
this centre,

Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order:

And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd
Amidst the other; whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad: But, when
the planets,

In evil mixture, to disorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents? what
mutiny?

What raging of the sea? shaking of earth?
Commotion in the winds? frights, changes,
horrors,

Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixture? O, when decree
is shak'd,

Which is the ladder of all high designs,
The enterprise is sick! How could com-
munities,

Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in
cities,

Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogenitive and due of birth,

Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, lau-
rels,

But by degree, stand in authentic place?

T. C., I: 3. 1108.

—False.

Agam. * *

Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away.

T. C., I: 3. 1107.

King. * * If she be

All that is virtuous (save what thou dislik'st,
A poor physician's daughter), thou dislik'st
Of virtue for the name: but do not so:

From lowest place when virtuous things
proceed,

The place is dignified by th' doer's deed:

Where great additions swell, and virtue
none,

It is a dropsied honour: good alone

Is good without a name; vileness is so:

The property by what it is should go,

Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;

In these to nature she's immediate heir,

And these breed honour: that is honour's
scorn

Which challenges itself as honour's born,

And is not like the sire.

A. W., II: 3. 507.

—Merged in Blood.

Mont. * * Great king,

I come to thee for charitable licence,

That we may wander o'er this bloody field,

To book our dead, and then to bury them;

To sort our nobles from our common men;

For many of our princes (woe the while!)

Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood;

(So do our vulgar drench their peasant
limbs

In blood of princes;) and their wounded
steeds

Fret fetlock deep in gore, and, with wild
rage,

Yerk out their armed heels at their dead
masters,

Killing them twice.

H. V., IV: 7. 848.

**DISTINGUISHED.—The, Easily Dis-
cerned.**

Hect. The worthiest of them tell me
name by name;

But for Achilles, my own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

T. C., IV: 5. 1133.

DISTRACTION.—In Death, Deplored.

Mel. * * I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the
field;

Where I may think the remnant of my
thoughts

In peace, and part this body and my soul
With contemplation and devout desires.

K. J., V: 4. 674.

—Of Divided Love.

Octa. * * A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts:

And the good gods will mock me presently,
When I shall pray, "O, bless my lord and
husband!"

Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
"O, bless my brother!" Husband win,
win brother,

Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

A. C., III: 4. 1560.

—Universal.

Ulyss. * *

Should lift their bosoms higher than the
shores,

And make a sop of all this solid globe.

T. C., I: 3. 1103.

DISTRIBUTION.—Equality in.

Glo. * * For equalities are so weighed,
that curiosity in neither can make choice of
either's moiety.

K. L., I: 1. 1443.

—Undoes Excess.

Glo. * *

Let the superfluous, and lust-dieted man,
That slaves your ordinance, that will not
see

Because he doth not feel, feel your power
quickly:

So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough.

K. L., IV: 1. 1471.

DIVERSIONS.—No Cure for Woe.

Queen. What sport shall we devise here
in this garden,

To drive away the heavy thought of care?

1 Lady. Madam, we 'll play at bowls.

Queen. 'T will make me think

The world is full of rubs, and that my for-
tune

Runs 'gainst the bias.

1 Lady. Madam, we will dance.

Queen. My legs can keep no measure in
delight,

When my poor heart no measure keeps in
grief:

Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other
sport.

1 Lady. Madam, we 'll tell tales.

Queen. Of sorrow, or of joy?

1 Lady. Of either, madam.

Queen. Of neither, girl:

For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow;
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy:

For what I have, I need not to repeat;
And what I want, it boots not to complain.

1 Lady. Madam, I 'll sing.

Queen. 'T is well that thou hast cause,

But thou should'st please me better, would'st
thou weep.

1 Lady. I could weep, madam, would it
do you good.

Queen. And I could weep, would weep-
ing do me good,

And never borrow any tear of thee.

R. II., III: 4. 705.

DIVINITY.—Shapes our Ends.

Ham. * *

Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our dear plots do fail: and that should
teach us,

There 's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

H., V: 2. 1433.

**DIVISION.—An Element of Weak-
ness.**

Hast. * *

For his divisions, as the times do brawl,
Are in three heads: one power against the
French,

And one against Glendower; perforce, a
third

Must take up us: So is the unfirm king

In three divided; and his coffers found
With hollow poverty and emptiness.

H. IV., 2 pt., I: 3. 779.

—Equality in.

Mort. The archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits, very equally:
England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,
By south and east, is to my part assign'd:
All westward, Wales beyond the Severn
shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower:—and, dear coz, to
you
The remnant northward, lying off from
Trent,
And our indentures tripartite are drawn.

H. IV., 1 pt., III: 1. 745.

—Quarrels Over.

Hot. Methinks, my moiety, north from
Burton here,
In quantity equals not one of yours:
See, how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me, from the best of all my land,
A huge half moon, a monstrous cantle out.
I'll have the current in this place damm'd
up;
And here the smug and silver Trent shall
run,
In a new channel, fair and evenly:
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

H. IV., 1 pt., III: 1. 745.

DIVORCE.—A Wicked, Deplored.

Cham. It seems, the marriage with his
brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.
Suf. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.
Nor. * *
He counsels a divorce: a loss of her,
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
Of her, that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with.

H. VIII., II: 2. 1067.

DOG.—Launce's.

Laun. When a man's servant shall play
the cur with him, look you, it goes hard:
one that I brought up of a puppy; one that

I sav'd from drowning, when three or four
of his blind brothers and sisters went to it!
I have taught him—even as one would say
precisely, Thus I would teach a dog. I was
sent to deliver him, as a present to mistress
Silvia, from my master; and I came no
sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps
me to her trencher, and steals her capon's
leg. O, 't is a foul thing when a cur cannot
keep himself in all companies! I would
have, as one should say, one that takes upon
him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a
dog at all things. If I had not had more
wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he
did, I think verily he had been hang'd for 't;
sure as I live he had suffer'd for 't: you
shall judge. * * "Friend," quoth I,
"you mean to whip the dog?" "Ay,
marry, do I," quoth he. "You do him the
more wrong," quoth I; "'t was I did the
thing you wot of." He makes me no more
ado, but whips me out of the chamber.
How many masters would do this for his
servant? Nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in
the stocks for puddings he hath stol'n, oth-
erwise he had been executed: I have stood
on the pillory for geese he hath kill'd, oth-
erwise he had suffer'd for 't: thou think'st
not of this now.

T. G., IV: 2. 68.

DOGS.—Perfection in.

The. My hounds are bred out of the
Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are
hung
With ears that sweep away the morning
dew;
Crook-knee'd and dew-lapp'd like Thessa-
lian bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like
bells,
Each under each.

M. N., IV: 1. 339.

DOOMED.—Sneering at the.

Glo. Go, tread the path that thou shalt
ne'er return,
Simple, plain Clarence!—I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
If heaven will take the present at our hands.

R. III., I: 1. 1002.

DOTING.—Unworthily.

Lys. * * She, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

M. N., I: 1. 322.

DOUBLES.—The Dromios.

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is genius to the other;

And so of these : Which is the natural man, And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?

Dro. S. I, sir, am Dromio; command him away.

Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio; pray, let me stay.

C. E., V : 1. 213.

DOUBT.—The Beacon of the Wise.

Hect. * * The wound of peace is surety,

Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst.

T. C., II : 2. 1113.

DOUBTS.—Cleared by Time.

Pis. * *

All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd :
Fortune brings in some boats, that are not steer'd.

Cym., IV : 3. 1620.

—Traitorous.

Lucio. Assay the power you have.

Isab. My power! alas, I doubt.—

Lucio. Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt.

M. M., I : 4. 147.

DOWER.—Boasting of a Great.

Bap. * * And he, of both,
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall have my Bianca's love.
Say, signior Gremio, what can you assure her?

Gre. First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold;
Basins, and ewers, to lave her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry:
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;
In cypress chests my arras, counterpoints,
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,

Valance of Venice gold in needlework,
Pewter and brass, and all things that belong
To house, or housekeeping: then, at my farm,

I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Six score fat oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.

Tra. * *

If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houses three or four as good,
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
Old signior Gremio has in Padua;
Besides two thousand ducats by the year,
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.

Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year of land!

My land amounts not to so much in all:
That she shall have; besides an argosy
That now is lying in Marseilles' road.

* *

Tra. Gremio, 't is known my father hath no less

Than three great argosies; besides two galliasses,

And twelve tight galleys: these I will assure her,

And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all; I have no more;

And she can have no more than all I have.
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

T. S., II : 1. 465.

—Degrades Marriage.

Suf. A dower, my lords! disgrace not so your king,

That he should be so abject, base, and poor,
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect love.

Henry is able to enrich his queen,
And not to seek a queen to make him rich:
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,

As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.

H. VI., 1 pt., V : 5. 897.

DREAM.—Almost a Reality.

Ant. * *

I have heard, (but not believ'd,) the spirits
o' th' dead

May walk again: if such thing be, thy
mother

Appear'd to me last night; for ne'er was
dream

So like a waking. * * Dreams are toys.

W. T., III: 3. 596.

—Bottom's.

Bot. * * I have had a most rare
vision. I have had a dream,—past the wit
of man to say what dream it was:—Man is
but an ass, if he go about to expound this
dream. Methought I was—there is no man
can tell what. Methought I was, and me-
thought I had,—but man is but a patch'd
fool if he will offer to say what methought
I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the
ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not
able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his
heart to report, what my dream was. I will
get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this
dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream,
because it hath no bottom; and I will sing
it in the latter end of a play, before the
duke. Peradventure, to make it the more
gracious, I shall sing it at her death.

M. N., IV: 1. 340.

—Clarence's Fearful. (See Con-
science.)

—Waking.

Post. * *

'T is still a dream; or else such stuff as
madmen

Tongue, and brain not: either both, or
nothing:

Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie.

Cym., V: 4. 1625.

DREAMS.—Admonitory.

Pri. Come, Hector, come, go back:
Thy wife hath dream'd; thy mother hath
had visions;

Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself

Am like a prophet suddenly enrap't.

T. C., V: 3. 1140.

—Disappointment in.

Post. * * Poor wretches that depend
On greatness' favour, dream as I have done;
Wake, and find nothing.

Cym., V: 4. 1625.

—Fantastic.

Mer. O then, I see, Queen Mab hath
been with you.

She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes

In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the forefinger of an alderman.

Drawn with a team of little atomies

Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:

Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners'
legs;

The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;

The traces, of the smallest spider's web;

The collars, of the moonshine's wat'ry
beams:

Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of
film;

Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,

Not half so big as a round little worm

Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:

Her chariot is an empty hazel nut,

Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,

Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.

And in this state she gallops night by night

Through lovers' brains, and then they dream
of love:

On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies
straight;

O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream
on fees:

O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses
dream;

Which oft the angry Mab with blisters
plagues,

Because their breaths with sweet-meats
tainted are.

Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,

And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:

And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's
tail,

Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,

Then dreams he of another benefice:

Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,

And then dreams he of cutting foreign
throats,

Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,

Of healths five fathom deep; and then
anon

Drums in his ear; at which he starts, and
wakes:

And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer
or two

And sleeps again.

R. J., I: 4. 1247.

—Foretell Danger.

Mess. And then he sends you word, he
dreamt

To-night the boar had rased off his helm :
Besides, he says, there are two councils
held ;

And that may be determin'd at the one,
Which may make you and him to rue at
the other.

Therefore he sends to know your lordship's
pleasure, —

If presently, you will take horse with him,
And with all speed post with him toward
the north,

To shun the danger that his soul divines.

Hast. * *

Tell him, his fears are shallow, wanting in-
stance :

And for his dreams — I wonder he's so fond
To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers :
To fly the boar, before the boar pursues,
Were to incense the boar to follow us,
And make pursuit, where he did mean no
chase.

R. III., III: 2. 1022.

—Of Divine Interpretation.

Cæs. * *

Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home :
She dreamt to-night she saw my statue,
Which like a fountain, with a hundred
spouts,

Did run pure blood ; and many lusty Ro-
mans

Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in
it.

And these does she apply for warnings, por-
tents,

And evils imminent ; and on her knee
Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted ;
It was a vision fair and fortunate :

Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall
suck

Reviving blood ; and that great men shall
press

For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.
This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.

J. C., II: 2. 1333.

—Of What Made.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams ;
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,

Which is as thin of substance as the air ;
And more inconstant than the wind, who
wooes

Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

R. J., I: 4. 1248.

DRESS.—Bad Taste in.

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did
bespeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a por-
ringer ;

A velvet dish ; — fie, fie ! 't is lewd and
filthy ;

Why, 't is a cockle, or a walnut-shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap ;
Away with it ; come, let me have a bigger.

Kath. I'll have no bigger ; this doth fit
the time,

And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

* *

Pet. Why thou say'st true ; it is a paltry
cap,

A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie :
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

T. S., IV: 3. 476.

—Costly, Recommended.

Pol. * *

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy ; rich, not gaudy :
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.

H., I: 3. 1397.

—Fastidious, a Bad Sign.

Laf. * * There can be no kernel in
this light nut ; the soul of this man is his
clothes ; trust him not in matter of heavy
consequence.

A. W., II: 5. 510.

—Katharine's Gown.

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay.—Come, tailor,
let us see 't.

O mercy, God ! what masking stuff is here !
What 's this? a sleeve? 't is like a demi-
cannon :

What ! up and down, carv'd like an apple-
tart?

Here 's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish,
and slash,

Like to a censer in a barber's shop :

* *

Tai. Your worship is deceiv'd; the gown is made

Just as my master had direction :

Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order: I gave him the stuff.

Tai. But how did you desire it should be made?

Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

Tai. But did you not request to have it cut?

Gru. Thou hast fac'd many things.

Tai. I have.

Gru. Face not me. Thou hast brav'd many men; brave not me. I will neither be fac'd nor brav'd. I say unto thee—I bid thy master cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces:—*ergo*, thou liest.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in 's throat, if he say I said so.

Tai. *Imprimis*, "a loose-bodied gown:"

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I said, a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. "With a small compassed cape;"

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tai. "With a trunk sleeve;"

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tai. "The sleeves curiously cut."

Pet. Ay, there 's the villany.

Gru. Error i' the bill, sir; error i' the bill! I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sew'd up again: and that I 'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

T. S., IV: 3. 476.

—Neglect of, a Sign of Devotion.

Dol. By my troth thou 'lt set me a weeping, an thou sayest so: prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return.

H. IV., 2 pt., II: 4. 788.

DRIFTING.—In Character.

Cæs. I should have known no less:—It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he, which is, was wish'd, until he were;

And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd, till ne'er worth love,

Comes dear'd, by being lack'd. This common body,

Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

A. C., I: 4. 1545.

DRINK.—The Cause of Quarrels.

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,

With that which he hath drunk to-night already,

He 'll be as full of quarrel and offence

As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool, Roderigo,

Whom love has turn'd almost the wrong side out,

To Desdemona hath to-night carous'd

Potations pottle deep; and he 's to watch:

Three lads of Cyprus,—noble swelling spirits,

That hold their honours in a wary distance,
The very elements of this warlike isle,—

Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this

flock of drunkards,

Am I to put our Cassio in some action.

O., II: 3. 1504.

—The Temptation.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket: for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

M. V., I: 2. 364.

DRINKING.—Excuse for.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water; for my belly 's as cold as if I had swallow'd snowballs for pills to cool the reins.

M. W., III: 5. 108.

—Persistent.

Mar. They that add, moreover, he 's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir. To. With drinking healths to my niece: I 'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat, and drink in Illyria! He 's a coward, and a coystil, that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish top.

T. N., I: 3. 542.

—Provokes Quarrels.

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot
with drinking:
So full of valour, that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet.

T., IV: 1. 28.

DRONE.—Used to Destroy.

Shy. * * A huge feeder,
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild cat: drones hive not
with me;
Therefore I part with him, and part with
him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse.

M. V., II: 5. 371.

DRONES.—Thieves.

Suf. * *
Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-
hives.

H. VI., 2 pt., IV: 1. 933.

DROWNING.—Deprecated.

Gon. Now would I give a thousand fur-
longs of sea for an acre of barren ground;
long heath, brown furze, anything: The
wills above be done! but I would fain die a
dry death.

T., I: 1. 8.

—Of Ophelia.

Queen. * * Your sister's drown'd,
Laertes.

Laer. Drown'd! O, where?

Queen. There is a willow grows aslant a
brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy
stream;
There, with fantastic garlands did she come,
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long
purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers
call them:
There on the pendent boughs her coronet
weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies, and herself,
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes
spread wide;

And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her
up:

Which time, she chanted snatches of old
tunes;

As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indu'd
Unto that element: but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with their
drink,

Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious
lay

To muddy death.

Laer. Alas, then, she is drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou,
poor Ophelia,

And therefore I forbid my tears: But yet
It is our trick; nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will.

H., IV: 7. 1428.

DRUMS.—The Sign of War.

Lew. * *

Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of
war

Plead for our interest.

K. J., V: 2. 673.

DRUNKARD.—A Beast.

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a
swine he lies!

Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine
image!

Sirs, I will practice on this drunken man.

T. S., Ind. 451.

—What He is Like.

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a
madman; one draught above heat makes
him a fool; the second mads him; and a
third drowns him.

T. N., I: 5. 545.

—Without His Bottle.

Cal. What a pi'd ninny's this! Thou
scurvy patch!—

I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: when that's
gone,

He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll
not show him

Where the quick freshes are.

T., III: 2. 23.

DRUNKARDS.—Love One Another.

Biron. One drunkard loves another of the name.

L. L., IV : 3. 287.

DRUNKENNESS.—A Disturber.

Bra. * *

Being full of supper, and distempering draughts,
Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come
To start my quiet.

O., I : 1. 1492.

—Bemoaned.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me, I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange!—Every inordinate cup is unblest, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used; exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think, you think I love you.

Cas. I have well approved it, sir.—I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man.

O., II : 3. 1507.

—Its Vileness.

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: How came you thus recovered?

Cas. It hath pleased the devil, drunkenness, to give place to the devil, wrath: one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

O., II : 3. 1507.

DRYNESS.—The Extreme of

Jaq. * * His brain, —

Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage.

A. Y., II : 7. 418.

DUALITY.—In Man.

Cleo. * *

Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,

T' other way he's a Mars.

A. C., II : 5. 1553.

DUELING.—Its Absurdity.

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Biron. Ay, if a have no more man's blood in 's belly than will sup a flea.

Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

Cost. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man; I'll slash; I'll do it by the sword.—I pray you, let me borrow my arms again.

Dum. Room for the incensed Worthies.

Cost. I'll do it in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute Pompey!

Moth. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not see, Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean you? you will lose your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen, and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.

Dum. You may not deny it; Pompey hath made the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

L. L., V : 2. 302.

DUELIST.—Professional.

Sir To. He is a knight, dubbed with unhacked rapier, and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl; souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre: hob-nob is his word; give 't, or take 't.

T. N., III : 4. 560.

DULLNESS.—Instances of

Seb. Look; he's winding up the watch of his wit; by and by it will strike.

T., II : 1. 15

Bene. * * She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester, and that I was duller than a great thaw.

M. A., II : 1. 232.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit is as thick as Tewksbury mustard; there is no more conceit in him, than is in a mullet.

H. IV., 2 pt., II : 4. 787.

Ther. * * Whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes.

T. C., II : 1. 1113.

—Not Improved by Beating.

1 *Clo.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating.

H., V : 1. 1429.

DUNNING.—Unreasonableness of.

Tim. What, are my doors oppos'd
against my passage?

Have I ever been free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?

The place, which I have feasted, does it
now,

Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

Luc. Serv. Put in now, Titus.

Tit. My lord, here is my bill.

Luc. Serv. Here 's mine.

Hor. Serv. And mine, my lord.

Both Var. Serv. And ours, my lord.

Phi. All our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em: cleave
me to the girdle.

Luc. Serv. Alas! my lord, —

Tim. Cut my heart in sums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Serv. Five thousand crowns, my
lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that.—
What yours?—and yours?

T. A., III: 4. 1300.

DUTY.—All Embracing.

K. Hen. Every subject's duty is the
King's; but every subject's soul is his own.

H. V., IV: 1. 842.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I
owe,

In doing it, pays itself. Your highness'
part

Is to receive our duties: and our duties

Are to your throne and state, children, and
servants;

Which do but what they should, by doing
every thing

Safe toward your love and honour.

M., I: 4. 1360.

—Unshaken.

K. Hen. * * Yet my duty,

As doth a rock against the chiding flood,

Should the approach of this wild river
break,

And stand unshaken yours.

H. VIII., III: 2. 1079.

DWELLING.—Good.

Fal. 'Fore God, you have here a goodly
dwelling, and a rich.

H. IV., 2 pt., V: 3. 807.

DYING.—Celerity in.

Eno. * * Cleopatra, catching but the
least noise of this, dies instantly: I have
seen her die twenty times upon far poorer
moment; I do think, there is mettle in
death, which commits some loving act upon
her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

A. C., I: 2. 1543.

K. Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and
so doth he.

R. II., II: 1. 693.

—Demands Attention.

Gaunt. O, but they say, the tongues of
dying men

Enforce attention, like deep harmony.

R. II., II: 1. 692.

E

EAGLE.—A Royal Bird.

Sici. He came in thunder; his celestial
breath

Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle
Stoop'd, as to foot us: his ascension is
More sweet than our bless'd fields: his
royal bird

Prunes the immortal wing, and cloys his
beak,

As when his god is pleas'd.

Cym., V: 4. 1625.

EARNESTNESS.—Makes Sacrifices.

Chor. Now all the youth of England are
on fire,

And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies;
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's
thought

Reigns solely in the breast of every man:
They sell the pasture now, to buy the horse;
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
With winged heels, as English Mercuries.

H. V., II: C. 824.

EARTH.—Conquered an Ally.*K. Rich. * **

Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses'
hoofs :

As a long parted mother, with her child
Plays fondly with her tears and smiles, in
meeting ;

So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands.

Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle
earth,

Nor with thy sweets comfort his rav'nous
sense :

But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads lie in their way ;
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,
Which with usurping steps do trample thee.
Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies :
And when they from thy bosom pluck a
flower,

Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder ;
Whose double tongue may with a mortal
touch

Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.
Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords ;
This earth shall have a feeling, and these
stones

Prove arm'd soldiers, ere her native king
Shall falter under foul rebellious arms.

*R. II., III : 2. 700.***EASE.—In Winning.***Pro. Soft, sir ! one word more. —*

They are both in either's pow'rs ; but this
swift business

I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light.

*T., I : 2. 14.***ECHO.***Tam. * **

And—whilst the babbling echo mocks the
hounds,

Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once.

*Tit. And., II : 3. 1209.***—Invoked.***Vio. * **

Holla your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out, Olivia !

*T. N., I : 5. 546.**Lord. * **

Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer
them,

And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow
earth.

*T. S., Ind., II : 453.***ECONOMY.—Frugal.**

*Fal. * ** An old cloak makes a new
jerkin ; a wither'd servingman a fresh tap-
ster.

*M. W., I : 3. 92.***EDUCATION.—Hated by Demagogues.**

*Cade. * ** Be it known unto thee by
these presence, even the presence of lord
Mortimer, that I am the besom that must
sweep the court clean of such filth as thou
art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted
the youth of the realm, in erecting a gram-
mar-school : and whereas, before, our fore-
fathers had no other books but the score
and the tally, thou hast caused printing to
be used ; and, contrary to the king, his
crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-
mill. It will be proved to thy face, that
thou hast men about thee, that usually talk
of a noun, and a verb ; and such abomina-
ble words, as no Christian ear can endure
to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of
peace, to call poor men before them about
matters they were not able to answer.
Moreover, thou hast put them in prison ;
and because they could not read, thou hast
hanged them ; when, indeed, only for that
cause they have been most worthy to live.

*H. VI., 2 pt., IV : 7. 938.***—Popular Hatred of.**

Smith. The clerk of Chatham : he can
write and read, and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous !

Smith. We took him setting of boys'
copies.

Cade. Here 's a villain !

Smith. H 'as a book in his pocket, with
red letters in 't.

Cade. Nay, then he is a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations,
and write court-hand.

Cade. I am sorry for 't : the man is a
proper man, on mine honour ; unless I find
him guilty, he shall not die, — Come hither,
sirrah, I must examine thee : What is thy
name ?

Clerk. Emmanuel.

Dick. They use to write it on the top of
letters ; — 'T will go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone: Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up, that I can write my name.

All. He hath confessed: away with him; he's a villain, and a traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I say: hang him with his pen and inkhorn about his neck.

H. VI., 2 pt., IV: 2. 934.

EFFORT.—Joy in Persistent.

*Cres. * **

Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing:

That she belov'd knows nought, that knows not this,—

Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is.

T. C., I: 2. 1107.

EGOTISM.—Female, Fatal to Affection.

*Hero. * **

But Nature never fram'd a woman's heart Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice:

Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,

Misprising what they look on; and her wit Values itself so highly, that to her

All matter else seems weak: she cannot love,

Nor take no shape nor project of affection, She is so self-endear'd.

M. A., III: 1. 238.

ELOQUENCE.—Duly Estimated.

*Ulyss. * **

I give to both your speeches,—which were such,

As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece Should hold up high in brass; and such again,

As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver, Should with a bond of air (strong as the axletree

On which heaven rides,) knit all the Greekish ears

To his experienced tongue.

T. C., I: 3. 1108.

—Of the Reformed.

Cant. Hear him but reason in divinity, And, all-admiring, with an inward wish

You would desire, the king were made a prelate:

Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs, You would say,—it hath been all-in-all his study:

List his discourse of war, and you shall hear

A fearful battle render'd you in music:

Turn him to any cause of policy,

The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,

Familiar as his garter; that, when he speaks,

The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,

And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,

To steal his sweet and honeyed sentences;

So that the art and practis'd part of life

Must be the mistress to this theoric:

Which is a wonder, how his grace should glean it,

Since his addiction was to courses vain:

His companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow;

His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports;

And never noted in him any study,

Any retirement, any sequestration

From open haunts and popularity.

H. V., I: 1. 820.

EMBARRASSMENTS.—Of Debt.

Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Tim. Dues? Whence are you?

Caph. Of Athens here, my lord.

Tim. Go to my steward.

Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off

To the succession of new days this month:

My master is awak'd by great occasion,

To call upon his own: and humbly prays you,

That with your noble parts you'll suit, In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honest friend,

I pry'thee, but repair to me next morning.

Caph. Nay, good my lord,—

Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.

Var. Serv. One Varro's servant, my good lord,—

Isid. Serv. From Isidore;

He humbly prays your speedy payment,—

Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's wants, —

Var. Serv. 'T was due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks,

And past, —

Isid. Serv. Your steward puts me off, my lord,

And I am sent expressly to your lordship.

Tim. Give me breath: —

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;
I'll wait upon you instantly. — Come hither,
pray you,

How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd

With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds,

And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honour?

Flav. Please you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this business:
Your importunacy cease, till after dinner;
That I may make his lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.

T. A., II: 2. 1294.

EMBRACING.—Tender and Complete.

Tita. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.

Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.

So doth the woodbine the sweet honey-suckle

Gently entwist; the female ivy so

Enrings the barked fingers of the elm.

M. N., IV: 1. 338.

EMERGENCIES.—Great, Condoned Errors.

Brut. He greets me well. — Your master, Pindarus,

In his own change, or by ill officers,

Hath given me some worthy cause to wish

Things done, undone: But if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

J. C., IV: 2. 1343.

EMINENCE.—Its Dangers.

Q. Mar. Peace, master marquis, you are malapert:

Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current:

O, that your young nobility could judge,

What 't were to lose it, and be miserable!

They that stand high, have many blasts to shake them;

And, if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

R. III., I: 3. 1509.

EMOTIONS.—Alternating.

Count. * *

I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman me unto 't.

A. W., III: 2. 512.

EMPIRICS.—Not to be Trusted.

King. * *

When our most learned doctors leave us;
and

The congregated college have concluded
That labouring art can never ransom Nature

From her inaidable estate, — I say we must not

So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady

To empirics.

A. W., II: 1. 503.

EMULATION.—A Source of Life.

Ulyss. * * Grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation:
And 't is this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own sinews.

T. C., I: 3. 1109.

—Deprecated.

Art. * *

My heart laments, that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.

J. C., II: 3. 1334.

—Heroic.

Luc. Stay, father; for that noble hand
of thine,

That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn:

My youth can better spare my blood than you;

And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,

Writing destruction on the enemy's castle?
O, none of both but are of high desert:
My hand hath been but idle; let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their
death;
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come agree, whose hand shall
go along,

For fear they die before their pardon come.

Mar. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heaven, it shall not go.

Tit. Sirs, strive no more; such wither'd
herbs as these

Are meet for plucking up, and therefore
mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought
thy son,

Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Mar. And, for our father's sake, and
mother's care,

Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you; I will spare
my hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an axe.

Mar. But I will use the axe.

Tit. Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive
them both,

Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee
mine.

Aar. If that be call'd deceit, I will be
honest,

And never, whilst I live, deceive men so:—
But I'll deceive you in another sort,

And that you'll say, ere half an hour can
pass.

Tit. And., III: 1. 1216.

ENCOURAGEMENT.—Strengthens.

Ham. * *

And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
To make them ranker.

H., III: 4. 1420.

ENDOWMENTS.—Inadequate.

War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a
weight:

And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift
again.

H. VI., 3 pt., V: 1. 986.

—Shine only by Reflection.

Ulyss. A strange fellow here

Writes me, That man—how dearly ever
parted,

How much in having, or without, or in, —
Cannot make boast to have that which he
hath,

Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflec-
tion;

As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.

T. C., III: 3. 1124.

ENDURANCE.—Heroic

York. * *

And fought so long, till that his thighs with
darts

Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porcupine.

H. VI., 2 pt., III: 1. 926.

—Its Limits.

Leon. * *

For there was never yet philosopher

That could endure the tooth-ach patiently.

M. A., V: 1. 249.

Bast. Withhold thine indignation, mighty
heaven,

And tempt us not to bear above our power!

K. J., V: 6. 675.

—No Sign of Choice.

Nath. * *

Many can brook the weather, that love not
the wind.

L. L., IV: 2. 285.

—Patient.

Bast. * *

Now happy he, whose cloak and cincture
can

Hold out this tempest.

K. J., IV: 3. 670.

Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;
Much less shall she that hath Love's wings
to fly.

T. G., II: 7. 58.

—Secret.

Mon. * *

So far from sounding and discovery,

As is the bud bit with an envious worm,

Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the
air,

Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.

R. J., I: 1. 1243.

ENEMIES.—Bitterly Execrated.*Q. Mar.* * *

Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemies?

Suf. A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse them?

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,

I would invent as bitter-searching terms,
As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave:
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words:

Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;

My hair be fix'd on end, as one distract;
Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:

And even now my burden'd heart would break,

Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!

Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!

Their sweetest shade, a grove of cypress trees!

Their chiefest prospect, murdering basilisks!

Their softest touch, as smart as lizards' stings!

Their music, frightful as the serpent's hiss;
And boding screech-owls make the concert full!

All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell —

Q. Mar. Enough, sweet Suffolk. * *

Suf. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?

Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain top,
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,

And think it but a minute spent in sport.

H. VI., 2 pt., III: 2. 930.

—Magnanimously Treated.

P. Hen. Then, brother John of Lancaster to you

This honourable bounty shall belong:

Go to the Douglas, and deliver him

Up to his pleasure, ransomless, and free:

His valour, shown upon our crests to-day,
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,

Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

H. IV., 1 pt., V: 5. 762.

—Our Outward Consciences.*K. Hen.* * *

For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,

Which is both healthful, and good husbandry:

Besides, they are our outward consciences,
And preachers to us all.

H. V., IV: 1. 840.

—Ruthless.

Rut. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch

That trembles under his devouring paws:

And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey;

And so he comes to rend his limbs asunder.

H. VI., 3 pt., I: 3. 959.

Q. Mar. * *

And what is Edward, but a ruthless sea?

What Clarence, but a quicksand of deceit?

And Richard, but a ragged fatal rock?

All these the enemies to our poor bark.

H. VI., 3 pt., V: 4. 989.

—Smiling, Dangerous.

Oct. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,

And bay'd about with many enemies;

And some, that smile, have in their hearts,
I fear,

Millions of mischief.

J. C., IV: 1. 1343.

—Strengthened by a Child.

K. Hen. For all the world,
As thou art to this hour, was Richard then
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurgh;
And even as I was then, is Percy now.

Now by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the state,
Than thou, the shadow of succession:

For, of no right, nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm;
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws;
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,

Leads ancient lords, and reverend bishops on,

To bloody battles, and to bruising arms.
 What never-dying honour hath he got
 Against renowned Douglas; whose high
 deeds,
 Whose hot incursions, and great name in
 arms,
 Holds from all soldiers chief majority,
 And military title capital,
 Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge
 Christ?
 Thrice hath this Hotspur Mars in swarthing
 clothes,
 This infant warrior, in his enterprises
 Discomfited great Douglas: ta'en him once,
 Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
 To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
 And shake the peace and safety of our
 throne.

H. IV., 1 pt., III: 2. 748.

—**Striking, Endangers Friends.**

Arch. * * Like an offensive wife,
 That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes;
 As he is striking, holds his infant up,
 And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm
 That was uprear'd to execution.

H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 1. 797.

—**Their Destruction.**

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast
 of enemies, than a dinner of friends.

Alcib. So they were bleeding-new, my
 lord, there's no meat like them; I could
 wish my best friend at such a feast.

T. A., I: 2. 1291.

—**Torments They Deserve.**

Pro. * *
 Go, charge my goblins that they grind their
 joints
 With dry convulsions; shorten up their
 sinews
 With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted
 make them,
 Than pard or cat o' mountain.

T., IV: 1. 29.

ENEMY.—A Dangerous.

Nor. 'Like it your grace,
 The state takes notice of the private differ-
 ence
 Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you,
 (And take it from a heart that wishes to-
 wards you

Honour and plenteous safety,) that you
 read
 The cardinal's malice and his potency
 Together: to consider further, that
 What his high hatred would effect, wants
 not
 A minister in his power: You know his na-
 ture,
 That he's revengeful; and I know, his
 sword
 Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and, it may
 be said,
 It reaches far; and where't will not extend,
 Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
 You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes
 that rock,
 That I advise your shunning.

H. VIII., I: 1. 1058.

—**Forbearance towards.**

Boling. Carlisle, this is your doom:
 Choose out some secret place, some rever-
 end room,
 More than thou hast, and with it joy thy
 life;
 So, as thou liv'st in peace, die free from
 strife:
 For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
 High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

R. II., V: 6. 717.

ENGLAND.—Disgraced.

Gaunt. * *
 This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
 This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
 This other Eden, demi-paradise;
 This fortress, built by nature for herself,
 Against infection, and the hand of war;
 This happy breed of men, this little world;
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,
 Which serves it in the office of a wall,
 Or as a moat defensive to a house,
 Against the envy of less happier lands;
 This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this
 England,
 This nurse, this teeming womb of royal
 kings,
 Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their
 birth,
 Renowned for their deeds as far from home.

* *

This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,
 Dear for her reputation through the world,
 Is now leas'd out (I die pronouncing it,) Like to a tenement, or pelting farm :
 England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
 Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
 Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
 With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds ;
 That England, that was wont to conquer others,
 Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.

R. II., II : 1. 692.

—**Frenchman's Contempt of.**

*Bour. * **

Mort de ma vie ! if they march along
 Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,
 To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm
 In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.

H. V., III : 5. 835.

—**Its Insularity.**

*Aust. * ** That pale, that white-fac'd shore,
 Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,

And coops from other lands her islanders,
 Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main,
 That water-walled bulwark, still secure
 And confident from foreign purposes,
 Even till that utmost corner of the west
 Salute thee for her king.

K. J., II : 1. 649.

ENGLISH.—Their Persistence.

Alen. Froissard, a countryman of ours,
 records

England all Olivers and Rowlands bred,
 During the time Edward the Third did reign.
 More truly now may this be verified ;
 For none but Samsons, and Goliasses,
 It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten !
 Lean raw-bon'd rascals ! who would e'er suppose
 They had such courage and audacity ?

Char. Let's leave this town ; for they
 are hair-brain'd slaves,

And hunger will enforce them to be more eager :

Of old I know them ; rather with their teeth
 The walls they 'll tear down, than forsake the siege.

Reig. I think, by some odd gimmals, or device

Their arms are set, like clocks, still to strike on ;

Else ne'er could they hold out so, as they do.

By my consent, we 'll e'en let them alone.

H. VI., 1 pt., I : 2. 866.

ENGLISHMEN.—Whence Their Valor. (See Courage.)

Con. Dieu de batailles ! where have they this mettle ?

Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull ?
 On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
 Killing their fruit with frowns ? Can sodden water,

A drench for sur-rein'd jades, their barley broth,

Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat ?

And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,

Seem frosty ?

H. V., III : 5. 835.

ENMITIES.—Lesser, Swallowed.

Pom. I know not, Menas,

How lesser enmities may give way to greater.

Were 't not that we stand up against them all,

'T were pregnant they should square between themselves ;

For they have entertained cause enough
 To draw their swords : but how the fear of us

May cement their divisions, and bind up
 The petty difference, we yet not know.

A. C., II : 1. 1547.

ENNUI.—A King's.

Lew. There 's nothing in this world can inake me joy :

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
 Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.

K. J., III : 4. 663.

—Its Language.

Ham. * *

How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on 't! O fie! 't is an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank, and gross
in nature,
Possess it merely.

H., I: 2. 1395.**ENTERPRISES.—Dangerous.***Bel.* No single soul

Can we set eye on; but in all safe reason
He must have some attendants. Though
his humour

Was nothing but mutation,—ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse,—not frenzy,
not

Absolute madness could so far have rav'd,
To bring him here alone: although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court, that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in
time

May make some stronger head; the which
he hearing,

(As it is like him,) might break out, and
swear

He 'd fetch us in; yet is 't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering: then, on good ground
we fear,

If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

Cym., IV: 2. 1616.**ENTHUSIASM.—Great Events Excite.**

Hot. * *. O! the blood more stirs,
To rouse a lion, than to start a hare.

H. IV., 1 pt., I: 3. 732.**ENVY.—A Monster.***Gow.* * *

That monster envy, oft the wreck
Of earned praise.

P., IV: 2. 1659.

—Cause of Grumbling.

Ther. Thou grumblest and raillest every
hour on Achilles; and thou art as full of
envy at his greatness, as Cerberus is at
Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou barkest
at him.

T. C., II: 1. 1112.

—Embitters.

Adam. * *

O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

A. Y., II: 3. 415.

—Has a Memory.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you,
Brutus,

As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.—
I cannot tell, what you and other men
Think of this life: but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.

I was born free as Cæsar: so were you:
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.

For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tyber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius,
now

Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?" Upon the
word,

Accouter'd as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink."
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoul-
der

The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves
of Tyber

Did I the tired Cæsar: And this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his
body,

If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 't is true, this god did
shake:

His coward lips did from their colour fly;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe
the world,

Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the
Romans

Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,

Alas! it cried, "Give me some drink, Tinius."

As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone.

J. C., I: 2. 1324.

—Its Bitterness.

Orl. * * But, O, how bitter a thing it
is to look into happiness through another
man's eyes!

A. Y., V: 2. 434.

Var. Serv. * * Who can speak broader
than he that has no house to put his head
in? such may rail against great buildings.

T. A., III: 4. 1300.

—National.

Fr. King, Take her, fair son; and from
her blood raise up
Issue to me: that the contending kingdoms
Of France and England, whose very shores
look pale
With envy of each other's happiness.

H. V., V: 2. 856.

—Of Beauty.

Iago. * *
He hath a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me ugly.

O., V: 1. 1526

—Sharper than Steel.

Gra. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul,
harsh Jew.
Thou mak'st thy knife keen; but no metal
can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the
keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce
thee?

M. V., IV: 1. 383.

—Sometimes Noble.

Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to 't.
I sin in envying his nobility:
And were I anything but what I am,
I would wish me only he.

C., I: 1. 1152.

—Weeded Out.

Auf. O Marcius, Maricus,
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded
from my heart
A root of ancient envy.

C., IV: 5. 1181.

—Wishes Death.

Sat. Romans, do me right;—
Patricians, draw your swords, and sheath
them not
Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor:—
Andronicus, 'would thou wert shipp'd to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

Tit. And., I: 2. 1203.

EPILEPSY.

Iago. My lord is fallen into an epilepsy;
This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.

Cas. Rub him about the temples.

Iago. No, forbear:
The lethargy must have his quiet course:
If not, he foams at mouth; and, by and by,
Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he
stirs:

Do you withdraw yourself a little while,
He will recover straight.

O., IV: 1. 1518.

EPITAPH.—A Cynic's.

Sold. My noble general, Timon is dead;
Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea:
And, on his grave-stone, this insculpture;
which
With wax I brought away, whose soft im-
pression
Interprets for my poor ignorance.

Alcib. [*Reads.*]
Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft:
Seek not my name: A plague consume you wicked
caitiffs left!
Here lie I Timon; who, alive, all living men did
hate:
Pass by, and curse thy fill; but pass, and stay not
here thy gait.

T. A., V: 5. 1316.

—Claudio's.

Claud. [*Reads.*]
"Done to death by slanderous tongues
Was the Hero that here lies:
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies:
So the life that died with shame
Lives in death with glorious fame.
Hang thou there upon the tomb,
Praising her when I am dumb."

M. A., V: 3. 254.

EPITHETS.—Abundant.

Hel. * *

His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
His faith, his sweet disaster: with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,
That blinking Cupid gossips.

A. W., I: 1. 497.

—Varied.

Nath. True, master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least.

L. L., IV: 2. 285.

EQUALITY.—Inevitable.

Gvi. Thersites' body is as good as Ajax, When neither are alive.

Cym., IV: 2. 1618.

K. Hen. No; nor it is not meet he should. For, though I speak it to you, I think, the king is but a man, as I am: the violet smells to him, as it doth to me; the element shows to him, as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions; his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing.

H. V., IV: 1. 841.

EQUIVOCATOR.—Requires Care.

Ham. How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us.

H., V: 1. 1430.

—Taunted.

Port. * * Faith, here 's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale.

M., II: 3. 1365.

ERROR.—Fatal.

Mes. * *

O hateful error, melancholy's child!
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, soon
conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth.

J. C., V: 3. 1350.

—Supported by Text.

Bass. * * In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow

Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?

M. V., III: 2. 377.

ESSENTIALS.—First, Details Next.

Leon. Come, friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

M. A., IV: 1. 244.

EUPHEMISM.—Commended.

Shal. * * Good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated!—it comes from *accommodo*: very good; a good phrase.

Bard. Pardon me, sir; I have heard the word. Phrase, call you it? By this good day, I know not the phrase: but I will maintain the word with my sword to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command. Accommodated: That is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated: or, when a man is,—being,—whereby,—he may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.

H. IV., 2 pt., III: 2. 791.

—For Crimes.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us, that are squires of the night's body, be called thieves of the day's beauty; let us be—Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon: And let men say, we be men of good government; being governed as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we—steal.

P. Hen. Thou say'st well; and it holds well too: for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the sea; being governed as the sea is, by the moon.

H. IV., 1 pt., I: 2. 728.

—For Illegitimacy.

Glo. * * Had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed.

K. L., I: 1. 1443.

EVASION.—Safety Sought in.

Wor. * *

For, well you know, we of the offering side
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement;
And stop all sight holes, every loop, from
whence

The eye of reason may pry in upon us.

H. IV., 1 pt., IV: 1. 752.

—Worn Out.

Clo. * * "O Lord, sir:" I see things
may serve long, but not serve ever.

A. W., II: 2. 505.

EVENING.—Described.

1 Mur. * *

The west yet glimmers with some streaks
of day:

Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn.

M., III: 3. 1371

EVENTS.—Those Who Make Them.

Cæs. * * High events as these

Strike those that make them: and their
story is

No less in pity, than his glory, which
Brought them to be lamented.

A. C., V: 2. 1582.

—Unnatural.

Alon. These are not natural events;
they strengthen

From strange to stranger.

T., V: 1. 33.

—Worthy of a Holiday.

K. Phi. * *

To solemnize this day, the glorious sun
Stays in his course, and plays the alche-
mist;

Turning, with splendour of his precious
eye,

The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold:
The yearly course, that brings this day
about,

Shall never see it but a holiday.

K. J., III: 1. 657.

EVIDENCE.—Circumstantial.

Sal. If that it be the work of any
hand?—

We had a kind of light, what would ensue:
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand.

K. J., IV: 3. 669.

EVIL.—Aggravated by Words.

Hero. * * One doth not know

How much an ill word may empoison liking.

M. A., III: 1. 238.

—Doubled.

Luc. * *

Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.

C. E., III: 2. 201.

—Enduring.

Ant. * *

The evil, that men do, lives after them.

J. C., III: 2. 1339.

—Good in.

K. Hen. * * God Almighty!

There is some soul of goodness in things
evil,

Would men observingly distil it out;

For our bad neighbour makes us early stir-
rers,

Which is both healthful and good husbandry:
Besides, they are our outward consciences,
And preachers to us all; admonishing
That we should dress us fairly for our end.
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himself.

H. V., IV: 1. 840.

—Its Loss never Bewailed.

Luc. * *

No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.

C. E., IV: 2. 205.

—Out of Good.

Pro. * * And my trust.

Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood, in its contrary as great
As my trust was.

T., I: 2. 9.

—Proclivity to.

Clau. * * Our natures do pursue
(Like rats that ravin down their proper
bane)

A thirsty evil; and when we drink, we die.

M. M., I: 2. 145.

—Worst in Woman.

Alb. See thyself, devil!

Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid, as in woman.

K. L., IV: 2. 1472.

EVILS.—But Little Choice of.

Fal. To wake a wolf, is as bad as to
smell a fox.

H. IV., 2 pt., I: 2. 777.

—Departing.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong
disease,

Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest; evils, that take leave,

On their departure most of all show evil :
What have you lost by losing of this day ?

K. J., III: 4. 663.

—Great, Their Remedies.

Gar. Which reformation must be sudden too,
My noble lords: for those, that tame wild horses,
Pace them not in their hands to make them gentle;
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur them,
Till they obey the manage. If we suffer (Out of our easiness, and childish pity To one man's honour) this contagious sickness,
Farewell all physic: And what follows then?
Commutations, uproars, with a general taint Of the whole state: as, of late days, our neighbours,
The upper Germany, can dearly witness, Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

H. VIII., V: 2. 1090.

—Lesser, not Thought of.

Leear. Thou think'st 't is much, that this contentious storm
Invades us to the skin: so 't is to thee;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thoud'st shun a bear;
But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea,
Thoud'st meet the bear i' the mouth. When the mind's free,
The body's delicate; the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beats there. —Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,
For lifting food to 't?—But I will punish home:—
No, I will weep no more. —In such a night To shut me out!—Pour on; I will endure:
In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!—
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all,—
O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;
No more of that.

K. L., III: 4. 1464.

—Unavoidable.

Cas. I did not think, you could have been so angry.

Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,

If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better:—
Portia is dead.

Cas. Ha! Portia?

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How scap'd I killing, when I cross'd you so?—

O insupportable and touching loss!

J. C., IV: 3. 1345.

EXAGGERATION.—Bombastic.

Pol. * * And therefore, like a cipher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply,
With one we-thank-you, many thousands more
That go before it.

W. T., I: 2. 581.

Sold. * *

If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks.

M., I: 1. 1357.

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scap'd by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four, through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!

* *

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for: for I have peppered two of them: two, I am sure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward;—here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,—

P. Hen. What, four? thou said'st but two, even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Hen. Seven? why, there were but four even now.

Fal. In buckram?

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

P. Hen. Pr'ythee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Hen. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of, —

P. Hen. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken, —

Poins. Down fell their hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground: but I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and, with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid.

P. Hen. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

H. IV., 1 pt., II: 4. 740.

—Of Grief.

Fath. How will my wife, for slaughter of my son,
Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfied!

H. VI., 3 pt., II: 5. 968.

EXAMPLE.—Bad, in War.

Post. * *

But by example, (O, a sin in war
Damn'd in the first beginners!) 'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o' the hunters.

Cym., V: 3. 1622.

—Followed.

1 *Goth.* * *

Be bold in us: we'll follow where thou
lead'st, —

Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flower'd fields.

Tit. And., V: 1. 1225.

—Influence of.

Fal. I'll follow you, good master Robert Shallow. Bardolph, look to our horses. If I were sawed into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermit's-staves as master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his: They, by observing him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice-like serving-man; their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society, that they flock together in consent, like so many wild-geese. If I had

a suit to master Shallow, I would humour his men, with the imputation of being near their master: if to his men, I would curry with master Shallow, that no man could better command his servants. It is certain, that either wise bearing, or ignorant carriage, is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore, let men take heed of their company.

H. IV., 2 pt., V: 1. 805.

Ham. * *

Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother.

H., III: 4. 1419.

—Inspires.

Bast. * *

Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threat'ner, and outface the
brow

Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the
great,

Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.

Away; and glisten like the god of war,
When he intendeth to become the field.

K. J., V: 1. 671.

EXCELLENCE.—Incomparable.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in
all,

I shall not look upon his like again.

H., I: 2. 1395.

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and
your lord,
(The best feather of our wing.)

Cym., I: 7. 1598.

—Of Character.

Mer. A most incomparable man; breath'd
as it were,

To an untirable and continue goodness.

T. A., I: 1. 1286.

EXCELLENCY.—It Paragons Description.

Cas. Most fortunately: he hath achiev'd
a maid

That paragons description, and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning
pens,

And in the essential vesture of creation,
Does bear all excellency.

O., II: 1. 1500.

EXCELSIOR.—Sign of Nobleness.

Glo. My lord, 't is but a base ignoble
mind
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.
H. VI., 2 pt., II: 1. 915.

Glo. And fearless minds climb soonest
unto crowns.
H. VI., 3 pt., V: 7. 984.

EXCESS.

King. * *
For goodness, growing to a pleurisy,
Dies in his own too-much.
H., IV: 7. 1428.

—Dangerous.

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon
him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night
already,
He 'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog.
O., II: 3. 1504.

—Ridiculous.

Sal. * *
To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to
garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.
K. J., IV: 2. 665.

Claud. * *
So every scope, by the immoderate use,
Turns to restraint.
M. M., I: 2. 145.

EXCUSE.—Early Found.

Bru. * * And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these, and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would as his kind grow
mischievous;
And kill him in the shell.
J. C., II: 1. 1329.

EXCUSES.—How Patched.

Cæs. You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgment to me; but
You patch'd up your excuses.
A. C., II: 2. 1548.

—Vain When all are Dead.

The. No epilogue, I pray you; for your
play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for
when the players are all dead, there need
none to be blamed.
M. N., V: 1. 345.

EXPECTATION.—Alive and Eager.

3 Gent. * *
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.
O., II: 1. 1500.

—Bewildering Power.

Tro. * * I do fear besides,
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.
T. C., III: 2. 1121.

EXPECTATIONS.—False.

Biron. Allons! Allons! -- Sow'd cockle,
reap'd no corn;
And justice always whirls in equal measure.
L. L., IV: 3. 291.

—Impatient.

The. * * She lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.
M. N., I: 1. 321.

—Unfounded.

Bard. * * A cause on foot
Lives so in hope, as in an early spring
We see the appearing buds; which, to prove
fruit,
Hope gives not so much warrant, as de-
spair
That frosts will bite them. When we mean
to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the
model;
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection:
Which if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then, but draw anew the model
In fewer offices; or, at least, desist

To build at all? Much more in this great work,
(Which is, almost, to pluck a kingdom down,
And set another up,) should we survey
The plot of situation, and the model;
Consent upon a sure foundation;
Question surveyors; know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo,
To weigh against his opposite; or else,
We fortify in paper, and in figures,
Using the names of men, instead of men:
Like one that draws the model of a house
Beyond his power to build it, who, half
through,
Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost
A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

H. IV., 2 pt., I: 3. 779.

—Why Hidden.

*King Hen. * **

For now sits Expectation in the air;
And hides a sword, from hilts unto the point.

H. V., II: C. 824.

EXPEDIENTS.—Base.

*Isab. * **

Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances.

M. M., III: 1. 157.

—Fertility in.

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there
is two things; that is, to bring the moon-
light into a chamber: for you know Pyra-
mus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

Snug. Doth the moon shine that night
we play our play?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! look in
the almanac; find out moonshine, find out
moonshine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why, then may you leave a case-
ment of the great chamber-window, where
we play, open; and the moon may shine in
at the casement.

Quin. Ay; or else one must come in
with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say,
he comes to disfigure, or to present, the
person of moonshine. Then there is another
thing: we must have a wall in the great
chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says
the story, did talk through the chink of a
wall.

Snug. You can never bring in a wall.—
What say you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other must present
wall: and let him have some plaster, or
some loam, or some rough-cast about him,
to signify wall: or let him hold his fingers
thus, and through that cranny shall Pyra-
mus and Thisby whisper.

M. N., III: 1. 330.

—In Extremity.

Mar. Sit down, sweet niece;—brother,
sit down by me.—

Apollo, Palas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me, that I may this treason find!—
My lord, look here;—Look here, Lavinia:
This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou
canst,

This after me, when I have writ my name
Without the help of any hand at all.

Tit. And., IV: 1. 1219.

EXPERIENCE.—A Costly Jewel.

*Ford. * ** Unless experience be a
jewel; that I have purchased at an infinite
rate.

M. W., II: 2. 99.

—Disproves Report.

*Imo. * **

Experience, O, thou disprov'st report!
The imperious seas breed monsters; for the
dish,
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.

Cym., IV: 2. 1615.

—Perfected by Time.

*Ant. * **

Experience is by industry achiev'd,
And perfected by the swift course of time.

T. G., I: 3. 51.

EXPLANATION.—Offered.

*Des. * **

To my unfolding lend a gracious ear;
And let me find a charter in your voice,
To assist my simpleness.

O., I: 3. 1497.

EXPOSTULATION.—From those We Love.

Const. If thou, that bidd'st me be con-
tent, wert grim,
Ugly, and sland'rous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots, and sightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,

Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending
marks,
I would not care, I then would be content;
For then I should not love thee; no, nor
thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a
crown.

K. J., III: 1. 657.

EXPULSION.—Ignominious.

Ant. * * I cannot tell, good sir, for
which of his virtues it was, but he was cer-
tainly whipped out of the court.

W. T., IV: 2. 600.

**EXTENUATION.—Sometimes Aggra-
vates.**

Pem. * *

And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault,
Doth make the fault the worse by the ex-
cuse;
As patches, set upon a little breach,
Discredit more in hiding of the fault,
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

K. J., IV: 2. 666.

Isab. O, pardon me, my lord; it oft falls
out

To have what we would have, we speak not
what we mean:

I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.

M. M., II: 4. 155.

EXTERMINATION.—Utter.

Char. For prisoners ask'st thou? hell
our prison is.

H. VJ., 1 pt., IV: 7. 890.

**EXTRAVAGANCE.—In Rulers Worse
than War.**

Willo. And daily new exactions are de-
vis'd;

As blanks, benevolences, and I wot not
what:

But what, o' God's name, doth become of
this?

North. Wars have not wasted it, for
warr'd he hath not,

But basely yielded upon compromise
That which his ancestors achiev'd with
blows:

More hath he spent in peace, than they in
wars.

R. II., II: 1. 695.

—Must be Checked.

Flav. No care, no stop! so senseless of
expense,

That he will neither know how to maintain
it,

Nor cease his flow of riot: Takes no ac-
count

How things go from him; no reserve, no
care

Of what is to continue: Never mind

Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.

What shall be done? He will not hear, till
feel:

I must be round with him, now he comes
from hunting.

T. A., II: 2. 1294.

—Of a Lover.

Dem. O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect,
divine!

To what, my love, shall I compare thine
eyne?

Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show

Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting
grow!

That pure congealed white, high Taurus'
snow,

Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a
crow,

When thou hold'st up thy hand. O, let me
kiss

This princess of pure white, this seal of
bliss!

M. N., III: 2. 334.

**EXTREMITIES.—Presage of Deliver-
ance.**

North. Not so; even through the hol-
low eyes of death,

I spy life peering; but I dare not say
How near the tidings of our comfort is.

Willo. Nay, let us share thy thoughts,
as thou dost ours.

Ross. Be confident to speak, Northum-
berland:

We three are but thyself; and, speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts; therefore,
be bold.

North. * *

Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd
crown,

Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's
guilt,

And make high majesty look like itself,
Away, with me, in post to Ravenspurg:
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay, and be secret, and myself will go.

R. II., II: 1. 695.

—Should Blend Policy with Honor

Vol. You are too absolute;
Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak. I have heard
you say,
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I' the war do grow together: Grant that,
and tell me,
In peace, what each of them by th' other
lose,
That they combine not there.

* *
If it be honour, in your wars, to seem
The same you are not, (which, for your
best ends
You adopt your policy,) how is it less, or
worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war; since that to both
It stands in like request?

C., III: 2. 1173.

EXTREMITY.—Demands Courage.

Q. Mar. * *

What though the mast be now blown over-
board,
The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?
Yet lives our pilot still: Is 't meet, that he
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful
lad,
With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
And give more strength to that which hath
too much?

H. VI., 3 pt., V: 4. 989.

—Frantic Ravings in.

K. Rich. A horse! a horse! my king-
dom for a horse!

Cate. Withdraw, my lord, I'll help you
to a horse.

K. Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon
a cast,

And I will stand the hazard of the die:
I think, there be six Richmonds in the field;
Five have I slain to-day, instead of him:—
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

R. III., V: 4. 1047.

—Help in, Implored.

Mart. * *

O brother, help me with thy fainting hand,—
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,—
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

Tit. And., II: 4. 1212.

—Its Resources.

Q. Mar. * *

Say, Warwick was our anchor: What of
that?
And Montague our top-mast: What of him?
Our slaughter'd friends the tackles: What
of these?

Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?
And Somerset another goodly mast?
The friends of France our shrouds and tack-
lings?

And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?

H. VI., 3 pt., V: 4. 989.

Tit. * *

For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea;
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by
wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.

Tit. And., III: 1. 1215.

—Seldom Reached.

Old Man. 'T is poor mad Tom.

Edg. And worse I may be yet: The
worst is not,

So long as we can say, "This is the worst."

K. L., IV: 1. 1471.

—The True Test.

Cor. Come, leave your tears; a brief
farewell:—the beast

With many heads butts me away—Nay,
mother,

Where is your ancient courage? you were
us'd

To say, extremity was the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could
bear;

That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating: fortune's
blows,

When most struck home, being gentle-minded, craves

A noble cunning : you were us'd to load me
With precepts, that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

C., IV : 1. 1177.

EYE.—A Leering.

Biron. * *

You leer upon me, do you? there 's an eye,
Wounds like a leaden sword.

L. L., V : 2. 299.

—All the Senses in.

Boyet. Why, all his behaviours do make
their retire

To the court of his eye, peeping thorough
desire :

His heart, like an agate, with your print
impressed,

Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed :

His tongue, all impatient to speak and not
see,

Did stumble with haste in his eye-sight to
be ;

All senses to that sense did make their re-
pair,

To feel only looking on fairest of fair :

Methought all his senses were lock'd in his
eye,

As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy ;
Who, tend'ring their own worth, from
whence they were glass'd,

Did point out to buy them, along as you
pass'd.

L. L., II : 1. 279.

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of
thine eyes

I see thy grieved heart.

R. II., I : 3. 690.

—Emulating a Diamond.

Fal. Let the court of France show me
such another. I see how thine eye would
emulate the diamond.

M. W., III : 3. 105.

—Its Power.

Iago. What an eye she has ! methinks it
sounds a parley of provocation.

Cas. An inviting eye ; and yet methinks
right modest.

Iago. And, when she speaks, is it not an
alarm to love?

O., II : 3. 1504.

—Its Power not Known.

Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses.

The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To others' eyes : nor doth the eye itself
(That most pure spirit of sense) behold it-
self,

Not going from itself ; but eye to eye op-
pos'd

Salutes each other with each other's form.

For speculation turns not to itself,

Till it hath travell'd, and is mirror'd there

Where it may see itself : this is not strange
at all.

T. C., III : 3. 1124.

—More Perilous than Sword.

Rom. Alack ! there lies more peril in
thine eye,

Than twenty of their swords ; look thou but
sweet,

And I am proof against their enmity.

R. J., II : 2. 1251.

EYEBROWS.—Blue.

Mam. * *

What colour are your eyebrows?

1 *Lady.* Blue, my lord.

Mam. Nay, that's a mock ; I have seen
a lady's nose

That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.

W. T., II : 1. 587.

EYES.—A Sign of Rage.

Suf. * *

Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten
flint.

H. VI., 2pt., III : 2. 930.

—And Ears.

Hect. * *

My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous
shores

Of will and judgment.

T. C., II : 2. 1114.

—Closed with Tears.

Fal. * *

For tears do stop the flood-gate of her eyes.

H. IV., 1 pt., II : 4. 742.

—Dimmed in Death.

War. * *

These eyes, that now are dimm'd with
death's black veil,
Have been as piercing as the mid day-sun,
To search the secret treasons of the world.

H. VI., 3 pt., V: 2. 988.

—Evil.

Pol.

How caught of me?

Make me not sighted like the basilisk.

W. T., I: 2. 585.

—Fiery.

Q. Mar. * *

Edward and Richard, like a brace of grey-
hounds
Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful
hands,
Are at our backs; and therefore hence
amain.

H. VI., 3 pt., II: 5. 969.

—Green.

This. * *

His eyes were green as leeks.

M. N., V: 1. 345.

—Killing.

K. Hen. * * Come, basilisk,

And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight.

H. VI., 1 pt., III: 2. 927.

—Made to Look.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look,
and let them gaze;

I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

R. J., III: 1. 1259.

—More than the Tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace
of tongues

Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not,
Hubert!

Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes; O, spare mine
eyes;

Though to no use, but still to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

K. J., IV: 1. 665.

—Of Fire.

Mowb. * *

Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights
of steel,
And the loud trumpet blowing them to-
gether.

H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 1796.

—Red.

Bast. * *

(With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,)

K. J., IV: 2. 667.

—Their Power.

Ham. * *

An eye like Mars, to threaten and com-
mand.

H., III: 4. 1419.*Men.* * *

He is able to pierce a corslet with his eye.

C., V: 5. 1191.*Hel.* * *

Your eyes are load-stars.

M. N., I: 1. 323.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner;
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me, there is murther in mine
eye;
'T is pretty sure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest
things,

Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, mur-
therers!

Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them
kill thee;

Now counterfeit to swound; why, now fall
down;

Or, if thou can'st not, O, for shame, for
shame!

Lie not, to say mine eyes are murtherers.
Now show the wound mine eye hath made
in thee:

Scratch thee but with a pin, and there re-
mains

Some scar of it; lean upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps; but now
mine eyes,

Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

A. Y., III: 5. 427.

—Waxing Dim.

Mor. * *

These eyes, — like lamps whose wasting oil
is spent, —

Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent:

Weak shoulders, overborne with burd'ning
grief;

And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine
That droops his sapless branches to the
ground.

H. VI., 1 pt., II: 5. 876.

—Woman's.

Biron. * *

Now, for not looking on a woman's face,

You have in that forsworn the use of eyes;
And study too, the causer of your vow:
For where is any author in the world,
Teaches such learning as a woman's eye?
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,
And where we are, our learning likewise is.
Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,
With ourselves

Do we not likewise see our learning there?

* *

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle till the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain, and nourish all the
world;

Else, none at all in aught proves excellent:
Then fools you were these women to for-
swear.

L. L., IV: 3. 290.

F

FACE.

Lady M. * *

Your face, my thane, is as a book, where
men

May read strange matters.

M., I: 5. 1361.

—A February.

D. Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick:

Why, what's the matter,

That you have such a February face,

So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness?

M. A., V: 4. 255.

—A Good.

K. Hen. * *

Ah, uncle Humphrey! in thy face I see

The map of honour, truth, and loyalty.

H. VI., 2 pt., III: 1. 924.

—A Hairy.

Bot. * * I must to the barber's, mon-
sieur; for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy
about the face; and I am such a tender ass,
if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

M. N., IV: 1. 338.

—A Red.

Fal. * * If thou wert any way given
to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my
oath should be, By this fire: but thou art
altogether given over; and wert indeed, but
for the light in thy face, the son of utter
darkness. When thou ran'st up, Gads-hill
in the night to catch my horse, if I did not
think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus*, or a
ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in
money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph,
an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast
saved me a thousand marks in links and
torches, walking with thee in the night be-
twixt tavern and tavern: but the sack that
thou hast drunk me, would have bought me
lights as good cheap, at the dearest chand-
ler's in Europe. I have maintained that sala-
mander of yours with fire, any time this
two-and-thirty years: Heaven reward me
for it!

H. IV., 1 pt., III: 3. 249.

—A Tell-Tale.

Des. * *

For, if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face.

O., III: 3. 1510.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a
title-leaf,
Foretels the nature of a tragic volume :
So looks the strand, whereon the imperious
flood
Hath left a witness'd usurpation.

H. IV., 2 pt., I: 1. 774.

—An Index to the Mind.

North. * * . And the whiteness in thy
cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.

H. IV., 2 pt., I: 1. 774.

Dun. There 's no art,
To find the mind's construction in the face :
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.

M., I: 4. 1360.

—Cannot Express Great Sorrow.

K. Rich. * *
Give me that glass, and therein will I read.
No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow
struck

So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds?—O, flatter-
ing glass,

Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me! Was this face the
face,

That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men? Was this the
face,

That, like the sun, did make beholders
wink?

Was this the face, that fac'd so many follies,
And was at last out-fac'd by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory shineth in this face :

As brittle as the glory is the face ;

[*Dashes the Glass against the ground.*

For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers.
Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport, —
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my
face.

Boling. The shadow of your sorrow
hath destroy'd
The shadow of your face.

K. Rich. Say that again.
The shadow of my sorrow? Ha! let 's see ;
'T is very true, my grief lies all within ;
And these external manners of lament

Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,
That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul ;
There lies the substance ; and I thank thee,
king,

For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause.

R. II., IV: 1. 710.

—Hides Wrong Doing.

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show :
False face must hide what the false heart
doth know.

M., I: 7. 1363

—Its Value.

Bast. Brother, take you my land, I'll
take my chance :
Your face hath got five hundred pounds a
year.

K. J., I: 1. 648.

FACES.—Of Criminals.

Macb. * *
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo ;
Present him eminence, both with eye and
tongue :

Unsafe the while, that we
Must lave our honours in these flattering
streams ;

And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.

M., III: 2. 1370.

—Women's, False.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatso-
e'er their hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman
has a true face.

A. C., II: 6. 1555.

FAILURE.—No Ground for Distrust.

Char. We have been guided by thee
hitherto,

And of thy cunning had no diffidence ;
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

H. VI., 1 pt., III: 3. 882.

—Sweeping.

Bass. * *
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one
hit?

From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?
And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

M. V., III: 2. 379.

FAIRIES.—Laid under Tribute.

Tita. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks, and dewberries;
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
The honey bags steal from the humble-bees,
And, for night-tapers, crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed, and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes:
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

M. N., III: 1. 332.

—Their Business.

Pro. Thou dost! and think'st it much to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep;
To run upon the sharp wind of the north;
To do me business in the veins o' th' earth,
When it is bak'd with frost.

T., I: 2. 11.

—Their Homes.

Ari. Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry;
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily:
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

T., V: 1. 31.

—Their Vocation.

Anne. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white,
You moonshine revellers, and shades of night,
You orphan heirs of fixed destiny,
Attend your office and your quality.
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy oyes.

Pist. Elves, list your names; silence,
you airy toys.

Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap:

Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, and hearths unswept,

There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry:
Our radiant queen hates sluts and sluttery.

Fal. They are fairies; he that speaks to them shall die:

I'll wink and couch: no man their works must eye.

Eva. Where's Bead?—Go you, and where you find a maid,

That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said,

Raise up the organs of her fantasy,
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy;
But those as sleep and think not on their sins,

Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins.

Anne. About, about;
Search Windsor-castle, elves, within and out:

Strew good luck, ouphes, on every sacred room;

That it may stand till the perpetual doom,
In state as wholesome, as in state 't is fit;
Worthy the owner, and the owner it.

The several chairs of order look you scour
With juice of balm, and every precious flower:

Each fair instalment, coat, and sev'ral crest,
With loyal blazon evermore be bless'd!
And nightly, meadow-fairies, look, you sing,
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring:
Th' expressure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;
And, *Hony soit qui mal y pense*, write,
In emrold tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white:

Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee:

Fairies use flowers for their charactery.

M. W., V: 5. 113.

—Their Wanderings.

Puck. How now, spirit! whither wander you?

Fai. Over hill, over dale,

Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green:
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours:

I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewell, thou lob of spirits; I'll be gone;
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

M. N., I: 2. 325.

FAIRY.—A Mischievous One.

Fai. * * Are you not he,
That frights the maidens of the villagere;—
Skim milk; and sometimes labour in the
quern;
And bootless make the breathless housewife
churn;
And sometime make the drink to bear no
barm;
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their
harm?
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet
Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good
luck:

Are you not he?

Puck. Thou speak'st aright;
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal:
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab;
And, when she drinks, against her lips I
bob,

And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale.
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she;
And "Tailor" cries, and falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold their hips and
loffe,
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and
swear

A merrier hour was never wasted there.

M. N., II: 1. 325.

FAITH.—Broken, Ground of Distrust.

Q. Eliz. * *

But, to prevent the tyrant's violence,
(For trust not him that hath once broken
faith,)

I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,
To save at least the heir of Edward's right;
There shall I rest secure from force, and
fraud.

H. VI., 3 pt., IV: 4. 982.

—Inviolable.

Flo. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith: And then
Let nature crush the sides o' the earth to-
gether,
And mar the seeds within!

W. T., IV: 3. 636.

—Relation to Need.

Const. O, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle,—
That faith would live again by death of
need;
O, then, tread down my need, and faith
mounts up;
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden
down.

K. J., III: 1. 659.

FAITHLESS.—Not to be Trusted.

Ther. That same Diomed's a false-
hearted rogue, a most unjust knave; I
will no more trust him when he leers, than
I will a serpent when he hisses: he will
spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabler
the hound; but when he performs, astron-
omers foretell it: it is prodigious, there will
come some change; the sun borrows of the
moon, when Diomed keeps his word.

T. C., V: 1. 1136.

FALLS.—Some Fortunate.

Luc. * * Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes;
Some falls are means the happier to arise.

Cym., IV: 2. 1619.

FALSEHOOD.—Cured by Falsehood.

Pand. * *

And falsehood falsehood cures; as fire cools
fire,
Within the scorched veins of one new
burn'd.

K. J., III: 1. 659.

—Defending.

War. Can Oxford, that did ever 'fence
the right,
Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?

H. VI., 3 pt., III: 3. 976.

—Shameless.

Leon. * * As you were past all shame,
(Those of your fact are so,) so past all
truth.

W. T., III: 2. 594.

—The Heart of.

Cres. * * When they have said—as
false

As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son;
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of
falsehood,
As false as Cressid.

T. C., III: 3. 1123.

—Used as Bait.

Pol. * * Look you, sir,
Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris;
And how, and who, what means, and where
they keep.

What company, at what expense; and find-
ing,

By this encompassment and drift of ques-
tion,

That they do know my son, come you more
nearer

Than your particular demands will touch it:
Take you, as 't were, some distant knowl-
edge of him;

As thus,—“I know his father, and his
friends,

And, in part, him.” * *

“And, in part him;—but,” you may say,
“not well:

But, if 't be he I mean, he's very wild;
Addicted so and so;”—and there put on
him

What forgeries you please; marry, none so
rank

As may dishonour him; take heed of that;
But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.

* * But breathe his faults so quaintly,
That they may seem the taints of liberty,

The flash and out-break of a fiery mind;
A savageness in unreclaimed blood,
Of general assault.

* *

Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of
truth:

And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlaces, and with assays of bias,
By indirections find directions out.

H., II: 1. 1401.

—With Goodly Outside.

Ant. * *

A goodly apple rotten at the heart;
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

M. V., I: 3. 366.

FAME.—Date Outlived.

Tit. * *

Lavinia, live; outlive thy father's days,
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise!

Tit. And., I: 2. 1203.

—Deeds Worthy of.

Fal. * * To the which course if I be
enforced, if you do not all show like guilt
two-pences to me; and I, in the clear sky
of fame, o'ershine you as much as the full
moon doth the cinders of the element.

H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 3. 799.

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy
day's work,

Thou 'lt not believe thy deeds; but I'll re-
port it,

Where senators shall mingle tears with
smiles;

Where great patricians shall attend, and
shrug,

I' the end, admire; where ladies shall be
frighted,

And, gladly quak'd, hear more; where the
dull Tribunes,

That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine
honours.

Shall say, against their hearts,—“We thank
the gods,

Our Rome hath such a soldier!”

C., I: 9. 1158.

—Demands no Tears.

All. * *

He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

Tit. And., I: 2. 1206.

—**Dependent on Achievement.***Ulyss.* * *

When fame shall in our islands sound her
trump;
And all the Greekish girls shall tripping
sing, —

“Great Hector’s sister did Achilles win;
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.”

T. C., III: 3. 1125.—**Eternal.***Prince.* * *

Death makes no conquest of this conqueror;
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.

R. III., III: 1. 1020.

Luc. * * Julius Cæsar (whose re-
membrance yet

Lives in men’s eyes; and will to ears, and
tongues,

Be theme and hearing ever.)

Cym., III: 1. 1604.—**Not Posthumous.**

Bene. * * If a man do not erect in
this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall
live no longer in monuments than the bells
ring, and the widow weeps.

M. A., V: 2. 253.—**Posthumous.**

King. Let fame, that all hunt after in
their lives,

Live register’d upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;
When, spite of cormorant devouring Time,
Th’ endeavour of this present breath may
buy

That honour, which shall bate his scythe’s
keen edge,

And make us heirs of all eternity.

L. L., I: 1. 271.—**Should be Unlimited.***K. Hen.* * *

Either our history shall, with full mouth,
Speak freely of our acts; or else our grave,
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless
mouth,

Not worshipp’d with a waxen epitaph.

H. V., I: 2. 823.—**Undesirable.**

1 *Sen.* Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to
hear

What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your honours’ pardon
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say how I got them.

Bru. Sir, I hope,

My words dis-bench’d you not.

Cor. No, sir: yet oft,

When blows have made me stay, I fled from
words.

You sooth’d not, therefore hurt not: But,
your people,

I love them as they weigh.

Men. Pray now, sit down.

Cor. I had rather have one scratch my
head i’ the sun,

When the alarum were struck, than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster’d.

Men. Masters o’ the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,
(That’s thousand to one good one,) when
you now see,

He had rather venture all his limbs for
honour,

Than one of his ears to hear it?

C., II: 2. 1163.**FAMILIARITY.—Should not be
Vulgar.**

Pol. Be thou familiar, but by no means
vulgar.

H., I: 3. 1397.—**With Horror.**

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of
fears:

The time has been, my senses would have
cool’d

To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in’t: I have supp’d full with
horrors;

Direness, familiar to my slaught’rous
thoughts,

Cannot once start me.

M., V: 5. 1383.**FAMINE.—Creates Valor.***Imo.* * *

Ere clean it o’erthrow nature, makes it
valiant.

Cym., III: 6. 1612.—**Its Conquering Power.***Alen.* * *

Either they must be dieted like mules,

And have their provender tied to their mouths,
Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice.

H. VI., 1 pt., I: 2. 866.

—**Its Horrors.**

*Cle. * **

Those palates, who not yet two summers younger,

Must have inventions to delight the taste,
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it;
Those mothers who, to nouse up their babes,

Thought nought too curious, are ready now,
To eat those little darlings whom they lov'd.
So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife

Draw lots, who first shall die to lengthen life:

Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;

Here many sink, yet those which see them fall,

Have scarce strength left to give them burial.

Is not this true?

Dio. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

P., I: 4. 1647.

FANCY.—Fantastical.

*Duke. * ** So full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high-fantastical.

T. N., I: 1. 540.

—**Its Source.**

SONG.

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies:
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.
Ding, dong, bell.

M. V., III: 2. 377.

—**Overleaps Impediments.**

*Ber. * **

As all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy.

A. W., V: 3. 528.

—**Wavering.**

*Duke. * **

Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,

Than women's are.

T. N., II: 4. 550.

FAREWELL.—Between Brutus and Cassius.

Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,

That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome:
He bears too great a mind. But this same day

Must end that work, the ides of March begun;

And whether we shall meet again, I know not.

Therefore our everlasting farewell take:—
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!

If we do meet again, why we shall smile;

If not, why then this parting was well made.

J. C., V: 1. 1349.

FASCINATION.—Of Danger.

Hor. What, if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,

Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
That beetles o'er his base into the sea,
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,

And draw you into madness? think of it:

The very place puts toys of desperation,

Without more motive, into every brain,

That looks so many fathoms to the sea,

And hears it roar beneath.

H., I: 4. 1399.

FASHION.—Its Knight.

Biron. Armado is a most illustrious wight,

A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.

L. L., I: 1. 273.

—**Its Power.**

Bora. Tush! I may as well say, the fool's the fool. But seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

* * How giddily 'a turns about all the hot bloods, between fourteen and five-and-thirty.

M. A., III: 3. 241.

—Men Take no Interest in.

Bora. That shows thou art unconfirm'd.
Thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet,
or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean, the fashion.

Con. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

M. A., III: 3. 241.

—Wearisome in its Changes.

Bora. * * Sometime, fashioning them
like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy paint-
ing; sometime, like god Bel's priests in
the old church-window; sometime, like the
shaven Hercules in the smirch'd worm-
eaten tapestry. * *

Con. All this I see; and see that the fash-
ion wears out more apparel than the man.

M. A., III: 3. 241.

FASHIONS.—Influence of French.

Cham. Is it possible, the spells of France
should juggle

Men into such strange mysteries?

Sands. New customs,

Though they be never so ridiculous,

Nay, let them be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our
English

Have got by the late voyage, is but merely
A fit or two o' the face; but they are shrewd
ones;

For when they hold them, you would swear
directly,

Their very noses had been counsellors

To Pepin, or Clotharius, they keep state so.

Sands. They have all new legs, and
lame ones; one would take it,

That never saw them pace before, the
spavin,

A springhalt reign'd among them.

Cham. Death! my lord,

Their clothes are after such a pagan cut
too,

That, sure, they have worn out Christen-
dom.

H. VIII., I: 3. 1062.

FASTING.—Engenders Maladies.

Biron. * *

Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too
young,

And abstinence engenders maladies. .

L. L., IV: 3. 290.

FATE.—In Our Own Hands.

Cas. * *

Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

J. C., I: 2. 1324.

—Not to be Resisted.

Ham. * *

Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our dear plots do fail: and that
should teach us,
There 's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

H., V: 2. 1432.

Oli. * *

Fate, show thy force. Ourselves we do not
owe;

What is decreed must be; and be this so!

T. N., I: 5. 547.

K. Edw. What fates impose, that men
must needs abide;

It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

H. VI., 3 pt., IV: 3. 981.

—Read in the Destiny of Others.

Gon. I have great comfort from this fel-
low: methinks he hath no drowning mark
upon him; his complexion is perfect gal-
lows. Stand fast, good fate, to his hang-
ing! make the rope of his destiny our ca-
ble, for our own doth little advantage! If
he be not born to be hang'd, our case is
miserable.

T., I: 1. 7.

FATHER.—A God to a Daughter.

The. What say you, Hermia? Be ad-
vis'd, fair maid:

To you your father should be as a god;

One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and
one

To whom you are but as a form in wax,

By him imprinted, and within his power

To leave the figure, or disfigure it.

M. N., I: 1. 321.

—Anxiety of His Sons.

Tal. O young John Talbot! I did send
for thee,

To tutor thee in stratagems of war;

That Talbot's name might be in thee reviv'd,

When sapless age, and weak unable limbs,

Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But,—O malignant and ill-boding stars!—
Now thou art come unto a feast of death,
A terrible and unavoided danger :
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest
horse,
And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden flight : come, dally not, begone.

H. VI., 1 pt., IV : 5. 888.

—Curse of a.

Shep. * *

Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the
time
Of thy nativity! I would, the milk
Thy mother gave thee, when thou suck'dst
her breast,
Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake!
Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs-a-
field,
I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee!
Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab?
O, burn her, burn her; hanging is too good.

H. VI., 1 pt., V : 4. 895.

—Disowned.

Shep. Ah, Joan! this kills thy father's
heart outright!
Have I sought every country far and near,
And, now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeless cruel death?
Ah, Joan! sweet daughter Joan, I'll die
with thee!

Puc. Decrepit miser! base ignoble
wretch!
I am descended of a gentler blood;
Thou art no father, nor no friend, of mine.
* *

Shep. Fie, Joan! that thou wilt be so
obstacle!

God knows, thou art a collop of my flesh;
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear :
Deny me not, I pr'ythee, gentle Joan.

Puc. Peasant, avaunt!—You have sub-
orn'd this man,
Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

H. IV., 1 pt., V : 4. 895.

—The Care of.

Cor. * * I know you what you are;
And, like a sister, am most loath to call
Your faults, as they are nam'd. Use well
our father :

To your professed bosoms I commit him :
But yet, alas! stood I within his grace.

K. L., I : 1. 1446.

—The most Honored Guest.

Pol. Methinks, a father
Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest
That best becomes the table.
* *
The father (all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity) should hold some counsel
In such a business.

W. T., IV : 3. 605.

FATNESS.—Admired.

Her. * * Cram's with praise, and
make's
As fat as tame things.

W. T., I : 2. 582.

Cæs. Let me have men about me that
are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o'
nights :
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look ;
He thinks too much : such men are danger-
ous.

J. C., 1 : 2. 1325.

—Cannot Rob Death.

P. Hen. * *
What! old acquaintance! could not all this
flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better spared a better man.
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity.
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray :—
Embowell'd will I see thee by and by ;
Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie.

H. IV., 1 pt., V : 4. 761.

—In a Kitchen Wench.

Dro. S. Marry, sir, she's the kitchen-
wench, and all grease ; and I know not what
use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her,
and run from her by her own light. I war-
rant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will
burn a Poland winter : if she lives till dooms-
day, she'll burn a week longer than the
whole world.

C. E., III : 2. 202.

—Lards the Earth.

P. Hen. * * Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along.

H. IV., 1 pt., II : 2. 736.

FAULT.—Men Moulded out of.

Mari. Isabel,
Sweet Isabel! do yet but kneel by me;
Hold up your hands, say nothing, I'll speak
all.

They say best men are moulded out of
faults;

And, for the most, become much more the
better

For being a little bad: so may my husband.

M. M., V: 1. 175.

FAULTS.—Abstract of All.

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and hence-
forth know,

It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
One great competitor: From Alexandria
This is the news: He fishes, drinks, and
wastes

The lamps of night in revel: is not more
manlike

Than Cleopatra; nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he: hardly gave au-
dience, or

Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners: You
shall find there

A man, who is the abstract of all faults

That all men follow.

A. C., I: 4. 1545.

—Freedom from.

Iago. * * I confess, it is my nature's
plague

To spy into abuses; and, oft, my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not.

O., III: 3. 1511.

Duke. That we were all, as some would
seem to be,

From our faults, as faults from seeming,
free!

M. M., III: 2. 160.

—Hereditary.

Lep. I must not think, there
are

Evils enough to darken all his goodness:

His faults, in him, seem as the spots of
heaven,

More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot
change,

Than what he chooses.

A. C., I: 4. 1545.

—Increased by Mending.

Pem. When workmen strive to do better
than well,

They do confound their skill in covetous-
ness:

And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault,
Doth make the fault the worse by the ex-
cuse;

As patches, set upon a little breach,
Discredit more in hiding of the fault,

Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

K. J., IV: 2. 666.

—Lead to Shame.

Cor. Time shall unfold what plaited cun-
ning hides;

Who cover faults, at last shame them de-
rides.

K. L., I: 1. 1446.

FAWNING.—Fatal with the Noble.

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most
puissant Cæsar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart:—

Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These crouchings, and these lowly court-
esies,

Might fire the blood of ordinary men;
And turn pre-ordinance, and first decree,
Into the law of children. Be not fond,
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean,
sweet words,

Low-crook'd curt'sies, and base spaniel
fawning.

Thy brother by decree is banished;
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for
him,

I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.

J. C., III: 1. 1335.

FEAR.—A Fat Man's.

P. Hen. Got with much ease. Now
merrily to horse:

The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd
with fear

So strongly, that they dare not meet each
other;

Each takes his fellow for an officer.

Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,

And lards the lean earth as he walks along :
Wer 't not for laughing, I should pity him.

H. IV., 1. pt., II: 2. 736.

—A Hell.

Iach. * * I lodge in fear ;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

Cym., II: 2. 1599.

—A Violent Sea.

Rosse. * * I dare not speak much
further :
But 'cruel are the times, when we are
traitors,
And do not know ourselves ; when we hold
rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we
fear ;
But float upon a wild and violent sea,
Each way, and move.

M., IV: 2. 1377.

—An Accursed Passion.

Bur. I trust, the ghost of Talbot is not
there ;
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.
Puc. Of all base passions, fear is most
accurs'd.

H. VI., 1 pt., V: 2. 892.

—Betrays Itself.

Lady M. O proper stuff !
This is the very painting of your fear :—
This 'is the air-drawn dagger, which, you
said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws, and
starts,
(Impostors to true fear,) would well become
A woman's story, at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam.

M., III: 4. 1372.

—Buried in Death.

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I
present
Thy buried fear ; herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies.

R. II., V: 6. 718.

—Causes Defeat and Death.

Car. My lord, wise men ne'er wail their
present woes,
But presently prevent the ways to wail.

To fear the foe, since fear oppresseseth
strength,

Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your
foe,

And so your follies fight against yourself.

Fear, and be slain ; no worse can come, to
fight ;

And fight and die, is death destroying death ;
Where fearing dying, pays death servile
breath.

R. II., III: 2. 702.

—Cowardly.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red
thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch ?
Death of thy soul ! those linen cheeks of
thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers,
why-face ?

M., V: 3. 1382.

—Disclaimed.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear ?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee ;
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself ?

H., I: 4. 1399.

Macb. * * Then fly, false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures :
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sag with doubt, nor shake with
fear.

M., V: 3. 1382.

—Disowned.

Cæs. * *
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear, for always I am Cæsar.

J. C., I: 2. 1325.

—Distills to Jelly.

Hor. Two nights together had these gen-
tlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead waist and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your
father,
Armed at point, exactly, cap-a-pe,
Appears before them, and, with solemn
march,
Goes slow and stately by them : thrice he
walk'd,

By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they,
distill'd

Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb, and speak not to him.

H., I: 2. 1395.

—Fed by Rumors.

Bast. How I have sped among the cler-
gymen,

The sums I have collected shall express.

But, as I travelled hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasied;
Possess'd with rumors, full of idle dreams;
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear.

K. J., IV: 2. 667.

—How to Inspire.

Con. This becomes the great.

Sorry am I, his numbers are so few,
His soldiers sick, and famish'd in their
march;

For, I am sure, when he shall see our army,
He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,
And for achievement, offer us his ransom.

H. V., III: 5. 835.

—Inseparable from Wrong.

Dion. Be one of those, that think

The petty wrens of Tharsus will fly hence,
And open this to Pericles. I do shame
To think of what a noble strain you are,
And of how cow'd a spirit.

P., IV: 4. 1662.

—Inspiration in Flight.

Tro. * *

Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heels;
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
Or like a star dis-orb'd?

T. C., II: 2. 1114.

—Its Blanching Power.

K. Hen. * * Why, how now, gentle-
men,

What see you in those papers, that you lose
So much complexion?—look ye, how they
change!

Their cheeks are paper.—Why, what read
you there,

That hath so cowarded and chas'd your
blood

Out of appearance?

H. V., II: 2. 827.

—Its Blinding Power.

Tro. Fears make devils cherubims; they
never see truly.

Cres. Blind fear that seeing reason leads,
finds safer footing than blind reason stum-
bling without fear: To fear the worst, oft
cures the worst.

T. C., III: 2. 1121.

Char. Tempt him not so too far: I wish,
forbear;

In time we hate that which we often fear.

A. C., I: 3. 1543.

—Its Rooting Power.

Wal. * * If we shall stand still,

In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd
at,

We should take root here where we sit, or
sit

State statues only.

H. VIII., I: 2. 1060.

—Its Sign.

Queen. * *

Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,
Starts up, and stands on end.

H., III: 4. 1419.

—Kills with its Look.

Sir To. * * This will so fright them
both, that they will kill one another by the
look, like cockatrices.

T. N., III: 4. 560.

—Makes the Heart Beat.

Tro. * *

My heart beats thicker than a feverous
pulse;

And all my powers do their bestowing lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encount'ring
The eye of majesty.

T. C., III: 2. 1121.

—Of Death.

Her. * *

Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die?

W. T., III: 2. 594.

—Of the Reputed Brave.

*Hect. * **

There is no lady of more softer bowels,
More spungy to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out—"Who knows what
follows?"
Than Hector is.

T. C., II: 2. 1113.

—Reads Results in the Eyes.

*North. * **

He, that but fears the thing he would not
know,
Hath, by instinct, knowledge from others'
eyes,
That what he fear'd is chanced.

H. IV., 2 pt., I: 1. 774.

—Some never Inspire it.

*Bot. * * Ladies, or fair ladies, I*
would wish you, or I would request you,
or I would entreat you, not to fear, not to
tremble: my life for yours. If you think
I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my
life: No, I am no such thing; I am a man
as other men are: and there, indeed, let
him name his name, and tell them plainly
he is Snug the joiner.

M. N., III: 1. 330.

—Transient.

*K. Rich. * **

This ague-fit of fear is over-blown;
An easy task it is, to win our own.—
Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his
power?
Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be
sour.

R. II., III: 2. 702.

—Troops Defeated by.

*Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a
potter's wheel;*

I know not where I am, nor what I do:
A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,
Drives back our troops, and conquers as
she lists:

So bees with smoke, and doves with noisome
stench,
Are from their hives, and houses, driven
away.

H. VI., 1 pt., I: 5. 871.

—Unkingly.

*Bast. * **

Be great in act, as you have been in thought;

Let not the world see fear and sad distrust,
Govern the motion of a kingly eye.

K. J., V: 1. 671.

—Unknown in Scotland.

*Doug. As heart can think: there is not
such a word*

Spoke of in Scotland, as this term of fear.

H. IV., 1 pt., IV: 1. 753.

FEARLESSNESS.—Unconquerable.

*Aar. * **

Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things,
As willingly as one would kill a fly;
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Tit. And., V: 2. 1227.

FEARS.—Horrible Imaginings Worse.

*Macb. * **

This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good:—If ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I amthane of
Cawdor:

If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murder yet is but fan-
tastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that
function
Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is,
But what is not.

M., I: 3. 1360.

—Traitors to Us.

*Bel. Stand, stand! We have the advan-
tage of the ground;
The lane is guarded: nothing routs us, but
The villany of our fears.*

Cym., V: 2. 1622.

*L. Macd. What had he done to make
him fly the land?*

Rosse. You must have patience, madam.

*L. Macd. He had none:
His flight was madness: when our actions
do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.*

M., IV: 2. 1376.

FEAST.—A Costly one.

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,

Invited her to supper: she replied,
It should be better, he became her guest;
Which she entreated: Our courteous Antony,

Whom ne'er the word of "No" woman
heard speak,

Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the
feast;

And, for his ordinary, pays his heart,
For what his eyes eat only.

A. C., II: 2. 1550.

FEIGNING.—An Actor's, Perfect.

Glo. Come, cousin, canst thou quake,
and change thy colour?

Murder thy breath in middle of a word,—
And then again begin, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught, and mad with
terror?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep
tragedian;

Speak, and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion: ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforced smiles;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time, to grace my stratagems.

R. III., III: 5. 1025.

FELLOW.—Somethings Have no.

Lov. * *

A French song, and a fiddle, has no fellow.

H. VIII., I: 3. 1063.

FEROCITY.—Woman's, in War.

West. My liege, this haste was hot in
question,

And many limits of the charge set down
But yesternight: when, all athwart, there
came

A post from Wales, loaden with heavy news;
Whose worst was—that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman
taken,

And a thousand of his people butchered;
Upon whose dead corps there was such mis-
use,

Such beastly, shameless transformation,
By those Welshwomen done, as may not be,
Without much shame, re-told or spoken of.

H. IV., 1 pt., I: 1. 727.

FEUDS.—Family, Condemned.

Prin. * *

Three civil broils, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our
streets;

And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave beseeching ornaments,
To wield old partizans, in hands as old,
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd
hate:

If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time, all the rest depart away:
You, Capulet, shall go along with me;
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town, our common judgment-
place.

Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

R. J., I: 1. 1242.

—International, Healed.

K. Hen. * * Give me your daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair son; and from
her blood raise up

Issue to me: that the contending kingdoms
Of France and England, whose very shores
look pale

With envy of each other's happiness,
May cease their hatred; and this dear con-
junction

Plant neighbourhood and christian-like ac-
cord

In their sweet bosoms, that never war ad-
vance

His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair
France.

H. V., V: 2. 856.

—Opposition to.

1 *Cit.* Clubs, bills, and partizans! strike!
beat them down!

Down with the Capulets! down with the
Montagues!

R. J., I: 1. 1242.

FICKLENESS.—In Love. (See Chastity.)

Beat. * * He wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block.

M. A., I: 1. 226.

Fri. Holy Saint Francis! what a change is here!

Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? young men's love then lies

Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

Jesu Maria! what a deal of brine

Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!

How much salt water thrown away in waste,

To season love, that of it doth not taste!

The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,

Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;

Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit

Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet:

If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,

Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline;

And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence then—

Woman may fall, when there's no strength in men.

E. J., II: 3. 1234.

Pro. * *

O, how this spring of love resembleth

The uncertain glory of an April day;

Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,

And by and by a cloud takes all away!

T. G., I: 3. 51.

FIDELITY.—Asks no Reward. (See Constancy.)

Ari. I prithee

Remember I have done thee worthy service,
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings,
serv'd

Without or grudge, or grumblings: thou didst promise

To bate me a full year.

T., I: 2. 11.

—Avowed.

Wol. I do profess,

That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own; that am, have, and will be.

Though all the world should crack their duty to you,

And throw it from their soul; though perils did

About, as thick as thought could make them, and

Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty,

As doth a rock against the chiding flood,

Should the approach of this wild river break,

And stand unshaken yours.

H. VIII., III: 2. 1079.

—Conjugal.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife;

As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops

That visit my sad heart.

J. C., II: 1. 1332.

—Has Memory.

Lady P. * * So came I a widow;

And never shall have length of life enough,

To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,

That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,

For recordation to my noble husband.

H. IV., 2 pt., II: 3. 785.

—In Misfortune.

K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer,

The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.

What art thou? and how comest thou hither,

Where no man never comes, but that sad dog

That brings me food, to make misfortune live?

Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,

When thou wert king; who, travelling towards York,

With much ado, at length have gotten leave

To look upon my sometime master's face.

O, how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld,

In London streets, that coronation day,

When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary!

That horse, that thou so often hast bestrid;

That horse, that I so carefully have dress'd!

R. II., V: 5. 716.

—In Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

3 *Serv.* Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,

That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow: Leak'd is our bark;
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the surges threat: we must all part
Into this sea of air.

T. A., IV: 1. 1304.

—**Its Sacrifices.**

Cal. * *

I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession,
Incurr'd a traitor's name; expos'd myself,
From certain and possess'd conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes; sequest'ring from me
all
That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,
Made tame and most familiar to my nature;
And here, to do you service, am become
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted.

T. C., III: 3. 1123.

—**Made Powerless.**

Car. My liege, his railing is intolerable:
If those that care to keep your royal person
From treason's secret knife, and traitors' rage,
Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
And the offender granted scope of speech,
'T will make them cool in zeal unto your
grace.

H. VI., 2 pt., III: 1. 924.

—**Not Alarmed.**

Per. Thou know'st I have power
To take thy life.

Hel. I have ground the axe myself;
Do you but strike the blow.

Per. Rise, pr'ythee, rise;
Sit down, sit down; thou art no flatterer:
I thank thee for it; and high heaven forbid,
That kings should let their ears hear their
faults hid!

Fit counsellor, and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy
servant,

What would'st thou have me do?

Hel. With patience bear
Such griefs as you do lay upon yourself.

P., I: 2. 1645.

—**Of Friends.**

War. * *

In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.
My sovereign, with the loving citizens, —
Like to his island, girt in with the ocean,
Or modest Dian, circled with her nymphs, —
Shall rest in London, till we come to him.

H. VI., 3 pt., IV: 8. 985.

—**The best Defence.**

Bast. O, let us pay the time but needful
woe,

Since it hath been beforehand with our
griefs. —

This England never did, (nor never shall,) —
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: Nought shall
make us rue,

If England to itself do rest but true.

K. J., V: 7. 677.

—**To a Friend.**

Ant. * *

Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy
blood,

It would become me better, than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.

J. C., III: 1. 1337.

—**To Friends.**

Pol. * *

The friends thou hast, and their adoption
tried,

Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel.

H., I: 3. 1397.

—**Trusted Everywhere.**

Cor. * * My mother, you wot well,
My hazards still have been your solace: and
Believe 't not lightly, (though I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen,) —
your son

Will, or exceed the common, or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.

C., IV: 1. 1177.

FIGHTING.—Its Folly

Bard. * * We must to France together:
Why, the devil, should we keep knives
to cut one another's throats?

H. V., II: 1. 826.

—Of Rebels, a Shadow.*Mor.* * *

My lord your son had only but the corps,
But shadows, and the shows of men, to fight:
For that same word, rebellion, did divide
The action of their bodies from their souls;
And they did fight with queasiness, con-
strain'd,

As men drink potions; that their weapons
only

Seem'd on our side, but, for their spirits
and souls,

This word, rebellion, it hath froze them up,
As fish are in a pond.

H. IV., 2 pt., I: 1. 776.**FINGERS.—A good Cook Licks.**

2 *Serv.* You shall have none ill, sir; for
I'll try if they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so?

2 *Serv.* Marry, sir, 't is an ill cook that
cannot lick his own fingers: therefore he,
that cannot lick his fingers, goes not with
me.

R. J., IV: 2. 1269.**FIRMNESS.—Cæsar's.**

Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as
you;

If I could pray to move, prayers would
move me:

But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fixed, and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament.

The skies are painted with unnumber'd
sparks,

They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his
place;

So, in the world: 'T is furnish'd well with
men,

And men are flesh and blood, and appre-
hensive;

Yet, in the number, I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion: and, that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this;
That I was constant, Cimber should be ban-
ish'd,

And constant do remain to keep him so.

J. C., III: 1. 1336.**—Invoked.***Cor.*

The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou
may'st prove
To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the
wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee!

C., V: 3. 1189.**FISHING.—Tricks in.***Cleo.* * *

Give me mine angle, — We'll to the river:
there,

My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall
pierce

Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, Ah, ah! you're caught.

Char.

'T was merry, when
You wager'd on your angling; when your
diver

Did hang a salt fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

A. C., II: 5. 1552.**FITNESS.—Of Cowards to Feasts.***Fal.* Well,

To the latter end of a fray, and the begin-
ning of a feast,
Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest.

H. IV., 1 pt., IV: 2. 754.**FLATTERER.—Relation to the Flat-tered.**

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and
to pay thee for thy labour: He, that loves
to be flattered, is worthy o' the flatterer.
Heavens, that I were a lord!

T. A., I: 1. 1289.**FLATTERERS.—Led by Those Who Hate Them.**

Dec. Never fear that: If he be so re-
solv'd,

I can o'ersway him: for he loves to hear,
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers:
But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
He says, he does; being then most flattered:

J. C., II: 1. 1331.

FLATTERIES.—Wrong.

K. Rich. He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his
tongue.

R. II., III: 2. 703.

FLATTERY.—A Sin. (See Uction.)

Glo. Good day, my lord! What, at your
book so hard?

K. Hen. Ay, my good lord: My lord, I
should say rather;
'T is sin to flatter, good was little better:
Good Gloster, and good devil, were alike,
And both preposterous; therefore, not good
lord.

H. VI., 3 pt., V: 6. 991.

—Blind.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such
faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though
they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

J. C., IV: 3. 1345.

—Bought, soon Gone.

Flav. * *

Ah! when the means are gone, that buy
this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is
made:
Feast-one, fast-lost; one cloud of winter
showers,
These flies are couch'd.

T. A., II: 2. 1296.

—Cruel Afterwards.

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your
vile daggers

Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd
like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's
feet.

J. C., V: 1. 1348.

—Deafens Counsel.

Apem. * *

If I should be brib'd too, there would be
none left
To rail upon thee; and then thou would'st
sin the faster.
Thou giv'st so long, Timon, I fear me thou

Wilt give away thyself in paper shortly;
What need these feasts, pomps, and vain
glories?

Tim. Nay,

An you begin to rail on society once,
I am sworn, not to give regard to you.
Farewell; and come with better music.

Apem. So;—

Thou 'lt not hear me now,—thou shalt not
then, I'll lock

Thy heaven from thee, O, that men's ears
should be

To counsel deaf, but not to flattery!

T. A., I: 2. 1298.

—Disclaimed.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot: If speak-
ing truth,

In this fine age, were not thought flattery,
Such attribution should the Douglas have,
As not a soldier of this season's stamp
Should go so general current through the
world.

By heaven, I cannot flatter; I defy
The tongues of soothers; but a braver place
In my heart's love, hath no man than your-
self:

Nay, task me to the word; approve me, lord.

H. IV., 1 pt., IV: 1. 752.

—Distasteful.

Mar. Sir, praise me not:

My work hath yet not warm'd me: Fare you
well.

The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me: To Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.

C., I: 5. 1156.

—Fulsome.

Nor. Each day still better other's happi-
ness:

Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!

R. II., I: 1. 684.

Auf. * *

He water'd his new plants with dews of
flattery.

C., V: 5. 1192.

—Lovers'.

Rom. It is my soul, that calls upon my
name:

How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by
night,
Like softest music to attending ears!

R. J., II: 2. 1253.

—Met by Flattery.

Apem. I was directed hither: Men report,
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use
them.

Tim. 'T is then, because thou dost not
keep a dog

Whom I would imitate: Consumption catch
thee!

Apem. This is in thee a nature but affected;

A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
From change of fortune. Why this spade?
this place?

This slave-like habit? and these looks of
care?

Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie
soft;

Hug these diseases' perfumes, and have forgot

That ever Timon was. Shame not these
woods,

By putting on the cunning of a carper,
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee: hinge thy
knee,

And let his very breath, whom thou 'lt observe,

Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious
strain,

And call it excellent: Thou wast told thus;
Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters, that
bid welcome,

To knaves, and all approachers: 'T is most
just,

That thou turn rascal; had'st thou wealth
again,

Rascals should have 't. Do not assume my
likeness.

T. A., IV: 3. 1307.

—No Sign of Love.

Pom. * * Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

A. C., II: 1. 1547.

—Not for the Poor.

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter:
For what advancement may I hope from
thee,

That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the
poor be flatter'd?

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp;
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning.

H., III: 2. 1413.

—Rebuked.

K. Hen. You were ever good at sudden
commendations,

Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come
not

To hear such flattery now, and in my presence;

They are too thin and bare to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach, you play the
spaniel,

And think with wagging of your tongue to
win me;

But, whatso'er thou tak'st me for, I am sure,
Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.

H. VIII., V: 2. 1091.

—Reproof better.

Hel. * *

They do abuse the king, that flatter him:
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,
To which that breath gives heat and stronger
glowing;

Whereas reproof, obedient, and in order,
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may
err.

P., I: 2. 1645.

—Resented.

Prin. Good lord Boyet, my beauty,
though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise.
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Nor utter'd by base sale of chapmen's
tongues:

I am less proud to hear you tell my worth,
Than you much willing to be counted wise
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.

L. L., II: 1. 277.

—The Devil Sugared with.

Pol. * *

'Tis too much prov'd,—that, with devotion's visage,
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

H., III: 1. 1410.

—Visor of Villainy.

Gow. * *

No visor does become black villany,
So well as soft and tender flattery.

P., IV: 4. 1663.

FLEET.—At Sea.

Chorug. * * Suppose, that you have seen

The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phœbus
fanning.

Play with your fancies; and in them behold,
Upon the hempen tackle, ship-boys climbing:

Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give

To sounds confus'd: behold the threaten
sails,

Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,

Breasting the lofty surge: O, do but think,
You stand upon the rivage, and behold
A city on the inconstant billows dancing;
For so appears this fleet majestical,
Holding due course to Harfleur.

H. V., III: C. 831.

FLESH.—Its Tyranny.

Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it:
I am driven on by the flesh; and he must
needs go that the devil drives.

A. W., I: 3. 499.

FLIGHT.—A Family Dishonor.

John. Is my name Talbot? and am I your son?

And shall I fly? O, if you love my mother,
Dishonour not her honourable name,
To make a bastard, and a slave of me:
The world will say—He is not Talbot's
blood,
That basely fled, when noble Talbot stood.

Tal. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.

John. He, that flies so, will ne'er return again.*Tal.* If we both stay, we both are sure to die.*John.* Then let me stay; and, father, do you fly:

Your loss is great, so your regard should be;
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
Upon my death the French can little boast;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stain the honour you have won;

But mine it will, that no exploit have done:
You fled for vantage every one will swear;
But, if I bow, they'll say—it was for fear.
There is no hope that ever I will stay,
If, the first hour, I shrink, and run away.
Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,
Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.

H. VI., 1 pt., IV: 5. 888.

—Called a Retreat.

Tro. Fly not; for, shouldst thou take the river Styx,

I would swim after.

Dio. Thou dost miscall retire:

I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude:
Have at thee!

T. C., V: 4. 1141.

—Cowardly.

Rosse. You know not, Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.*L. Macd.* Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,

His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;

He wants the natural touch: for the poor wren,

The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

M., IV: 2. 1376.

—From Vengeance.

Q. Mar. Mount you, my lord, towards Berwick post again:

Edward and Richard, like a brace of grey-hounds

Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,

Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.

Exe. Away! for vengeance comes along with them:

Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed;
Or else come after, I'll away before.

H. VI., 3 pt., II: 5. 969.

—Hastened by Fear.

Mor. * * As the thing that's heavy in itself,

Upon enforcement, flies with greatest speed;
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear,

That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim,

Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
Fly from the field: Then was that noble Worcester

Too soon ta'en prisoner.

* * And did grace the shame

Of those that turn'd their backs; and in his flight,

Stumbling in fear, was took.

H. IV., 2 pt., I: 1. 775.

—Hasty.

Fal. * * A rascal bragging slave!
the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

H. IV., 2 pt., II: 4. 787.

—Manly and Wise.

Q. Mar. What are you made of? you'll not fight, nor fly:

Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,
To give the enemy way; and to secure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly.
If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom

Of all our fortunes: but if we haply scape,
(As well we may, if not through your neglect,)

We shall to London get; where you are lov'd;

And where this breach, now in our fortunes made,

May readily be stopp'd.

H. VI., 2 pt., V: 2. 945.

—Rapid on Compulsion.

K. Hen. * *

And make them skim away, as swift as stones

Enforced from the old Assyrian slings.

H. V., IV: 7. 848.

FLIPPANCY.—Mixes Death and Bargains.

Sil. We shall all follow, cousin.

Shal. Certain, 't is certain; very sure, very sure: death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

Sil. Truly, cousin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain.—Is old Double of your town living yet?

Sil. Dead, sir.

Shal. Dead!—see, see!—he drew a good bow;—And dead!—he shot a fine shoot:—John of Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead!—he would have clapped i' the clout at twelve score; and carried you a forehand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and-a-half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see.—How a score of ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old Double dead!

H. IV., 2 pt., III: 2. 791.

FLOODS.—Accompanying Disaster.

Tita. * * The green corn

Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard:
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatt'd with the murrain flock;
The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud;
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread, are undistinguishable;
The human mortals want their winter cheer;
No night is now with hymn or carol bless'd:
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound.

M. N., II: 1. 326.

—Destroy Husbandry.

Tita. * *

Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea

Contagious fogs; which, falling in the land,
Have every pelting river made so proud,
That they have overborne their continents:
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in
vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat.

M. N., II: 1. 326.

FLOWERS.—Allusions to.

York. * * Sweet flowers are slow, and
weeds make haste.

R. III., II: 4. 1018.

Hel. How dare the plants look up to
heaven, from whence
They have their nourishment?

P., I: 2. 1645.

—For the Grave.

Arv. * * *

I'll sweeten thy sad grave: Thou shalt not
lack

The flower, that's like thy face, pale prim-
rose; nor

The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath.

Cym., IV: 2. 1617.

Bel. Here's a few flowers; but about
midnight, more:
The herbs, that have on them cold dew o'
the night,
Are strewings fitt'st for graves.

Cym., IV: 2. 1618.

Queen. Sweets to the sweet: Farewell!
I hop'd, thou should'st have been my Ham-
let's wife;
I thought, thy bride-bed to have deck'd,
sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy grave.

H., V: 1. 1432.

—Of Spring.

Per. * * O, Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou
let'st fall
From Dis's waggon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and
take
The winds of March with beauty; violets,
dim,

But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one!

W. T., IV: 3. 602.

—Of Summer, for the Middle- Aged.

Per. * * Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed with th' sun,
And with him rises weeping; these are
flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are
given
To men of middle age: Y' are very welcome.

W. T., IV: 3. 692.

FLY.—Type of Innocence.

Tit. * * *

What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy
knife?

Mar. At that that I have kill'd, my lord;
a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st
my heart;
Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:
A deed of death, done on the innocent,
Becomes not Titus' brother: Get thee gone;
I see, thou art not for my company.

Mar. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a
fly.

Tit. But how, if that fly had a father and
mother?
How would he hang his slender gilded
wings,
And buzz lamenting doings in the air?
Poor harmless fly!
That with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry; and thou
hast kill'd him.

Tit. And., III: 2. 1218.

FOE.—A Treacherous.

Val. Thou common friend, that's with-
out faith or love;
(For such is a friend now;) treacherous
man!

Thou hast beguill'd my hopes; nought but
mine eye
Could have persuaded me: Now I dare not
say
I have one friend alive; thou would'st dis-
prove me.
Who should be trusted, when one's right
hand
Is perjured to the bosom? Proteus,
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deepest: O time most
accurs'd!
'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the
worst.

T. G., V: 4. 72.

—His Rank Respected in Death.

Bel. * * Though mean and mighty,
rotting
Together, have one dust; yet reverence,
(That angel of the world,) doth make dis-
tinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was
princely:
And though you took his life, as being our
foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Cym., IV: 2. 1618.

—Noble Treatment of.

Agam. Fair lord Æneas, let me touch
your hand;
To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.
Achilles shall have word of this intent;
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to
tent:
Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

T. C., I: 3. 1110.

FOEMAN.—A Noble one.

Mar. Were half to half the world by the
ears, and he
Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him: he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.

C., I: 1. 1152.

FOES.—Our greatest Friends.

Clo. * * Now my foes tell me plainly
I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit
in the knowledge of myself.

T. N., V: 1. 565.

FOLLOWERS.—Cast off, their Use.

War. * * So, like gross terms,
The prince will, in the perfectness of time,
Cast off his followers: and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
By which his grace must mete the lives of
others;
Turning past evils to advantages.

H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 4. 801.

FOLLY.—Better than Sad Experience.

Ros. And your experience makes you
sad: I had rather have a fool to make me
merry, than experience to make me sad;
and to travel for it too!

A. Y., IV: 1. 429.

—Of the Wise.

Q. Mar. * *
Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottle-spi-
der,
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?

R. III., I: 3. 1009.

Touch. The more pity, that fools may
not speak wisely, what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou say'st true; for
since the little wit that fools have was
silenced, the little foolery that wise men
have makes a great show.

A. Y., I: 2. 410.

—Reproved by the Wise.

P. Hen. Well, thus we play the fools
with the time; and the spirits of the wise
sit in the clouds, and mock us.

H. IV., 2 pt., II: 2. 784.

—Wisdom's Disguise.

Jag. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord?
he's as good at anything, and yet a fool.

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalk-
ing-horse, and under the presentation of
that, he shoots his wit.

A. Y., V: 4. 437.

—Youthful, Punished.

D. Pedro. To be whipped! what's his
fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a school-
boy; who, being overjoyed with finding a
bird's nest, shows it his companion, and he
steals it.

M. A., II: 1. 232.

FOOL.—A Complete.

Ther. * * Here's Agamemnon,—an
honest fellow enough, and one that loves

quails : but he has not so much brain as ear-wax.

T. C., V: 1. 1136.

—A*Corrupter of Words.

Vio. Art thou not the lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No, indeed, sir; the lady Olivia has no folly : she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings, the husband's the bigger; I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

T. N., III: 1. 554.

—A Mean Spirited.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you :

And though we lay these honours on this man,

To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,

To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,

Then take we down his load, and turn him off,

Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.

Oct. You may do your will;
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius; and, for that,

I do appoint him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on;
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth :

A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations;
Which, out of use, and stal'd by other men,
Begin his fashion : Do not talk of him,
But as a property.

J. C., IV: 1. 1343.

—A Wise.

Var. Serv. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man : as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lackest.

T. A., II: 2. 1295.

—A wise Man one.

Touch. Why, thou say'st well. I do now remember a saying; "The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool."

A. Y., V: 1. 433.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at anything, and yet a fool.

A. Y., V: 4. 437.

—Confession of a.

Rod. I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled; and, I think, the issue will be—I shall have so much experience for my pains : and so, with no money at all, and a little more wit, return to Venice.

O., II: 3. 1508.

—Less Wit than a Sparrow.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobbed his brain, more than he has beat my bones : I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow.

T. C., II: 2. 1112.

—Not to be Feared.

Orl. * * A fool's bolt is soon shot.

H. V., III: 7. 838.

—Playing the.

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool;

And to do that well craves a kind of wit :
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,

The quality of persons, and the time;
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice

As full of labour as a wise man's art :
For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit;
But wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit.

T. N., III: 1. 555.

—Self-Confessed.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the sun, and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'erreaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welch goat too? Shall I have a cox-

comb of frize? 'Tis time I were chok'd
with a piece of toasted cheese.

M. W., V: 5. 119.

—**Sodden-Witted.**

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch!

Ther. Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted
lord! thou hast no more brain than I have
in mine elbows; an assinego may tutor thee.

T. C., II: 1. 1112.

—**Wisdom from a**

Jaq. A fool! a fool! I met a fool i' the
forest,

A motley fool; (a miserable world!)

As I do live by food, I met a fool,

Who laid him down and bask'd him in the
sun,

And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,

In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool.

"Good morrow, fool," quoth I. "No, sir,"
quoth he,

"Call me not fool, till Heaven hath sent me
fortune:"

And then he drew a dial from his poke,

And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,

Says, very wisely, "It is ten o'clock:

Thus we may see," quoth he, "how the
world wags:

T'is but an hour ago, since it was nine;

And after one hour more, 't will be eleven;

And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,

And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;

And thereby hangs a tale."

A. Y., II: 7. 418.

FOOLERY.—Universal.

Vio. I saw thee late at the count Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the
orb, like the sun; it shines everywhere. I
would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be
as oft with your master, as with my mistress:
I think I saw your wisdom there.

T. N., III: 1. 554.

FOOLHARDINESS.—Not Valor.

North. * *

What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,

For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,

When he might spurn him with his foot
away?

H. VI., 3 pt., I: 4. 960.

Cæs. * * * 'T is to be child

As we rate boys; who, being mature in
knowledge,

Pawn their experience to their present
pleasure,

And so rebel to judgment.

A. C., I: 4. 1545.

—**Resists Odds.**

Com. But now 't is odds beyond arith-
metic;

And manhood is call'd foolery, when it
stands

Against a falling fabrick.—Will you hence,
Before the tag return? whose rage doth
rend

Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear

What they are used to bear.

C., III: 1. 1172.

FOOLS.—Betray Themselves.

Ros. * *

I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
When they are thirsty, fools would fain
have drink.

L. L., V: 2. 298.

—**Lucky.**

Ulyss. * *

The fool slides o'er the ice that you should
break.

T. C., III: 3. 1125.

—**Of various Kinds.**

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is
a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to
command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be
commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a
fool to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is
a fool positive.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand of the plover.
—It suffices me, thou art.

T. C., II: 3. 1116.

—**Should Use their Talents.**

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom that
have it; and those that are fools, let them
use their talents.

T. N., I: 5. 543.

—**To be Retained.**

Ham. * *

Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him;
that he may play the fool no where but in's
own house.

H., III: 1. 1411.

FOOT.—A Firm.

Fal. * * The firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait, in a semicircled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if Fortune thy foe were not, Nature thy friend: Come, thou canst not hide it.

M. W., III: 3. 105.

FOPPERY.—Rebuked.

Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners. But, I remember, when the fight was done, When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,

Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,

Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd,

Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reap'd,

Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home; He was perfum'd like a milliner;

And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held A pouncet-box, which ever and anon

He gave his nose, and took 't away again;—Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,

Took it in snuff:—and still he smil'd, and talk'd;

And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by, He call'd them—untaught knaves, unmanly,

To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse Betwixt the wind and his nobility.

With many holiday and lady terms

He question'd me; among the rest demanded My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.

I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,

To be so pester'd with a popinjay,

Out of my grief and my impatience,

Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what;

He should, or he should not;—for he made me mad,

To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,

And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,

Of guns, and drums, and wounds, (God save the mark!)

And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth

Was parmaciti, for an inward bruise;

And that it was great pity, so it was,

That villanous salt-petre should be digg'd Out of the bowels of the harmless earth, Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd

So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns, He would himself have been a soldier.

H. IV., 1 pt., I: 3. 731.

FORBEARANCE.—A Quality of Greatness.

Tam. * *

Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?

The eagle suffers little birds to sing,

And is not careful what they mean thereby;

Knowing that with the shadow of his wing,

He can at pleasure stint their melody:

Even so may'st thou the giddy men of Rome.

Then cheer thy spirit: for know, thou emperor,

I will enchant the old Andronicus,

With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,

Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep;

When as the one is wounded with the bait,

The other rotted with delicious feed.

Tit. And., IV: 4. 1224.

—A Virtue.

Cham. * *

Press not a falling man too far; 't is virtue.

H. VIII., III: 2. 1081.

—Invoked.

P. Hen. Content;—and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.

H. IV., 1 pt., II: 4. 741.

—Its binding Power.

K. Hen. * *

For he is gracious, if he be observ'd;

He hath a tear for pity, and a hand

Open as day for melting charity:

Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint;

As humorous as winter, and as sudden

As flaws congealed in the spring of day.

His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd:

Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,

When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth:

But, being moody, give him line and scope;
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themselves with working. Learn
this, Thomas,

And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends;
A hoop of gold, to bind thy brothers in;
That the united vessel of their blood,
Mingled with venom of suggestion,
(As, force perforce, the age will pour it in,)
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
As aconitum, or rash gunpowder.

H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 4. 800.

—**Knowledge should Teach.**

Imo. * * I pray you, spare me: i'
faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness; one of your great
knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Cym., II: 3. 1601.

—**Mistaken.**

Lear. O me, my heart, my rising heart!
but, down.

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney
did to the eels, when she put them i' the
paste alive; she rapp'd 'em o' the coxcombs
with a stick, and cry'd, "Down, wantons,
down:" 'T was her brother, that, in pure
kindness to his horse, buttered his hay.

K. L., II: 4. 1460.

—**Not to be Trifled with.**

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.
I pry'thee, take thy fingers from my throat,
For, though I am not splenetic and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear.

H., V: 1. 1432.

—**Undermines Respect.**

K. Hen. My blood hath been too cold
and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me; for, accordingly,
You tread upon my patience: but, be sure,
I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition;
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as
young down,
And therefore lost that title of respect,
Which the proud soul ne'er pays, but to the
proud.

H. IV., 1 pt., I: 3. 730.

FOREBODING.—Of Misfortune. (See Fear.)

Q. Eliz. Ah me, I see the ruin of my
house!

The tiger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind;
Insulting tyranny begins to jet
Upon the innocent and awless throne:—
Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre,
I see, as in a map, the end of all.

R. III., II: 4. 1019.

FOREBODINGS.—Call for Defense.

War. Indeed, I think, the young king
loves you not.

Ch. Just. I know, he doth not; and do
arm myself,

To welcome the condition of the time;
Which cannot look more hideously upon
me

Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

H. IV., 2 pt., V: 2. 806.

—**Excited.**

Mar. * * The skies look grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my con-
science,
The Heavens with that we have in hand are
angry,
And frown upon 's.

W. T., III: 3. 596.

FORECAST.—An Instinct.

3 Cit. Before the days of change, still is
it so:

By a divine instinct, men's minds mistrust
Ensuing danger; as, by proof, we see
The water swell before a boist'rous storm.
But leave it all to God.

R. III., II: 3. 1018.

Arch. * *

We see which way the stream of time doth
run,

And are enforc'd from our most quiet sphere
By the rough torrent of occasion.

H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 1. 795.

FORECASTING.—Of great Events.

Ant. * * Our slippery people
(Whose love is never link'd to the deserver,
Till his deserts are past,) begin to throw
Pompey the Great, and all his dignities,
Upon his son; who, high in name and power,

Higher than both in blood and life, stands
up
For the main soldier: whose quality, going
on,
The sides o' the world may danger: Much
is breeding,
Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but
life,
And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleas-
ure,
To such whose place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.

A. C., I: 2. 1543.

FOREKNOWLEDGE.—A Source of Gloom.

K. Hen. O heaven! that one might read
the book of fate;
And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent
(Weary of solid firmness,) melt itself
Into the sea! and, other times, to see
The beachy girdle of the ocean
Two wide for Neptune's hips; how chances
mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth,—viewing his progress
through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,—
Would shut the book, and sit him down and
die.

H. IV., 2 pt., III: 1. 790.

FORFEITURE.—An Unprofitable.

Shy. O father Abram! what these Chris-
tians are,
Whose own hard dealings teaches them sus-
pect
The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me
this;
If he should break his day, what should I
gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats.

M. V., I: 3. 366.

FORGETFULNESS.—Complete.

Cor. Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace.

C., V: 3. 1188.

—Not always Possible.

Jul. * * I would forget fain;
But, O! it presses to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds.

R. J., III: 2. 1262.

—Not Possible.

Macd. I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.

M., IV: 3. 1389.

—Of the Best. (See Memory.)

Iago. * *
But men are men; the best sometimes for-
get.

O., II: 3. 1506.

—Of the Loved, Impossible.

Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of
her.
Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to
think.
Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.
* *
He, that is stricken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost:
Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
Where I may read, who pass'd that passing
fair?
Farewell; thou canst not teach me to for-
get.

R. J., I: 1. 1244.

FORGIVENESS.—A Favor.

King. * * Let him not ask our pardon;
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
Th' incensing relics of it; let him approach,
A stranger, no offender; and inform him
So 't is our will he should.

A. W., V: 3. 526.

—Divine to be Sought.

Oth. If you bethink yourself of any
crime,
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.

O., V: 2. 1523.

—Generous.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you,
 As I would be forgiven; I forgive all;
 There cannot be those numberless offences
 'Gainst me, I can't take peace with: no
 black envy
 Shall make my grave.—Commend me to
 his grace;
 And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell
 him,
 You met him half in heaven: my vows and
 prayers
 Yet are the king's; and, till my soul forsake
 me,
 Shall cry for blessings on him: May he live
 Longer than I have time to tell his years!
 Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be!
 And, when old time shall lead him to his
 end,
 Goodness and he fill up one monument!

H. VIII., II: 1. 1066.

—Insincere.

Wor. * *
 He will suspect us still, and find a time
 To punish this offence in other faults:
 Suspicion shall be all stuck full of eyes:
 For treason is but trusted like the fox;
 Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd
 up,
 Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
 Look how we can, or sad, or merrily,
 Interpretation will misquote our looks;
 And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
 The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.

H. IV., 1 pt., V: 2. 758.

—Magnanimous.

Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts;
 The record of what injuries you did us,
 Though written in our flesh, we shall re-
 member
 As things but done by chance.

A. C., V: 2. 1579

Pro. * * The rarer action is
 In virtue than in vengeance: they being
 penitent,
 The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
 Not a frown further.

T., V: 1. 30.

—Undeserved.

Pro. * *
 For you, most wicked sir, whom to call
 brother
 Would ever infect my mouth, I do forgive
 Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require
 My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I
 know
 Thou must restore.

T., V: 1. 31.

FORTITUDE.—Exalts.

Ant. * * Bid that welcome
 Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
 Seeming to bear it lightly.

A. C., IV: 12. 1575.

—Exulted in.

Ham. * * Bless'd are those,
 Whose blood and judgment are so well co-
 mingled,
 That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
 To sound what stop she please.

H., III: 2. 1413.

Ham. My fate cries out,
 And makes each petty artery in this body
 As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.

H., I: 4. 1399.

—In physical Anguish.

Arth. Alas, what need you be so boist'-
 rous-rough?
 I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
 For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be
 bound!
 Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men
 away,
 And I will sit as quiet as a lamb:
 I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
 Nor look upon the iron angrily:
 Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive
 you,
 Whatever torment you do put me to.

K. J., IV: 1. 665.

—Mocks in Defeat.

Vol. * * I am able now, methinks,
 (Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,)
 To endure more miseries, and greater far,
 Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
 What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God bless him.

Crom. The next is, that sir Thomas
More is chosen
Lord chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden :
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake, and his conscience; that
his bones,

When he has run his course, and sleeps in
blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on
'em!

What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with
welcome,
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,

This day was view'd in open, as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd
me down. O Cromwell,
The king has gone beyond me, all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever :
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles.

H. VIII., III : 2. 1081.

FORTUNE.—A Strumpet.

1 *Play.* * *

Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune! All you
gods,

In general synod, take away her power;
Break all the spokes and fellies from her
wheel,

And bowl the round nave down the hill of
heaven,

As low as to the fiends!

H., II : 2. 1408.

—Bad, a Relief.

Edg. Yet better thus, and known to be
contemn'd,
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be
worst,

The lowest, and most dejected thing of fortune,
Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear :

The lamentable change is from the best;
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome
then,

Thou unsubstantial air, that I embrace!
The wretch, that thou hast blown unto the
worst,
Owes nothing to thy blasts.

K. L., IV : 1. 1470.

—Borne with Patience.

Wor. What I have done, my safety urg'd
me to;

And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

H. IV., 1 pt., V : 5. 762.

—Conquered by Submission.

Hen. * *

He was the author, thou the instrument.
Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's
spite,

By living low, where fortune cannot hurt
me;

And that the people of this blessed land
May not be punish'd with my thwarting
stars;

Warwick, although my head still wear the
crown,

I here resign my government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

H. VI., 3 pt., IV : 6. 982.

—Contentds with Nature.

Cel. No! When Nature hath made a
fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall
into the fire? Though Nature hath given
us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune
sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Ros. Indeed, there is a Fortune too hard
for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's
natural the cutter off of Nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure, this is not Fortune's
work neither, but Nature's; who, perceiv-
ing our natural wits too dull to reason of
such goddesses, hath sent this natural for
our whetstone: for always the dulness of
the fool is the whetstone of the wits.

A. Y., I : 2. 409.

—Defied.

Pom. Well, I know not
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my
face,

But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

A. C., II: 6. 1554.

—**Fickle.** (See **Greatness.**)

Wor. * * But, in short space,
It rain'd down fortune showering on your
head.

H. IV., 1 pt., V: 1. 757.

Jul. O fortune, fortune! all men call
thee fickle!

If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, for-
tune;

For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him
long,

But send him back.

R. J., III: 5. 1265.

—**Has strange Freaks.**

Old L. Why, this it is; see, see!

I have been begging sixteen years in court,
(Am yet a courtier beggarly,) nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late,
For any suit of pounds: and you, (O fate!)
A very fresh-fish here, (fie, fie upon
This compell'd fortune!) have your mouth
fill'd up,

Before you open it.

H. VIII., II: 3. 1070.

—**Her Mistakes.**

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good house-
wife, Fortune, from her wheel, that her gifts
may henceforth be bestowed equally.

* *

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's
office to Nature's: Fortune reigns in gifts of
the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

A. Y., I: 2. 409.

—**In our own Hands.**

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky
Gives us free scope; only, doth backward
pull

Our slow designs, when we ourselves are
dull.

* *

Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their pains in sense; and do sup-
pose

What hath been cannot be. Who ever strove
To show her merit, that did miss her love?

A. W., I: 2. 497.

—**Invoked.**

Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee; and great
charms

Misguide thy opposers' swords? Bold gen-
tleman,

Prosperity be thy page!

C., I: 5. 1156

—**Its Favorite.**

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleas-
ant hill,

Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd: The base o'
the mount

Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states: amongst them all,
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,
One do I personate of lord Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts
to her.

T. A., I: 1. 1287.

—**Its Fickleness.**

K. Hen. * * *

Will fortune never come with both hands
full,

But write her fair words still in foulest let-
ters?

She either gives a stomach, and no food,—
Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach,—such are the
rich,

That have abundance, and enjoy it not.

H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 4. 801.

—**Its Frown, a Test.**

Agam. * *

But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass, or matter, by itself
Lies, rich in virtue, and unmingled.

T. C., I: 3. 1107.

—**Its Instability.**

Poet. When Fortune, in her shift and
change of mood,

Spurns down her late belov'd, all his de-
pendants,

Which labour'd after him to the mountain's
top,

Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,

Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'T is common :

A thousand moral paintings I can show,
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of fortune

More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well,

To show lord Timon, that mean eyes have seen

The foot above the head.

T. A., I: 1, 1287.

—**Its Yoke not for All.**

K. Lew. Whate'er it be, be thou, still like thyself,

And sit thee by our side; yield not thy neck
To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind

Still ride in triumph over all mischance.

H. VI., 3 pt., III: 3, 975.

—**Kings, Ministers of.**

Cleo. * * 'T is paltry to be Cæsar :

Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave,
A minister of her will.

A. C., V: 2, 1577.

—**Like the Tide.**

Bru. * *

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;

Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.

J. C., IV: 3, 1745.

—**Mind Superior to.**

K. Edw. * *

Edward will always bear himself as king :
Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

H. VI., 3 pt., IV: 3, 951.

—**Mutations Lead to Hate.**

Edg. * * 'World, world, O world !

But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,

Life would not yield to age.

K. L., IV: 1, 1470.

—**No Power over the Heart.**

Pom. Well, I know not

What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face,

But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

A. C., II: 6, 1554.

—**Scorned when She Frowns.**

Ant. * * Fortune knows,

We scorn her most, when most she offers blows.

A. C., III: 9, 1564.

—**Scratches the Cowardly.**

Par. My lord, I am a man whom Fortune hath cruelly scratch'd.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 't is too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you played the knave with Fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her?

A. W., V: 2, 525.

—**Threatens when Leaving.**

Pand. * *

No, no; when fortune means to men most good,

She looks upon them with a threatening eye.

K. J., III: 4, 663.

—**To be Endured.**

Glo. * *

Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burden, whe'r I will, or no,
I must have patience to endure the load.

R. III., III: 7, 1029.

—**Turns on Use.**

Pro. * *

I find my zenith doth depend upon

A most auspicious star; whose influence

If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes

Will ever after droop.

T., I: 2, 10.

—**Variable and Blind.**

Flu. By your patience, ancient Pistol. Fortune is painted blind, with a muffler before her eyes, to signify to you, that fortune is blind: And she is painted also with a wheel; to signify * * that she is turning, and inconstant, and variations, and mutabilities: and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls:—In good truth, the poet is make a most excellent description of fortune: fortune, look you, is an excellent moral.

H. V., III: 6, 836.

FRAILITY.—Its Name, Woman.

Ham. * * That it should come to this!
But two months dead!—Nay, not so much,
not two:

So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
That he might not betem the winds of
heaven

Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and
earth!

Must I remember? why, she would hang on
him,

As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on: and yet, within a
month,—

Let me not think on't;—Frailty, thy name
is woman!—

A little month; or ere those shoes were old,
With which she follow'd my poor father's
body,

Like Niobe, all tears; why she, even she,—
O heaven! a beast, that wants discourse of
reason,

Would have mourn'd longer,—married with
my uncle,

My father's brother; but no more like my
father,

Than I to Hercules: Within a month;
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married:—O most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to, good.

H., I: 2. 1395.

—Woman's

Ang. Nay, women are frail too.

Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view
themselves;

Which are as easy broke as they make
forms.

Women!—Help heaven! men their crea-
tion mar

In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times
frail;

For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.

M. M., II: 4. 155.

FRANCE.—Contempt for.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no
more merits

The tread of a man's foot: to th' wars!

A. W., II: 3. 508.

FRANKNESS.—Soldierly.

Cas. He speaks home, madam; you may
relish him more in the soldier, than in the
scholar.

O., II: 1. 1502.

FREEDOM.—Contingent on Obedience.

Pro. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds: but then exactly do
All points of my command.

T., I: 2. 14.

FREEZING.—The Diminutive Escape.

Gru. * * I am sent before to make a
fire, and they are coming after to warm
them. Now, were not I a little pot, and
soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my
teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth,
my heart in my belly, ere I should come by
a fire to thaw me:—But, I, with blowing
the fire, shall warm myself; for, consider-
ing the weather, a taller man than I will
take cold.

T. S., IV: 1. 471.

FRENCHMAN.—A Valiant.

Beat. You had musty victual, and he
hath help to eat it: he's a very valiant
trencherman; he hath an excellent stomach.

M. A., I: 1. 225.

FRENCHMEN.—English Opinion of.

Bour. They bid us—to the English
dancing-schools,
And teach lavoltas high, and swift corantos;
Saying, our grace is only in our heels,
And that we are most lofty runaways.

H. V. III: 5. 835.

—Englishman's Contempt for.

K. Hen. * * *

My people are with sickness much en-
feebled;

My numbers lessen'd; and those few I have,
Almost no better than so many French;

Who when they were in health, I tell thee,
herald,

I thought, upon one pair of English legs
Did march three Frenchmen.—Yet, forgive
me, God,

That I do brag thus! this your air of France
Hath blown that vice in me; I must repent.

Go, therefore, tell thy master, here I am:

My ransom, is this frail, inconstant trunk;

My army, but a weak and sickly guard;
Yet, God before, tell him we will come on,
Though France himself, and such another
neighbour,
Stand in our way.

H. V., III: 6. 837.

FRIEND.—A false, Anathematized.

Flam. May these add to the number
that may scald thee!
Let molten coin be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights? O you
gods,
I feel my master's passion! This slave
Unto his honour, has my lord's meat in him:
Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poison?
O, may diseases only work upon 't!
And, when he is sick to death, let not that
part of nature
Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour!

T. A., III: 1. 1297.

—A perfect. (See Infirmities.)

Ulyss. The amity that wisdom knits not,
folly may easily untie.

T. C., II: 3. 1117.

Bass. The dearest friend to me, the
kindest man,
The best condition'd and unwearied'st spirit
In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

M. V., III: 2. 379.

—Hamlet's Picture of a.

Ham. * * Why should the poor be
flatter'd?
No, let the candied tongue lick absurd
pomp;
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost
thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her
choice,
And could of men distinguish her election,
She hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou
hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards

Has ta'en with equal thanks: and bless'd are
those,
Whose blood and judgment are so well
co-mingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please: Give me
that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear
him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of hearts,
As I do thee.

H., III: 2. 1413.

—More than Money.

Shal. Yes, Davy. I will use him well:
A friend i' the court is better than a penny
in purse.

H. IV., 2 pt., V: 1. 805.

—Transformed into a Foe.

War. I came from Edward as ambassa-
dor,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave
me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale, but me?
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again:
Not that I pity Henry's misery,
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery.

H. VI., 3 pt., III: 3. 978.

FRIENDS.—Abundant.

Tim. * * Canst thou the conscience
lack,
To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy
heart;
If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument of hearts by borrow-
ing,
Men, and men's fortunes, could I frankly
use,
As I can bid thee speak.

T. A., II: 2. 1296.

—Bewailing their Loss.

King. * *
Let not the cloud of sorrow jostle it
From what it purpos'd; since, to wail friends
lost,
Is not by much so wholesome, profitable,
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

L. L., V: 2. 302.

—Blind Estimate of.

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: How had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did you not chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself, than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you. O, you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should never have need of them? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for them: and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that kept their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 't is, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes!

T. A., I: 2. 1291.

—Faithful.

K. Hen. * *

We carry not a heart with us from hence,
That grows not in a fair consent with ours;
Nor leave not one behind, that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.

H. V., II: 2. 826.

—False, their Vileness.

Flav. * *

What viler thing upon the earth, than friends,
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends?
How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,
When man was wish'd to love his enemies:
Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo
Those that would mischief me, than those that do!

T. A., IV: 3. 1310.

—Fearful.

Blunt. He hath no friends, but who are friends for fear;
Which, in his dearest need, will fly from him.

R. III., V: 2. 1042.

—Fidelity to.

Pol. * *

The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel.

H., I: 3. 1397.

—Hollow.

K. Edw. * * You twain, of all the rest,

Are near to Warwick, by blood, and by alliance;

Tell me, if you love Warwick more than me?

If it be so, then both depart to him;

I rather wish you foes, than hollow friends;

But if you mind to hold your true obedience,

Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
That I may never have you in suspect.

H. VI., 3 pt., IV: 1. 980.

—Inconstancy of.

Buck. * *

Be sure, you be not loose; for those you make friends,

And give your hearts to, when they once perceive

The least rub in your fortunes, fall away

Like water from ye, never found again

But where they mean to sink ye.

H. VIII., II: 1. 1067.

—Mouth, Rebuked.

Tim. * *

Such summer-birds are men.

T. A., III: 6. 1302.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,

You knot of mouth-friends! smoke, and lukewarm water

Is your perfection. This is Timon's last;

Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces

[*Throwing Water in their Faces.*]

Your reeking villany. Live loath'd, and long,

Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,

You fools of fortune, trencher friends, time's flies,

Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!

Of man, and beast, the infinite malady

Crust you quite o'er!—What, dost thou go?

Soft, take thy physic first—thou too—and thou.

[*Throws the Dishes at them, and drives them out.*]

T. A., III: 6. 1303.

—Mutation of.

Apm. Hey day, what a sweep of vanity
comes this way!

They dance! they are mad women.
Like madness is the glory of this life,
As this pomp shows to a little oil, and root.
We make ourselves fools, to disport our-
selves;

And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,
Upon whose age we void it up again,
With poisonous spite, and envy. Who lives,
that's not

Depraved, or depraves? who dies, that bears
Not one spurn to their graves of their
friend's gift?

I should fear, those, that dance before me
now,

Would one day stamp upon me: It has
been done;

Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

T. A., I: 2. 1291.

—Recognition in Heaven.

Const. * *

And, father cardinal, I have heard you say,
That we shall see and know our friends in
heaven:

If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male
child,

To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature
born.

But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost;
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;
And so he'll die; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of
heaven

I shall not know him: therefore never,
never

Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

K. J., III: 4. 662.

FRIENDSHIP.—Continuance Desired.

Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter,
but

The manner of his speech: for it cannot be,
We shall remain in friendship, our condi-
tions

So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us staunch, from
edge to edge

O' the world I would pursue it.

A. C., II: 2. 1549.

—Covetous.

Stan. * * *

Farewell: The leisure and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long sunder'd friends should dwell
upon;

God give us leisure for these rites of love!
Once more, adieu:—Be valiant, and speed
well!

R. III., V: 3. 1043.

—Dependent on Fortune.

P. King. * * * 'T is a question left us
yet to prove,

Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune
love.

The great man down, you mark his favour-
ite flies;

The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies.
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend:
For who not needs, shall never lack a friend;
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.

H., III: 2. 1414.

—Disinterested, a Dream.

Flav. * *

O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings
us!

Who would not wish to be from wealth ex-
empt,

Since riches point to misery and contempt?
Who'd be so mock'd with glory? or to live
But in a dream of friendship?

To have his pomp, and all what state com-
pounds,

But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?
Poor honest lord, brought low by his own
heart;

Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual
blood,

When man's worst sin is, he does too much
good!

Who then dares to be half so kind again?
For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar
men.

My dearest lord,—bless'd, to be most accurs'd,

Rich, only to be wretched; thy great fortunes

Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!

He's flung in rage from this ungrateful seat
Of monstrous friends: nor has he with him to

Supply his life, or that which can command it.

T. A., IV: 2. 1305.

—Flatters.

Con. I will cap that proverb with—There is flattery in friendship.

M. V., III: 7. 838.

—Has its Dregs.

Apem. * * Friendship's full of dregs: Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.

Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.

T. A., I: 2. 1293.

—Impotent.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,
Thy general is my lover: I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men
have read

His fame unparallel'd, haply, amplified;
For I have ever magnified my friends,
(Of whom he's chief,) with all the size that
verity

Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes,

Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,
I have tumbled past the throw; and in his
praise

Have, almost, stamp'd the leasing: Therefore, fellow,

I must have leave to pass.

1 *G.* 'Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf, as you have uttered words in your own, you should not pass here: no, though it were as virtuous to lie, as to live chastely. Therefore, go back.

Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius, always factionary on the party of your general.

2 *G.* Howsoever you have been his liar, (as you say, you have,) I am one that, telling true under him, must say, you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

Men. Has he dined, can'st thou tell? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

1 *G.* You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am as thy general is.

1 *G.* Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have pushed out your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the queasy groans of old women, the virginial palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decayed dotant as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceived; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution; you are condemned, our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

C., V: 2. 1187.

—Inconstant in Matters of Love.

Claud. * * The prince woes for himself;

Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore, all hearts in love use their own
tongues;

Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent: for beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into
blood.

M. A., II: 1. 231.

—Of two Girls.

Hel. * * O, and is all forgot?

All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?

We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one
flower,

Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition,

Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart,
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
And will you rend our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor
friend?

M. N., III: 2. 334.

—Requires a Pledge.

Stan. Most mighty sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship
doubtful;

I never was, nor never will be false.

K. Rich. Well, go, muster men. But,
hear you, leave behind

Your son, George Stanley; look your heart
be firm,

Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

Stan. So deal with him, as I prove true
to you.

R. III., IV: 4. 1040.

—Stronger than Death.

Ant. * *

Repent not you that you shall lose your
friend,

And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife,
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life;
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all —
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

M. V., IV: 1. 385.

—True, its Wisdom.

Cor. * * * Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are salter than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes.—My some-
time general,

I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft be-
held

Heart-hard'ning spectacles; tell these sad
women,

'T is fond to wail inevitable strokes,
As 't is to laugh at them.

C., IV: 1. 1177.

—True, unselfish.

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvo-
lio, and taste with a distemper'd appetite.
To be generous, guiltless, and of free dis-
position, is to take those things for bird-
bolts that you deem cannon-bullets. There
is no slander in an allow'd fool, though he
do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a
known discreet man, though he do nothing
but reprove.

T. N., I: 5. 544.

—Unlocks all Resources.

Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me
know it;

And, if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

M. V., I: 1. 362.

FRIVOLITY.—Excessive.

Ros. * * I will be * * more new-
fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires
than a monkey.

A. Y., IV: 2. 430.

—Life too short for.

Mess. My lord, here are letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now.—

O gentlemen, the time of life is short;
To spend that shortness basely, were too
long,

If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.

An if we live, we live to tread on kings;
If die, brave death, when princes die with
us!

Now for our conscience,—the arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is just.

H. IV., 1 pt., V: 2. 758.

FROLICSOMENESS.—Boasted of in
Age.

Shal. He must then to the inns of court
shortly: I was once of Clement's inn; where,
I think, they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were called—lusty Shallow,
then, cousin.

Shal. By the mass, I was called any
thing; and I would have done any thing,
indeed, and roundly too. There was I, and
little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black
George Bare, and Francis Pickbone, and
Will Squele a Cotswold man,—you had not
four such swinge-bucklers in all the inns of
court again: and, I may say to you, we
knew where the bona-robas were; and had
the best of them all at commandment. Then
was Jack Falstaff, now sir John, a boy; and
page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk.

Sil. This sir John, cousin, that comes
hither anon about soldiers?

Shal. The same sir John, the very same.
I saw him break Skogan's head at the court
gate, when he was a crack, not thus high:
and the very same day did I fight with
one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind

Gray's-inn. O, the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead!

H. IV., 2 pt., III: 2. 791.

FROWNING.—An Honor to be Cause of.

Queen. He goes hence frowning: but it honours us,
That we have given him cause.

Cym., III: 5. 1610.

FRUIT.—Ripest, falls first.

K. Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he.

R. II., II: 1. 693.

FUNCTION.—Smothered.

Mach. * * *
Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smother'd in surmise.

M., I: 3. 1360.

FUNERAL.—Sorrow.

Oph. I hope, all will be well. We must be patient: but I cannot choose but weep, to think they should lay him i' the cold ground.

H. IV., 1 pt., 5. 1424.

FURY.—Crowned with Snakes.

Cleo. * * * Why so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings? If not well,
Thou should'st come like a fury crown'd
with snakes,
Not like a formal man.

A. C., II: 5. 1552.

Ant. * * * He hath fought to-day,
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
Destroy'd in such a shape.

A. C., IV: 8. 1571.

—Unreasonable.

1 *Serv.* He was too hard for him directly, to say the truth on 't: before Corioli, he scotched him and notched him like a carbonado.

C., IV: 5. 1182.

York. Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great.

O, I could hew up rocks, and fight with flint,
I am so angry at these abject terms;
And now, like Ajax Telamonius,
On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury!

H. VI., 2 pt., V: 1. 942.

FUTURE.—Interpreted by the Past.

War. There is a history in all men's lives,

Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd:
The which observ'd, a man may prophesy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things

As yet not come to life; which in their seeds
And weak beginnings lie intresured.
Such things become the hatch and brood of time:

And, by the necessary form of this,
King Richard might create a perfect guess,
That great Northumberland, then false to him,

Would, of that seed, grow to a greater false-ness,

Which should not find a ground to root upon,

Unless on you.

H. IV., 2 pt., III: 1. 790.

—Knowledge of the. (See Foreknowledge.)

Bru. * * * O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business, ere it come!
But it sufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is known.

J. C., V: 1. 1349.

G

GAIT.—A Betrayer.

Agam. Is not yon Diomed, with Calchas' daughter?

Ulyss. 'T is he, I ken the manner of his gait;

He rises on the toe: that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

T. C., IV: 5. 1131.

GALLANT.—An Accomplished.

Biron. This fellow picks up wit, as
pigeons peas,

And utters it again when Jove doth please.
He is wit's peddler, and retails his wares
At wakes, and wassails, meetings, markets,
fairs:

And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth
know,

Hath not the grace to grace it with such
show.

This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve;
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve:
He can carve too, and lisp: Why, this is he,
That kiss'd away his hand in courtesy:

This is the ape of form, Monsieur the Nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the
dice

In honourable terms; nay, he can sing
A mean most meanly; and, in ushering,
Mend him who can: the ladies call him,
sweet;

The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his
feet;

This is the flower that smiles on every one,
To show his teeth as white as whales' bone:
And consciences, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.

L. L., V: 2. 297.

—Disgust at an Old.

Mrs. Page. * * O wicked, wicked
world!—one that is well nigh worn to
pieces with age, to show himself a young
gallant! * * I'll exhibit a bill in the
parliament for the putting down of men.

M. W., II: 1. 95.

GALLANTS.—Travelled.

Lov. * * Our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and
tailors.

H. VIII., I: 3. 1062.

GARTER.—Order of, a Reward.

Tal. When first this order was ordain'd,
my lords,

Knights of the garter were of noble birth;
Valiant, and virtuous, full of haughty cour-
age,

Such as were grown to credit by the wars;
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for dis-
tress,

But always resolute in worst extremes.

He then, that is not furnish'd in this sort,
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,
Profaning this most honourable order;
And should (if I were worthy to be judge,)
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

H. VI., 1 pt., IV: 1. 884.

GAUNTNESS.—Bred of Watching.

Gaunt. O, how that name befits my
composition!

Old Gaunt, indeed; and gaunt in being old:
Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;
And who abstains from meat, that is not
gaunt?

For sleeping England long time have I
watch'd;

Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all
gaunt;

The pleasure, that some fathers feed upon,
Is my strict fast, I mean—my children's
looks;

And, therein fasting, hast thou made me
gaunt:

Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whose hollow womb inherits nought but
bones.

R. II., II: 1. 693.

GENERALSHIP.—Above rude Force.

Ulyss. * * The still and mental parts,
That do contrive how many hands shall
strike,
When fitness calls them on; and know, by
measure
Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight,
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity:
They call this—bed-work, mappery, closet-
war;
So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness o' his
poize,
They place before his hand that made the
engine;
Or those, that with the fineness of their
souls
By reason guide his execution.

T. C., I: 3. 1109.

GENEROSITY.—Easily Paid.

Por. He is well paid that is well satis-
fied:
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account myself well paid;
My mind was never yet more mercenary.

M. V., IV: 1. 387.

—Exhausted and Empty.

Flav. What will this come to?
He commands us to provide, and give great
gifts,
And all out of an empty coffer.—
Nor will he know his purse; or yield me
this,
To show him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good:
His promises fly so beyond his state,
That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes
For every word; he is so kind, that he now
Pays interest for 't; his land's put to their
books.
Well, 'would I were gently put out of office,
Before I were forc'd out!
Happier is he that has no friend to feed,
Than such as do even enemies exceed.
I bleed inwardly for my lord.

T. A., I: 2. 1292.

—Lavish.

Flav. O my good lord, the world is but
a word;

Were it all yours to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone!

T. A., II: 2. 1295.

2 *Lord.* He pours it out: Plutus, the
god of gold,
Is but his steward: no meed, but he repays
Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All use of quittance.

T. A., I: 1. 1289.

—Maintains the Feeble.

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?
Ven. Serv. Ay, my good lord: five tal-
ents is his debt;
His means most short, his creditors most
strait:
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up; which failing
to him,
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius! Well;
I am not of that feather, to shake off
My friend when he must need me. I do
know him
A gentleman, that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt,
and free him.

T. A., I: 1. 1287.

—Manly, easily Deceived.

Iago. * *
The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest, that but seem to
be so;
And will as tenderly be led by the nose,
As asses are.

O., I: 3. 1499.

—Of Others' Property, easy.

York. * *
Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of
their pillage,
And purchase friends, and give to courte-
zans,
Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone:
While as the silly owner of the goods
Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless
hands,
And shakes his head, and trembling stands
aloof,
While all is shar'd, and all is borne away;

Ready to starve, and dare not touch his own.
So York must sit, and fret, and bite his
tongue,
While his own lands are bargain'd for, and
sold.

H. VI., 2 pt., I: 1. 909.

—Worthy of Praise.

*Prin. * **

A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair
praise.

L. L., IV: 1. 283.

GENIUS.—Universal.

*Cant. * **

Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter.

H. V., I: 1. 820.

GENTLEMAN.—An Experienced.

*Pol. * * Camillo—*

As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto
Clerk-like, experienc'd, which no less adorns
Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,
In whose success we are gentle.

W. T., I: 2. 585.

—His Rights.

Clo. You are well met, sir: You deny'd
to fight with me this other day, because
I was no gentleman born: See you these
clothes? say, you see them not, and think
me still no gentleman born: you were best
say these robes are not gentlemen born.
Give me the lie; do; and try whether I am
not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know you are now, sir, a gentle-
man born.

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these
four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have:—but I was a gentle-
man born before my father: for the king's
son took me by the hand, and call'd me,
brother: and then the two kings call'd my
father, brother; and then the prince, my
brother, and the princess, my sister, call'd
my father, father; and so we wept: and
there was the first gentlemanlike tears that
ever we shed.

W. T., V: 2. 615.

—True, chivalrous.

Sil. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman.

* *

I do desire thy worthy company,

Upon whose faith and honour I repose.
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,
But think upon my grief,—a lady's grief,—
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most unholy match,
Which heaven and fortune still reward with
plagues.

T. G., IV: 2. 67.

GENTLEMEN.—Neither Envy nor Despise.

1 Knight. Contend not, sir; for we are
gentlemen,
That neither in our hearts, nor outward
eyes,
Envy the great, nor do the low despise.

P., II: 3. 1651.

GENTLENESS.—Its Power. (See Pity.)

Duke S. What would you have? Your
gentleness shall force,
More than your force move us to gentleness.

*Orl. * **

Let gentleness my strong enforcement be.

A. Y., II: 7. 419.

GERMAN.—Effect of Drink on.

Ner. How like you the young German,
the duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vildly in the morning, when
he is sober; and most vildly in the after-
noon, when he is drunk: when he is best,
he is a little worse than a man; and when
he is worse, he is little better than a beast.

M. V., I: 3. 364.

GERMANS.—Honest Men.

*Bard. * ** For so soon as I came be-
yond Eton, they threw me off, from behind
one of them, in a slough of mire; and set
spurs and away, like three German devils,
three doctor Faustuses.

Host. They are gone but to met the
duke, villain: do not say they be fled; Ger-
mans are honest men.

M. W., IV: 5. 115.

GHOST.—Admonitory.

Bru. Why, this, Volumnius:
The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night: at Sardis, once;
And, this last night, here in Philippi' fields.
I know, my hour is come.

J. C., V: 5. 1352.

—A Hero's, invoked.

Bed. * *

Henry the Fifth! thy ghost I invoke;
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils!
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!
A far more glorious star thy soul will make,
Than Julius Cæsar.

H. VI., 1 pt., I: 1. 865.

—Cæsar's, startles Brutus.

Bru. * *

How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes
here?

I think, it is the weakness of mine eyes,
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me:—Art thou anything?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some
devil,

That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to
stare?

Speak to me, what thou art.

J. C., IV: 3. 1347.

—King of Denmark's, interrogated.

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace de-
fend us!—

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts
from hell,

Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee; I'll call thee
Hamlet,

King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me:
Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell,
Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements! why the sep-
ulchre,

Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,
Hast open'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again! What may this
mean,

That thou, dead corse, again, in complete
steel,

Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of na-
ture,

So horribly to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our
souls?

Say, why is this? wherefore? what should
we do?

H., I: 4. 1398.—King of Denmark's, invoked to
speak. (See Fear.)

Ber. In the same figure, like the king
that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a scholar, speak to it,
Horatio.

Ber. Looks it not like the king? mark
it, Horatio.

Hor. Most like:—it harrows me with
fear, and wonder.

Ber. It would be spoken to.

Mar. Speak to it, Horatio.

Hor. What art thou, that usurp'st this
time of night,

Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge
thee, speak.

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See! it stalks away.

Hor. Stay; speak: speak I charge thee,
speak. [*Exit GHOST.*

H., I: 1. 1391.

—Not needed.

Ham. There's ne'er a villain, dwelling
in all Denmark,

But he's an arrant knave.

Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord,
come from the grave,

To tell us this.

H., I: 5. 1400.

—Not to be struck at.

Mar. 'Tis gone.

We do it wrong, being so majestical,
To offer it the show of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

H., I: 1. 1393.

—Of Banquo, its Effect.

Len. * * What is't that moves your
highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say, I did it: never
shake

Thy gory locks at me.

Rosse. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is
not well.

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends:—my lord
is often thus,

And hath been from his youth : 'pray you,
'keep seat ;

The fit is momentary ; upon a thought
He will again be well : If much you note
him,

You shall offend him, and extend his pas-
sion ;

Feed, and regard him not. — Are you a
man ?

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look
on that

Which might appal the devil.

Lady M. O proper stuff !

This is the very painting of your fear :

This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you
said,

Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws, and
starts,

(Impostors to true fear,) would well become
A woman's story, at a winter's fire,

Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself !

Why do you make such faces ? When all's
done,

You look but on a stool.

Macb. Pr'ythee, see there ! behold ! look !
lo : how say you ? —

Why, what care I ? If thou canst nod, speak
too. —

If charnel-houses, and our graves, must
send

Those that we bury, back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites.

M., III : 4. 1372.

—Of Banquo, second Appearance.

Macb. Avaunt ! and quit my sight ! Let
the earth hide thee !

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is
cold ;

Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with !

Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom : 't is no other ;

Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare :

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,

Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble : Or, be alive again,

And dare me to the desert with thy sword ;
If trembling I inhibit thee, protest me

The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow !

Unreal mockery, hence ! — Why, so ; — be-
ing gone,

I am a man again. — Pray you, sit still.

H., III : 4. 1372.

GHOSTS.—A Tradition.

Ant. * *

I have heard, (but not believ'd,) the spirits
o' th' dead

May walk again.

W. T., III : 3. 596.

GIFT.—Excelled.

Iach. Sir, (I thank her,) that :

She stripp'd it from her arm ; I see her yet ;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,

And yet enrich'd it too : She gave it me,
and said,

She priz'd it once.

Cym., II : 4. 1603.

—Of Absurdity.

Hol. This is a gift that I have, simple,
simple ; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of
forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, appre-
hensions, motions, revolutions : these are
begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished
in the womb of *pia mater*, and delivered
upon the mellowing of occasion : But the
gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and
I am thankful for it.

L. L., IV : 2. 235.

—Of Things not Prized, easy.

Lear. * * Sir, there she stands ;

If aught within that little, seeming substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd,

And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
She's there, and she is yours.

K. L., I : 1. 1445.

GIFTS.—Common, Despised.

Flo. Old sir, I know

She prizes not such trifles as these are :

The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and
lock'd

Up in my heart ; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd.

W. T., IV : 3. 604.

—From Women, Impudence.

Thai. * *

He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

P., II : 3. 1652.

—Good.

Eva. Seven hundred pounds and possibilities, is good gifts.

M. W., I: 1. 89.

—Natural, a Trust.

Duke. * * Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use.

M. M., I: 1. 143.

* —Nature's, to her Favorites.

Const. * *
But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear
boy!
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee
great:
Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies
boast,
And with the half-blown rose.

K. J., III: 1. 657.

—Of Fortune Delayed.

Jup. * *
Whom best I love, I cross; to make my gift
The more delay'd, delighted.

Cym., V: 4. 1624.

—Recalled by the gods.

Per. O you gods!
Why do you make us love your goodly
gifts,
And snatch them straight away? We, here
below,
Recall not what we give, and therein may
Use honour with yourselves.

P., III: 1. 1655.

—When to be Returned.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of
yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver;
I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, not I;
I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honour'd lord, you know right
well, you did;
And, with them, words of so sweet breath
compos'd
As made the things more rich: their per-
fume lost,

Take these again; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove un-
kind.

H., III: 1. 1411.

GIVERS.—Careless, poorly Rewarded.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open
hand:—These wise men that give fools
money get themselves a good report after
fourteen years purchase.

T. N., IV: 1. 562.

GIVING.—Enriches the Giver.

Ulyss. * * No man is the lord of any
thing,
(Though in and of him there be much con-
sisting,)
Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himself know them for
aught
Till he behold them form'd in the applause
Where they are extended; which, like an
arch, reverberates
The voice again; or like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat.

T. C., III: 3. 1124.

—Readiness in.

King. * * What would'st thou beg,
Laertes,
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
What would'st thou have, Laertes?

H., I: 2. 1394.

GLADNESS.—Seeming, Covers Sor-
rows.

Tro. * *
I have, (as when the sun doth light a storm,)
Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile.

J. C., I: 1. 1103.

GLOOM.

K. Rich. * *
For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the
ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:—
How some have been depos'd, some slain in
war;
Some haunted by the ghosts they have de-
pos'd;

Some poison'd by their wives, some sleep-
ing kill'd;
All murder'd.

R. II., III: 2. 702.

—**Its Language.**

K. Rich. No matter where; of comfort
no man speak:
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epi-
taphs;
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.

R. II., III: 2. 702.

—**Of Countenance.**

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted
colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Den-
mark.
Do not, for ever, with thy veiled lids
Seek for thy noble father in the dust:
Thou know'st, 't is common; all, that live,
must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.

H., I: 2. 1394.

GLORY.

Apem. * *
Like madness is the glory of this life,
As this pomp shows to a little oil, and root.

T. A., I: 2. 1291.

—**Departure of, Foreseen.**

Sal. Ah, Richard! with the eyes of heavy
mind,
I see thy glory, like a shooting star,
Fall to the base earth from the firmament!
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing storms to come, woe, and un-
rest.

R. II., II: 4. 699.

—**Human, painful.**

P. Hen. * * O majesty!
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost
sit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
That scalds with safety.

H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 4. 802.

—**Leads to Crime.**

Prin. * *
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes.

L. L., IV: 1. 283.

—**Short-Lived.**

Vol. * * I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on blad-
ders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown
pride
At length broke under me; and now has left
me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide
me.

H. VIII., III: 2. 1081.

—**Superlative.**

Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory: Men might say,
Till this time, pomp was single; but now
married
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last,
Made former wonders it's: To-day, the
French,
All clinkant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English; and, to-morrow,
they
Made Britain, India: every man that stood,
Show'd like a mine.

H. VIII., I: 1. 1057.

—**Vanisheth.**

Puc. * *
Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to
nought.

H. VI., 1 pt., I: 2. 868.

GOD.—Acknowledgment of.

K. Hen. Come, go we in procession to
the village:
And be it death proclaimed through our
host,
To boast of this, or take that praise from
God,
Which is his only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, and please your
majesty, to tell how many is killed?

K. Hen. Yes, captain; but with this ac-
knowledgegment,
That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did us
great goot.

K. Hen. Do we all holy rites;
Let there be sung *Non nobis*, and *Te Deum*.

H. V., IV: 8. 851.

GOLD.—Causes Nature to Revolt.

K. Hen. * *

How quickly nature falls into revolt,
When gold becomes her object!

H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 4. 802.

—For Corruption.

K. Rich. * *

Boy, —

Page. My lord.

K. Rich. Know'st thou not any, whom
corrupting gold

Would tempt unto a close exploit of death?

Page. I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty
mind:

Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

R. III., IV: 2. 1032.

—Given to Insure Destruction.

Tim. Consumptions sow

In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp
shins,

And mar men's spurring. Crack the law-
yer's voice,

That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quilllets shrilly: hoar the
flamen,

That scolds against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself: down with the
nose,

Down with it flat; take the bridge quite
away

Of him, that his particular to foresee,
Smells from the general weal: make curl'd-
pate ruffians bald;

And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you: Plague all;
That your activity may defeat and quell
The source of all erection. — There's
more gold: —

Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all!

T. A., IV: 3. 1307.

—Its Omnipotence. (See Money.)

Gru. Nay, look you sir, he tells you
flatly what his mind is. Why, give him

gold enough and marry him to a puppet,
or an aglet-baby; or an old trot with ne'er
a tooth in her head, though she have as
many diseases as two-and-fifty horses: why,
nothing comes amiss, so money comes
withal.

T. S., I: 2. 458.

Tim. * *

O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce
'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright de-
filer

Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate
wooer

Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated
snow

That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,
That solder'st close impossibilities,
And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with
every tongue,

To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts!
Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy
virtue

Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire!

T. A., IV: 3. 1309.

—Its Power.

Rom. * * Saint seducing gold.

R. J., I: 1. 1244.

Anne. O, what a world of vild ill-favour'd
faults

Looks handsome in three hundred pounds
a-year!

M. W., III: 4. 107.

Tim. * *

Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold?
No, gods,

I am no idle votarist. Roots, you clear
heavens!

Thus much of this, will make black, white;
foul, fair;

Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young;
cowards, valiant.

Ha, you gods! why this? What this, you
gods? Why this

Will lug your priests and servants from
your sides;

Pluck stout men's pillows from below their
heads:

This yellow slave

Will knit and break religions; bless the accurs'd;
 Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,
 And give them title, knee and approbation,
 With senators on the bench: this is it,
 That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;
 She, whom the spital-house, and ulcerous sores
 Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
 To the April day again.

T. A., IV: 3. 1305.

—**Its Slavery.**

*K. Hen. * * **

How quickly nature falls into revolt,
 When gold becomes her object!
 For this the foolish over-careful fathers
 Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains with care;
 Their bones with industry;
 For this they have engrossed and pil'd up
 The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold;
 For this they have been thoughtful to invest
 Their sons with arts, and martial exercises!
 When like the bee toiling from every flower
 The virtuous sweets!
 Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with honey,
 We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,
 Are murder'd for our pains.

H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 4. 802.

—**What it will Bring.**

*Clo. * * ** 'Tis gold

That buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes
 Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
 Their deer to the stand of the stealer; and 't is gold
 Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;
 Nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true man: What
 Can it not do, and undo?

Cym., II: 3. 1600.

—**Worse than Poison.**

Rom. There is thy gold; worse poison to men's souls,
 Doing more murders in this loathsome world,

Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell:

I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.

R. J., V: 1. 1274.

—**Worshiped as a God.**

*Tim. * * ** What a god's gold,

That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple

Than where swine feed!

'T is thou that rigg'st the bark, and plough'st the foam;

Settlest admired reverence in a slave:

To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye
 Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!

T. A., V: 1. 1312.

GOOD.—And Evil in Everything.

*Fri. * * **

O, mickle is the powerful grace, that lies
 In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:

For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,

But to the earth some special good doth give;

Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,

Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:

Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied:

And vice sometime's by action dignified.

Within the infant rind of this small flower

Poison hath residence, and medicine power:

For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;

Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.

Two such opposed foes encamp them still

In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will;

And, where the worser is predominant,

Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

R. J., II: 3. 1253.

—**Out of Evil.**

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone,
 the issue of it being so proper.

K. L., I: 1. 1443.

—**Too, for Working-days.**

D. Pedro. Will you have me, lady?

Beat. No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days; your grace is too costly to wear every day.

M. A., II: 1. 233.

GOODNESS.—Courageous.

Isab. * * I have spirit to do anything that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

M. M., III: 1. 159.

—Dignified.

King. * *

From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,

The place is dignified by th' doer's deed:

Where great additions swell, and virtue none,

It is a dropsied honour: good alone

Is good without a name; vileness is so:

The property by what it is should go,

Not by the title.

A. W., II: 3. 507.

—Excessive.

King. * *

For goodness, growing to a pleurisy,

Dies in his own too-much.

H., IV: 7. 1428.

—Extraordinary, Dangerous.

Car. * *

Look to it, lords; let not his smoothing words

Bewitch your hearts; be wise, and circumspect.

What though the common people favour him,

Calling him—"Humphrey, the good duke of Gloster;"

Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice—

"Jesu maintain your royal excellence!"

With—"God preserve the good duke Humphrey!"

I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss, He will be found a dangerous protector.

H. VI., 2 pt., I: 1. 909.

—Influence on the Masses.

K. Hen. That's not my fear, my meed hath got me fame.

I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,

Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;

My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,

My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,

My mercy dry'd their bitter-flowing tears:

I have not been desirous of their wealth,

Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,

Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd;

Then why should they love Edward more than me?

No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace:

And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,

The lamb will never cease to follow him.

H. VI., 3 pt., IV: 8. 985.

—Inspires Awe and Terror.

Cran. * * All princely graces,

That mold up such a mighty piece as this is,

With all the virtues that attend the good,

Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her,

Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:

She shall be lov'd, and fear'd: Her own shall bless her:

Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,

And hang their heads with sorrow: Good grows with her.

H. VIII., V: 3. 1094.

—Life of Beauty.

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good: the goodness that is cheap in beauty makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair.

M. M., III: 1. 158.

—Never Fearful.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful.

M. M., III: 1. 159.

—No less Good because of Evil.

Mal. * *

Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:

Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,

Yet grace must still look so.

M., IV: 3. 1378.

—Shines Afar.

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall.

How far that little candle throws his beams!

So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

M. V., V: 1. 389.

—**Sometimes Wearisome.**

Ang. * * The state whereon I studied
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown sear'd and tedious.

M. M., II: 4. 154.

—**Uniform.**

Laf. * * He that so generally is at all
times good, must of necessity hold his vir-
tue to you.

A. W., I: 1. 495.

—**Unparalleled.**

Paul. True, too true, my lord :
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or, from the all that are took something
good,
To make a perfect woman, she, you kill'd,
Would be unparallel'd.

W. T., V: 1. 611.

GORMANDIZER.—Cast off.

Shy. * * Thou shalt not gormandise,
As thou hast done with me ; — * *
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out.

M. V., II: 5. 370.

Sir And. * * But I am a great eater
of beef, and I believe that does harm to my
wit.

T. N., I: 3. 542.

GOSSIP.—A Lying.

Solan. I would she were as lying a gos-
sip in that, as ever knapped ginger, or made
her neighbours believe she wept for the death
of a third husband.

M. V., III: 1. 375.

—**Bloody, Ends in Silence.**

Ham. I am glad of it : A knavish speech
sleeps in a foolish ear.

H., IV: 2. 1421.

Aar. O, lord, sir, 't is a deed of policy :
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours ?
A long-tongued babbling gossip? no, lords,
no.

And now be it known to you my full intent.
Not far hence Muli lives, my countryman,
His wife but yesternight was brought to
bed ;

His child is like to her, fair as you are :
Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all ;

And how by this their child shall be ad-
vanc'd,

And be received for the emperor's heir,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempest whirling in the court ;
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, lords ; ye see that I have given
her physic, [*Pointing to the Nurse.*]
And you must needs bestow her funeral ;
The fields are near, and you are gallant
grooms.

Tit. And., IV: 2. 1222.

GOVERNMENT.—A Unit.

Exe. * *

While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
The advised head defends itself at home :
For government, though high, and low, and
lower,
Put into parts, both keep in one concent,
Congruing in a full and natural close,
Like music.

H. V., I: 2. 822.

—**Ability to Discourse on.**

Duke. Of government the properties to
unfold,
Would seem in me t' affect speech and dis-
course ;
Since I am put to know that your own sci-
ence
Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice
My strength can give you. Then no more
remains,
Put that to your sufficiency, as your worth
is able,
And let them work. The nature of our
people,
Our city's institutions, and the terms
For common justice, y' are as pregnant in,
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember.

M. M., I: 1. 143.

—**Good, almost Omniscient.**

Ulyss. * *

The providence that 's in a watchful state,
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold ;
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps ;
Keeps place with thought, and almost, like
the gods,
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.

T. C., III: 3. 1125.

—Good, Prunes.

Gard. * * Oh! what pity is it,
That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his
land,

As we this garden! We at time of year
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-
trees;

Lest, being over-proud with sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself:

Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to
taste

Their fruits of duty. All superfluous
branches

We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done so, himself had borne the
crown,

Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown
down.

E. II., III: 4. 706.

—Its Effect on Woman.

York. * *

'T is government, that makes them seem
divine;

The want thereof makes thee abominable:

H. VI., 3 pt., 1: 4. 961.

—Not easily Overthrown.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable
care

Have the patricians of you. For your
wants,

Your suffering in this dearth, you may as
well

Strike at the heaven with your staves, as
lift them

Against the Roman state; whose course
will on

The way it takes, cracking ten thousand
curbs

Of more strong link asunder, than can ever
Appear in your impediment: For the dearth,
The gods, not the patricians, make it; and
Your knees to them, not arms, must help.

C., I: 1. 1150.

—Popular, Rebuked.

Cor. * *

You that will be less fearful than discreet;
That love the fundamental part of state,
More than you doubt the change of 't; that
prefer

A noble life before a long, and wish
To jump a body with a dangerous physic
That's sure of death without it,—at once
pluck out

The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison: your dis-
honour

Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the
state

Of that integrity which should become it;
Not having the power to do the good it
would,

For the ill which doth control it.

Bru. He has said enough.

Sic. He has spoken like a traitor, and
shall answer

As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch! despite o'erwhelm
thee!—

What should the people do with these bald
tribunes?

On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench: In a rebellion,
When what 's not meet, but what must be,
was law,

Then were they chosen; in a better hour,
Let what is meet, be said it must be meet,
And throw their power i' the dust.

C., III: 1. 1170.

—Who Should be Subject to.

York. * *

Let them obey, that know not how to rule.

H. VI., 2 pt., V: 1. 941.

GRACE.—A Woman's. (See Good-
ness.)

Suf. * *

Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount,
Mid natural graces that extinguish art.

H. VI., 1 pt., V: 3. 594.

Pet. * * Kate, like the hazel-twigg,
Is straight, and slender; and as brown in
hue,

As hazel-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.

T. S., II: 1. 464.

Ulyss. * *

There 's language in her eye, her cheek, her
lip,

Nay, her foot speaks.

T. C., IV: 5. 1132.

—Always the same.

Lucio. * *

Grace is grace, despite of all controversy.

M. M., I: 2. 144.

—Apemantus's, before Meal.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
 I pray for no man but myself:
 Grant I may never prove so fond,
 To trust man, on his oath or bond;
 Or a harlot, for her weeping;
 Or a dog, that seems a sleeping.

T. A., I: 2. 1290.

—Overflowing.

Pro. * *

Make your full reference freely to my lord,
 Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
 On all that need.

A. C., V: 2. 1578.

—Profaned.

York. * * Grace,

In an ungracious mouth, is but profane.

R. II., II: 3. 698.

—Timon's, a Rebuke.

Tim. * * Sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves praised: but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another; for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains: If there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are.—The rest of your fees, O gods,—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends,—as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing they are welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

*[The dishes uncovered are full of warm water.]**T. A.*, III: 6. 1303.

GRACES.—King's, distasteful.

Mal. But I have none: The king-becoming graces,

As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
 Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
 Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
 I have no relish of them.

M., IV: 3. 1379.

—Traitors to Us.

Adam. * *

Their graces serve them but as enemies?

No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master,

Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.

A. Y., II: 3. 415.

—Work Evil.

Her. * *

Before the time I did Lysander see,

Seem'd Athens like a paradise to me:

O then, what graces in my love do dwell,

That he hath turn'd a heaven into hell!

M. N., I: 1. 323.

GRAFTING.—Nature's Art.

Per.

For I have heard it said,

There is an art which, in their piedness,
 shares

With great creating nature.

Pol.

Say, there be;

Yet nature is made better by no mean,

But nature makes that mean: so, over that
 art,

Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art

That nature makes. You see, sweet maid,
 we marry

A gentler scion to the wildest stock;

And make conceive a bark of baser kind

By bud of nobler race: This is an art

Which does mend nature,—change it rather:
 but

The art itself is nature.

W. T., IV: 3. 601.

GRANDEUR.—Luxuriant.

Eno. I will tell you:

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
 Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten
 gold;

Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that

The winds were love-sick with them: the
 oars were silver;

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and
 made

The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
 As aniorous of their strokes.

* *

Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,

So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,

And made their bends adornings: at the
helm
A seeming Mermaid steers; the silken
tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft
hands,
That yarely frame the office.

A. C., II: 2. 1550.

GRATITUDE.—Due to God.

K. Hen. Poor soul! God's goodness
hath been great to thee:
Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath
done.

H. VI., 2 pt., II: 1. 916.

—How expressed.

Sat. Titus Adronicus, for thy favours
done

To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness:
And, for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name, and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my emperess,
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse:
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please
thee?

Tit. And., I: 2. 1204.

—Prayer for.

K. Hen. * * O Lord, that lends me
life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness.

H. VI., 2 pt., I: 1. 907.

—Requites.

K. Hen. * * I'll well requite thy kind-
ness,
For that it made my imprisonment a pleas-
ure;

Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds
Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts,
At last, by notes of household harmony,
They quite forget their loss of liberty.

H. VI., 3 pt., IV: 6. 982.

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll
ope my arms;
And, like the kind life-rend'ring pelican,
Repast them with my blood.

H., IV: 5. 1425.

—Tears, its Sign.

P. Hen. I have a kind soul, that would
give you thanks,
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.

K. J., V: 7. 677.

GRAVE.—By the Sea.

Alcib. * *

Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human
griefs,
Scorn'dst our brain's flow, and those our
droplets which
From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for
aye
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven.

T. A., V: 5. 1316.

—How Marked.

Oph. * *

[*Sings.*

He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone:
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

H., IV: 5. 1424.

Bel. * *

The herbs, that have on them cold dew o'
the night,
Are strewings fittest for graves.

Cym., IV: 2. 1618.

—Selection of a.

Luc. * * Let us

Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partisans
A grave.

Cym., IV: 2. 1619.

GRAVITY.—Circumspect.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed
at midnight?

H. IV., 1 pt., II: 4. 741.

—Its Excesses.

Ros. The blood of youth burns not with
such excess,
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

L. L., V: 2. 294.

GREAT.—Eat up the small.

1 *Fish.* Why, as men do a-land; the
great ones eat up the little ones: I can com-
pare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to
a whale; 'a plays and tumbles, driving the

poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard on a' the land, who never leave gaping, till they've swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells and all.

P., II: 2. 1649.

—**Represented by the Small.**

Cho. * * But pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraised spirit, that hath dar'd,
On this unworthy scaffold, to bring forth
So great an object: Can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O, the very casques,
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
Attest, in little place, a million;
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work:
Suppose, within the girdle of these walls
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous, narrow ocean parts asunder.

H. V., I: C. 819.

—**Their Visits portentous.**

Q. Kath. Pray their graces
To come near. What can be their business
With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from
favour?
I do not like their coming, now I think on 't.
They should be good men; their affairs as
righteous;
But all hoods make not monks.

H. VIII., III: 1. 1074.

GREATNESS.—Absorbs all lesser Things.

K. Edw. Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry,
bear him hence,
And once again proclaim us king of Eng-
land.—
You are the fount, that makes small brooks
to flow;
Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck
them dry,
And swell so much the higher by their ebb.

H. VI., 3 pt., IV: 8. 986.

—**Apparent.**

Iach. He sits 'mongst men, like a de-
scended god:

He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming.

Cym., I: 7. 1597.

Cran. * * He shall flourish,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his
branches
To all the plains about him.

H. VIII., V: 4. 1094.

—**Earned.**

K. Hen. * * I will keep my state;
Be like a king, and show my soul of great-
ness,
When I do rouse me in my throne of France:
For that I have laid by my majesty,
And plodded like a man for working-days;
But I will rise there with so full a glory,
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.

H. V., I: 2. 823.

—**Envied.**

Duke. O place and greatness, millions
of false eyes
Are stuck upon thee! volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious
quests
Upon thy doings! thousand escapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dream,
And rack thee in their fancies!

M. M., IV: 1. 163.

—**Ever growing.**

Cleo. I dream'd, there was an emperor
Antony;—

* *

His face was as the heavens; and therein
stuck
A sun, and moon; which kept their course,
and lighted
The little O, the earth.

* *

His legs bestrid the ocean; his rear'd arm
Crested the world: his voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the
orb,

He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in 't; an autumn 't was,
That grew the more by reaping.

A. C., V: 2. 1573.

—**Fallen.**

Ant. But yesterday, the word of Cæsar
might

Have stood against the world: now lies he
there,

And none so poor to do him reverence.

J. C., III: 2. 1340.

Cleo. * *

O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fallen; young boys,
and girls,
Are level now with men: the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon.

A. C., IV: 13. 1576.

—**Has its Weaknesses.**

Achil. 'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen
out with fortune,

Must fall out with men too.

T. C., III: 3. 1124.

P. Hen. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. Is it come to that? I had thought,
weariness durst not have attached one of so
high blood.

P. Hen. 'Faith, it does me; though it
discolours the complexion of my greatness
to acknowledge it. Doth it not show vilely
in me, to desire small beer?

H. IV., 2 pt., II: 2. 782.

—**In Ruins.**

Ant. * *

Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,
That ever lived in the tide of times.

J. C., III: 1. 1338.

—**Its Sources.**

Mal. * *

[*Reads.*

Be not afraid of greatness: Some are born great,
some achieve greatness, and some have greatness
thrust upon them. The fates open their hands; let
thy blood and spirit embrace them. And, to inure
thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble
slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kins-
man, surly with servants: let thy tongue tang
arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singu-
larity: she thus advises thee that sighs for thee.

T. N., II: 5. 553.

—**Its Culmination.**

Vol. * *

I have touch'd the highest point of all my
greatness;

And, from that full meridian of my glory,

I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

H. VIII., III: 2. 1079.

—**Its Danger.**

Apem. I scorn thy meat; 't would choke
me, for I should

Ne'er flatter thee.—O you gods! what a
number

Of men eat Timon, and he sees them not!
It grieves me, to see so many dip their meat
In one man's blood; and all the madness is,
He cheers them up too.

I wonder, men dare trust themselves with
men:

Methinks, they should invite them without
knives;

Good for their meat, and safer for their
lives.

There 's much example for 't; the fellow,
that

Sits next him now, parts bread with him,
and pledges

The breath of him in a divided draught,
Is the readiest man to kill him: it has been
prov'd.

If I were a huge man, I should fear to drink
at meals;

Lest they should spy my windpipe's dan-
gerous notes:

Great men should drink with harness on
their throats.

T. A., I: 2. 1290.

—**Its Fall.**

War. * *

Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely
eagle,

Under whose shade the ramping lion slept;
Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spread-
ing tree,

And kept low shrubs from winter's power-
ful wind.

H. VI., 3 pt., V: 2. 988.

—**Not Supported.**

K. Hen. * * O, be sick, great great-
ness,

And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!

Think'st thou, the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?

H. V., IV: 1. 842.

—**Not to be Estimated.**

Tro. Fie, fie, my brother!
Weigh you the worth and honour of a king,
So great as our dread father, in a scale
O' common ounces? will you with counters
sum

The past-proportion of his infinite?
And buckle-in a waist most fathomless,
With spans and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons? fie, for godly shame!

T. C., II: 2. 1113.

—**Overpowering.**

Cæs. Why, man, he doth bestride the
narrow world,
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.

J. C., I: 2. 1324.

Sooth. Cæsar's.

Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:
Thy dæmon, that's thy spirit which keeps
thee, is

Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not; but, near him, thy
angel

Becomes a Fear, as being o'erpower'd;
therefore

Make space enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee; no more, but
when to thee.

If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose! and, of that natural
luck,

He beats thee 'gainst the odds; thy lustre
thickens,

When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;
But, he away, 't is noble.

A. C., II: 3. 1551.

—**That which Made it, Despised.**

Bru. * *

The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power: And, to speak truth
of Cæsar,

I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 't is a common
proof,

That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face:
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base de-
grees

By which he did ascend.

J. C., II: 1. 1329.

—**True, Invincible.**

Auf. * * I think, he'll be to Rome,
As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature. First he was
A noble servant to them; but he could not
Carry his honours even: whether 't was
pride,

Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether defect of judg-
ment,

To fail in the disposing of those chances
Which he was lord of; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From the casque to the cushion, but com-
manding peace

Even with the same austerity and garb
As he controll'd the war.

* * So our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time:
And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
To extol what it hath done.

One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one
nail;

Rights by rights fouler, strengths by strengths
do fail.

C., IV: 7. 1185.

—**True, its Growth.**

Ham. * * Rightly to be great,
Is, not to stir without great argument;
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honour's at the stake.

H., IV: 4. 1423.

Com. * *

That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,

When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
 Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,
 Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
 When with his Amazonian chin he drove
 The bristled lips before him: he bestrid
 An o'er-press'd Roman, and i' the consul's view
 Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met,
 And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats,
 When he might act the woman in the scene,
 He prov'd best man i' the field, and for his meed
 Was bound-bound with the oak. His pupil age
 Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea;
 And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
 He lurch'd all swords o' the garland. For this last,
 Before and in Corioli, let me say,
 I cannot speak him home: He stopp'd the fliers:
 And, by his rare example, made the coward
 Turn terror into sport: as waves before
 A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
 And fell below his stem: his sword (death's stamp)
 Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
 He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
 Was timed with dying cries: alone he enter'd
 The mortal gate o' the city, which he painted
 With shunless destiny, aidless came off,
 And with a sudden re-enforcement struck
 Corioli, like a planet: Now all 's his:
 When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
 His ready sense, then straight his doubled spirit
 Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
 And to the battle came he; where he did
 Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
 'T were a perpetual spoil: and, till we call'd
 Both field and city ours, he never stood
 To ease his breast with panting.

C., II: 2. 1164.

—True, its Vagaries.

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's
 in him, but

Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore
 meat,

Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;
 And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
 Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now;
 Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
 Of our design. He bears himself more
 proudlier

Even to my person, than I thought he would,
 When first I did embrace him: Yet his nature

In that's no changeling; and I must excuse
 What cannot be amended.

C., IV: 7. 1185.

GRIEF.—A Solace. (See Sorrow.)

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,

Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;

Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
 Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
 Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form,
 Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.

K. J., III: 4. 662.

—Aggravated.

Æge. A heavier task could not have been
 impos'd,

Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable.

C. E., I: 1. 192.

Tro. I was about to tell thee,—when
 my heart,

As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain.

T. C., I: 1. 1103.

Tit. * *

What fool hath added water to the sea?
 Or brought a fagot to bright burning Troy?
 My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,
 And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds:
 Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too;
 For they have fought for Rome, and all in
 vain;

And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding
 life;

In bootless prayer have they been held up,
 And they have serv'd me to effectless use.

Now all the service I require of them
 Is that the one will help to cut the other.

Tit. And., III: 1. 1215.

—All our Own.

K. Rich. My crown, I am; but still my
griefs are mine;
You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs; still am I king of those.

R. II., IV: 1. 709.

—Atoning.

Eno. * * Throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault:
Which, being dried with grief, will break to
powder,
And finish all foul thoughts.

A. C., IV: 9. 1572.

—Disguised.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with
mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue!

M., IV: 3. 1380.

—Emphatic.

Ham. What is he, whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of
sorrow
Conjures the wand'ring stars, and makes
them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers?

H., V: 2. 1432.

—Entertained.

Queen. * *
Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodged
in thee,
When triumph is become an ale-house guest?

R. II., V: 1. 711.

—Excessive.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right
of the dead; excessive grief the enemy to
the living.

Hel. If the living be enemy to the grief,
the excess makes it soon mortal.

A. W., I: 1. 496.

Fal. * *
A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a
man up like a bladder.

H. IV., 1 pt., II: 4. 741.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your
cousin's death?
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave
with tears?

An if thou could'st, thou could'st not make
him live;

Therefore, have done: Some grief shows
much of love;

But much of grief shows still some want of
wit.

R. J., III: 5. 1265.

—Extravagant.

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.

Ham. 'Zounds, show me what thou 'lt
do:

Woul't weep? woul't fight? woul't fast?
woul't tear thyself?

Woul't drink up Esil? eat a crocodile?

I 'll do 't. — Dost thou come here to whine?

To outface me with leaping in her grave?

Be buried quick with her, and so will I:

And, if thou prate of mountains, let them
throw

Millions of acres on us; till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou 'lt
mouth,

I 'll rant as well as thou.

H., V: 1. 1432.

Q. Mar. Oft have I heard—that grief
softens the mind,

And makes it fearful and degenerate;

Think therefore on revenge, and cease to
weep.

But who can cease to weep, and look on
this?

Here may his head lie on my throbbing
breast:

But where 's the body that I should em-
brace?

* *

K. Hen. How now, madam? Still
Lamenting, and mourning for Suffolk's
death?

I fear, my love, if that I had been dead,
Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much
for me.

Q. Mar. No, my love, I should not
mourn, but die for thee.

H. VI., 1 pt., IV: 4. 936.

—Foreshadowed.

Queen. * *

Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest

As my sweet Richard : Yet again, methinks,
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's
womb,

Is coming towards me ; and my inward soul
With nothing trembles : at something it
grieves,
More than with parting from my lord the
king.

R. II., II : 2. 695.

—General.

Q. Eliz. Ah ! who shall hinder me to
wail and weep ?

To chide my fortune, and torment myself ?
I 'll join with black despair against my soul,
And to myself become an enemy.

Duch. What means this scene of rude
impatience ?

Q. Eliz. To make an act of tragic vio-
lence : —

Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead.
Why grow the branches, when the root is
gone ?

Why wither not the leaves, that want their
sap ? —

If you will live, lament ; if die, be brief ;
That our swift-winged souls may catch the
king's ;

Or, like obedient subjects, follow him
To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.

Duch. Ah, so much interest have I in
thy sorrow,

As I had title in thy noble husband !
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And liv'd by looking on his images :
But now, two mirrors of his princely sem-
blance

Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death ;
And I for comfort have but one false glass,
That grieves me when I see my shame in
him.

Thou art a widow ; yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left
thee :

But death hath snatch'd my husband from
my arms,

And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble
hands,

Clarence, and Edward. O what cause have I,
(Thine being but a moiety of my grief,)
To over-go thy complaints, and drown thy cries ?

* *

Duch. Was never mother had so dear a
loss.

Alas ! I am the mother of these griefs ;
Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.
She for an Edward weeps, and so do I ;
I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she :
These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I :
I for an Edward weep, so do not they : —
Alas ! you three, on me, threefold distress'd,
Pour all your tears, I am your sorrow's
nurse,

And I will pamper it with lamentations.

R. III., II : 2. 1016.

—Great, an Excuse.

Bast. Whate'er you think, good words,
I think, were best.

Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners,
reason now.

Bast. But there is little reason in your
grief :

Therefore, 't were reason, you had manners
now.

Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath this priv-
ilege.

Best. 'T is true ; to hurt his master, no
man else.

K. J., IV : 3. 669.

—Great, proud.

Sal. Pardon me, madam,
I may not go without you to the kings.

Const. Thou may'st, thou shalt, I will
not go with thee :

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud ;
For grief is proud, and makes his owner
stout.

To me, and to the state of my great grief,
Let kings assemble ; for my grief's so great,
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up : here I and sorrow sit ;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to
it.

K. J., III : 1. 657.

—Heavy.

Duch. * * Grief boundeth where it
falls,

Not with the empty hollowness, but weight :
I take my leave before I have begun ;
For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.

R. II., I : 2. 667.

—Helps Nothing.

Bra. * *

We lose it not, so long as we can smile.
 He bears the sentence well, that nothing
 bears
 But the free comfort which from thence he
 hears :
 But he bears both the sentence and the sor-
 row,
 That, to pay grief, must of poor patience
 borrow
 These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,
 Being strong on both sides, are equivocal :
 But words are words ; I never yet did hear,
 That the bruise'd heart was pierced through
 the ear.

O., I. 3. 1497.

—Inconsolable.

Edw. Sweet duke of York, our prop to
 lean upon ;
 Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no
 stay !—
 O Clifford, boist'rous Clifford, thou hast
 slain
 The flower of Europe for his chivalry ;
 And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,
 For hand to hand, he would have vanquish'd
 thee !—
 Now my soul's palace is become a prison :
 Ah, would she break from hence ! that this
 my body
 Might in the ground be closed up in rest :
 For never henceforth shall I joy again,
 Never, O never, shall I see more joy.

H. VI., 3 pt., II : 1. 962.

—Its changing Power.

Æge. Oh ! grief hath chang'd me, since
 you saw me last ;
 And careful hours, with Time's deformed
 hand,
 Have written strange defeatures in my face.

C. E., V : 1. 212.

—Its Shadows.

Bushy. Each substance of a grief hath
 twenty shadows,
 Which show like grief itself, but are not
 so.

R. II., II : 2. 695.

—Its Signs.

Agam. Princes,
 What grief hath set the jaundice on your
 cheeks?

T. C., I : 3. 1107.

—Its weakening Power.

North. * *

And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd
 joints,
 Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,
 Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire,
 Out of his keeper's arms ; even so my limbs,
 Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd
 with grief,
 Are thrice themselves.

H. IV., 1 : 1. 775.

—Lengthens Time.

Gaunt. What is six winters ? they are
 quickly gone.

Boling. To men in joy ; but grief makes
 one hour ten.

R. II., I : 3. 690.

—Not conducive to Humility.

Prince. * * Farewell, worthy lord,
 A heavy heart bears not a humble tongue :
 Excuse me so, coming too short of thanks
 For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

L. L., V : 2. 302.

—Puissant.

Edg. * *

His grief grew puissant, and the strings of
 life
 Began to crack.

K. L., V : 3. 1484.

—Quenchless.

Fath. * *

My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell :
 And so obsequious will thy father be,
 Sad for the loss of thee, having no more,
 As Priam was for all his valiant sons.

H. VI., 3 pt., II : 5. 969.

—Tearless.

Her. * *

I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
 Commonly are ; the want of which vain dew,
 Perchance, shall dry your pities : but I have

That honourable grief lodg'd here, which
burns
Worse than tears drown.

W. T., II: 1. 588.

—Unutterable.

Sen. * *

My heart is not compact of flint, nor steel;
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my very utterance.

Tit. And., V: 3. 1230.

—Who Master it.

Bene. Well, every one can master a
grief, but he that has it.

M. A., III: 2. 239.

GRIEFS.—Great, Medicine the Less.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the
less.

Cym., IV: 2. 1617.

—Not for the Past.

Paul. * * What's gone, and what's
past help,
Should be past grief.

W. T., III: 3. 596.

—Some medicinable.

Imo. * *

(Some griefs are med'cinable;) that is one
of them,
For it doth physic love;—of his content,
All but in that!

Cym., III: 2. 1606.

GRIEVANCES.—Complained of.

Q. Kath. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your sub-
jects
Are in great grievance: there have been
commissions
Sent down among them, which hath flaw'd
the heart
Of all their loyalties:—wherein, although,
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on
Of these exactions, yet the king our master,
(Whose honour heaven shield from soil!)
even he escapes not
Language unmannerly; yea, such which
breaks

The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

H. VIII., I: 2. 1060.

GROANS.—Fearful.

Pro. * * Thy groans

Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the
breasts

Of ever-angry bears: it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo; it was mine art,
When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made
gape

The pine, and let thee out.

T., I: 2. 11.

GROWTH.—Of evil Things, swift.

York. * *

My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
More than my brother: "Ay," quoth my
uncle Gloster,
"Small herbs have grace, great weeds do
grow apace."

And since, methinks, I would not grow so
fast,

Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds
make haste.

R. III., II: 4. 1018.

**GRUDGES.—Private, not to be
Avenged.**

Bas. Crossing the sea from England into
France,

This fellow here, with envious carping
tongue,

Upbraided me about the rose I wear:
Saying,—the sanguine color of the leaves
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,
When stubbornly he did repugn the truth,<
About a certain question in the law,
Argu'd betwixt the duke of York and him;
With other vile and ignominious terms:
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my lord's worthiness,
I crave the benefit of law of arms.

Ver. And that is my petition, noble lord:
For though he seem, with forged quaint
conceit

To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
Yet know, my lord, I was provok'd by him;
And he first took exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing—that the paleness of this
flower

Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.
York. Will not this malice, Somerset,
 be left?

Som. Your private grudge, my lord of
 York, will out,
 Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.

H. VI., 1 pt., IV: 1. 885.

GUESSING.—Ability of.

Cant. Then go we in, to know his em-
 bassy:
 Which I could, with a ready guess, declare,
 Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

H. V., I: 1. 820.

GUEST.—A famous.

Ulyss. The great Achilles, — whom opin-
 ion crowns
 The sinew and the forehand of our host.

T. C., I: 3. 1109.

—Banquo's Invitation.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn sup-
 per, sir,
 And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Set your highness'
 Command upon me; to the which, my duties
 Are with a most indissoluble tie
 For ever knit.

M., III: 1. 1368.

—Urged to Delay.

Her. Verily!
 You put me off with limber vows: But I,
 Though you would seek t' unsphere the stars
 with oaths,

Should yet say, "Sir, no going." Verily,
 You shall not go; a lady's verily is
 As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?

Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
 Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees,
 When you depart, and save your thanks.

How say you?

My prisoner, or my guest? by your dread
 verily,

One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest, then, madam:
 To be your prisoner should import offend-
 ing.

W. T., I: 2. 581.

GUESTS.—Unbidden.

Bed. * * Unbidden guests
 Are often welcomest when they are gone.

H. VI., II: 2. 873.

GUILE.—Dissembling. (See Hypoc- risy.)

Glo. * *

O monstrous treachery! Can this be so
 That in alliance, amity, and oaths,
 There should be found such false dissem-
 bling guile?

H. VI., 1 pt., IV: 1. 855.

GUILT.—Enfeebles and Destroys.

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my
 bosom

Takes off my manhood: I have belied a
 lady,

The princess of this country, and the air
 on't,

Revengingly enfeebles me; Or could this
 earl,

A very drudge of nature's, have subdu'd
 me,

In my profession? Knighthoods and hon-
 ours, borne,

As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.

Cym., V: 2. 1622.

—Expedient to Unkennel.

Ham. * *

Observe my uncle: if his occulted guilt
 Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
 It is a damned ghost that we have seen;
 And my imaginations are as foul
 As Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note,
 For I mine eyes will rivet on his face;
 And, after, we will both our judgments join
 In censure of his seeming.

H., III: 2. 1413.

—Full of Jealousy.

Queen. * *

To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
 Each toy seems prologue to some great
 amiss:

So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
 It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

H., IV: 5. 1424.

—Its Bravado.

War. What dares not Warwick, if false
 Suffolk dare him?

Q. Mar. He dares not calm his contume-
 lious spirit,
 Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,

Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.

War. Madam, be still; with reverence may I say;

For every word, you speak in his behalf,
Is slander to your royal dignity.

Suf. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour!

If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock
Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit
thou art,

And never of the Nevils' noble race.

War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,

And I should rob the deathsman of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,

And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,

I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee

Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,
And say—it was thy mother that thou meant'st,

That thou thyself wast born in bastardy:

And, after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,

Pernicious bloodsucker of sleeping men!

Suf. Thou shalt be waking, while I shed thy blood,

If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.

War. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence:

Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,

And do some service to duke Humphrey's ghost.

H. VI., 2 pt., III: 2. 928.

—Cowardly.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?

Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?

Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had mighty cause

To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

Hub. Had none, my lord! why, did you not provoke me?

K. John. It is the curse of kings, to be attended

By slaves, that take their humors for a warrant

To break within the bloody house of life:

And, on the winking of authority,

To understand a law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns

More upon humor than advis'd respect.

K. J., IV: 2. 668.

—Its Heaviness.

Ghost of P. Ed. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!

Think, how thou stab'dst me in my prime of youth

At Tewkesbury: Despair therefore, and die!—

Ghost of Hen. VI. When I was mortal my anointed body

By thee was punched full of deadly holes:

Think on the Tower, and me: Despair, and die.

Ghost of Clarence. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!

I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,

Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death!

To-morrow in the battle think on me,

And fall thy edgeless sword: Despair, and die!

Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster.

Ghost of Riv. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow,

Rivers, that died at Pomfret! Despair, and die!

Ghost of Grey. Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair!

Ghost of Vaugh. Think upon Vaughan; and, with guilty fear,

Let fall thy lance! Despair, and die!—

Ghost of Hastings. Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake;

And in a bloody battle end thy days!

Think on lord Hastings; and despair, and die!—

Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake!

Ghost of the two Princes. Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the Tower;

Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,

And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!

Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair, and die.—

Ghost of Queen Anne. Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife, That never slept a quiet hour with thee, Now fills thy sleep with perturbations : To-morrow in the battle think on me, And fall thy edgeless sword : Despair, and die !—

Ghost of Buckingham. The first was I, that help'd thee to the crown ; The last was I that felt thy tyranny : O, in the battle think on Buckingham, And die in terror of thy guiltiness ! Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death ; Fainting, despair ; despairing, yield thy breath !

R. III., V : 3. 1043.

Clar. O Brankenbury, I have done these things,— That now give evidence against my soul,— For Edward's sake ; and, see, how he requites me !—

O God ! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,

But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds, Yet execute thy wrath on me alone :

O, spare my guiltless wife, and my poor children !—

I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me ; My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

R. III., I : 4. 1011.

—Self-Confessed.

*Ang. * **

No longer session hold upon my shame, But let my trial be mine own confession : Immediate sentence then, and sequent death, Is all the grace I beg.

M. M., V : 1. 174.

—Sometimes Defiant.

Fitz. If that thy valour stand on sympathies, There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine : By that fair sun that shows me where thou stand'st,

I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,

That thou wert cause of noble Gloster's death.

If thou deny'st it, twenty times thou liest ; And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart, Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.

Aum. Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see that day.

Fitz. Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour. * *

Surrey. Dishonourable boy !

That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword, That it shall render vengeance and revenge, Till thou the lie-giver, and that lie, do lie In earth as quiet as thy father's skull.

In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn ;

Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

Fitz. How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse.

If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live, I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness, And spit upon him, whilst I say he lies, And lies, and lies : there is my bond of faith, To tie thee to my strong correction.—

As I intend to thrive in this new world, Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal : Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say, That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men

To execute the noble duke at Calais.

Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,

That Norfolk lies ; here do I thrown down this,

If he may be repeal'd to try his honour.

R. II., IV : 1. 707.

GUILTINESS.—Speaks without Tongue.

*Iago. * **

Do you see, gentlemen ? nay, guiltiness will speak,

Though tongues were out of use.

O., V : 1. 1528.

—Suspiciously Scatters.

Sal. The king hath disposess'd himself of us ;

We will not line his sin bestained cloak With our pure honours, nor attend the foot That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks ;

Return, and tell him so ; we know the worst.

K. J., IV : 3. 669.

H

HABIT.—Gives Ease

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

H., V: 1. 1430.

—Powerful.

Ham. * * If you have it not.
That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat

Of habit's devil, is angel yet in this;
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock, or livery,
That aptly is put on: Refrain to-night;
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence: the next more easy:
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,

And either curb the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency.

H., III: 4. 1420.

HABITS.—Bred by Use.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man;

This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:

Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was!

T. G., V: 4. 71.

HAIR.—Abundance of.

K. Phi. Bind up those tresses: O, what love I note

In the fair multitude of those her hairs!
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,

Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends
Do glew themselves in sociable grief;
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.

K. J., III: 4. 662.

—Disheveled, a Sign of Liberty.

K. Phi. Bind up your hairs.

Const. Yes, that I will: And wherefore will I do it?

I tore them from their bonds; and cried aloud,

"O that these hands could so redeem my son,

As they have given these hairs their liberty!"

But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner.

K. J., IV: 4. 662.

—False.

Bass. * *

So are those crisped snaky golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,

Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.

M. V., III: 2. 377.

—Flaxen.

Sir To. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs, and spin it off.

T. N., I: 3. 542.

—Golden.

Bass. * * Her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece.

M. V., I: 1. 363.

—Straight.

Sir And. What is *pourquoy*? do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting: O, had I but followed the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for thou see'st it will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does 't not?

Sir To. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs, and spin it off.

T. N., I: 3. 542.

—Subject of Jest.

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one; though I would not have it grow on my chin.

T. N., III: 1. 554.

—White, unbecoming.

King. * *

How ill white hairs become a fool, and jester!

H. IV., 2 pt., V: 5. 810.

HALF-HEARTEDNESS.—Despised.

Q. Kath. * * The pretence for this Is nam'd, your wars in France: This makes bold mouths;

Tongues spit their duties out; and cold hearts freeze

Allegiance in them.

H. VIII., I: 2. 1060.

Hot. By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap,

To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon;

Or dive into the bottom of the deep, Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,

And pluck up drowned honour by the locks; So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear,

Without corrival, all her dignities:

But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!

H. IV., 1 pt., 1: 3. 733.

—Fights poorly.

War. * *

Our soldiers,—like the night-owl's lazy flight,

Or like a lazy thrasher with a flail,—

Fall gently down, as if they struck their friends.

H. VI., 3 pt., II: 1. 963.

HALLUCINATIONS.—Produced by Strong Drink.

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking:

So full of valour, that they smote the air For breathing in their faces; beat the ground

For kissing of their feet; yet always bending

Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor,

At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,

Advanc'd their eyelids, lifted up their noses, As they smelt music; so I charm'd their ears,

That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through

Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss and thorns,

Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them

I' the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell, There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake

O'erstunk their feet.

T., IV: 1. 23.

HAND.—A coarse.

Ros. * *

I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand, A freestone-colour'd hand; I verily did think

That her old gloves were on, but 't was her hands;

She has a housewife's hand: but that's no matter:

I say, she never did invent this letter;

This is a man's invention, and his hand.

A. Y., IV: 4. 431.

—Cleopatra's.

Cleo. * * A hand, that kings

Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

A. C., II: 5. 1552.

—Superlatively White.

This. With hands as pale as milk.

M. N., V: 1. 345.

Flo. * * I take thy hand; this hand, As soft as dove's down, and as white as it; Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow, That's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er.

W. T., IV: 3. 604.

—White and soft.

Tro. * * O, that her hand,
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach; to whose soft
seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of
sense
Hard as the palm of ploughman!

T. C., I: 1. 1103.

HANDKERCHIEF.—Desdemona's.

Oth. That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give;
She was a charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people: she told her, while
she kept it,
'T would make her amiable, and subdue my
father
Entirely to her love; but if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathly, and his spirits
should hunt
After new fancies: She, dying, gave it me;
And bid me, when my fate would have me
wife,
To give it her. I did so: and take heed of 't,
Make it a darling like your precious eye;
To lose or give 't away, were such perdition,
As nothing else could match.

Des. Is it possible?

Oth. 'T is true: there's magic in the web
of it:

A sibyl, that had number'd in the world
The sun to make two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work:
The worms were hallow'd, that did breed
the silk;
And it was died in mummy, which the skill-
ful
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.

* *

Emil. Is not this man jealous?

Des. I ne'er saw this before.

Sure, there's some wonder in this handker-
chief:

I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

O., III: 4. 1516.

HANGING.—A Destiny.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy:—
Hanging and wiving go by destiny.

M. V., II: 9. 374.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship
from wreck,

Which cannot perish, having thee aboard,
Being destin'd to a drier death on shore.

T. G., I: 1. 49.

—Deplored.

Pis. * *

Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free,
And let no hemp his wind-pipe suffocate:
But Exeter hath given the doom of death,
For *pix* of little price.

Therefore, go speak, the duke will hear thy
voice;

And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
With edge of penny cord, and vile reproach.

H. V., III: 6. 836.

—Felicities attendant upon.

Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you, sir:
But the comfort is, you shall be called to no
more payments, fear no more tavern bills;
which are often the sadness of parting, as
the procuring of mirth: you come in faint
for want of meat, depart reeling with too
much drink; sorry that you have paid too
much, and sorry that you are paid too much;
purse and brain both empty: the brain the
heavier for being too light, the purse too
light, being drawn of heaviness: O! of this
contradiction you shall now be quit.—O the
charity of a penny cord! it sums up thou-
sands in a trice: you have no true debtor
and creditor but it; of what's past, is, and
to come, the discharge:—Your neck, sir, is
pen, book, and counters; so the acquit-
tance follows.

Cym., V: 4. 1625.

—Its Advantages.

Clo. Let her hang me; he that is well
hang'd in this world needs to fear no
colours. *

* *

Well, God give them wisdom that have
it; and those that are fools, let them use
their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hang'd, for being
so long absent; or, to be turn'd away; is
not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a
bad marriage; and, for turning away, let
summer bear it out.

T. N., I: 5. 543.

HAPPINESS.—Embittered.

Orl. * * But, O, how bitter a thing it
is to look into happiness through another
man's eyes!

A. Y., V: 2. 434.

—Perfect.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not over-happy;
On fortune's cap we are not the very button.

H., II: 2. 1406.

Oth. * * If it were now to die,
'T were now to be most happy; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

O., II: 1. 1502.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of
joy: I were but little happy, if I could say
how much.

M. A., II: 1. 233.

King. * *
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

A. W., V: 3. 530.

Hel. How happy some o'er othersome
can be!

Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know.

M. N., I: 1. 323.

HARD-HEARTEDNESS.—Unfits for Death.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die: O, gravel
heart!

M. M., IV: 3. 167.

HARDINESS.—Hardiness, Mother of.

Imos. * * Hardness ever
Of hardiness is mother.

Cym., III: 6. 1612.

HARMONY.—In Diversity.

Cant. * * I this infer, —
That many things, having full reference
To one concent, may work contrariously;
As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Fly to one mark;
As many several ways meet in one town;
As many fresh streams run in one self sea;
As many lines close in the dial's centre;
So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defeat.

H. V., I: 2. 823.

—In Nature.

Hel. * *

More tunable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds
appear.

M. N., I: 1. 323.

HASTE.—Demanded.

Prin. Whip to our tents, as roes run over
land.

L. L., V: 2. 297.

North. * * Every minute now
Should be the father of some stratagem.

H. IV., 2 pt., I: 1. 774.

—Imperative.

Duke. * *

Either for her stay, or going: the affair
cries—haste,
And speed must answer it; you must hence
to-night.

O., I: 3. 1498.

—In Securing Shelter.

Mess. * *

Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown
tide,
As the recomfited through the gates.

C., V: 4. 1191.

—In Time of Danger.

K. John. Nay, but make haste: the bet-
ter foot before. —

O, let me have no subject enemies,
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion! —
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels;
And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

K. J., IV: 2. 667.

—Not wise.

Mal. * * Modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste.

M., IV: 2. 1379.

Moth. As swift as lead, sir.

L. L., III: 1. 281.

Rom. O, let us hence; I stand on sud-
den haste.

Fri. Wisely, and slow; They stumble,
that run fast.

R. J., II: 3. 1254.

—Should Speak in the Eyes.

Len. What a haste looks through his eyes! So should he look,
That comes to speak things strange.

M., I: 2. 1358.

—The Superlative of.

Rum. * *

Making the wind my post-horse.

H. IV., 2 pt., Ind: 773.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulse twice beat.

T., V: 1. 31.

HATE.—Growing out of Kindness.

Ant. Let him alone;
I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
He seeks my life; his reason well I know:
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.

M. V., III: 3, 380.

—Of that We Fear.

Char. Tempt him not so too far: I wish, forbear;
In time we hate that which we often fear.

A. C., I: 3. 1543.

—Renounced.

Riv. By heaven, my soul is purg'd from grudging hate;
And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

R. III., 11: 1. 1014.

—Superlative.

Sir To. A false conclusion; I hate it as an unfill'd can.

T. N., II: 3. 548.

HATRED.—Accounts for Tyranny.

Lav. When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam?
O, do not learn her wrath; she taught it thee:
The milk, thou suck'dst from her, did turn to marble;
Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.

Tit. And., II: 3. 1211.

—An Excuse.

Lep. I must not think, there are Evils enough to darken all his goodness:
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

A. C., I: 3. 1545.

—Bitter and Undying.

Tim. I am *misanthropos*, and hate mankind.

T. A., IV: 3. 1305.

Cor. Spoke he of me?

Lart. He did, my lord.

Cor. How? what?

Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword:
That, of all things upon the earth, he hated Your person most: that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeless restitution, so he might Be call'd your vanquisher.

C., III: 1. 1168.

—Consequences of, Alarm.

K. Hen. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds;
And he, the noble image of my youth, Is overspread with them: Therefore my grief
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death;
The blood weeps from my heart, when I do shape,
In forms imaginary, the unguided days,
And rotten times, that you shall look upon
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.
For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,
When rage and hot blood are his counselors,
When means and lavish manners meet together,
O, with what wings shall his affections fly
Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay!

H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 4. 801.

HAZARD.—Hope of, Advantage.

Mor. * *

What says this leaden casket?

"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."

Must give—For what? for lead? hazard for lead?

This casket threatens: Men that hazard all
Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;
I'll then nor give, nor hazard, ought for
lead.

M. V., II: 7. 372.

HEAD-PIECES.—Heavy.

Orl. That they lack; for if their heads
had any intellectual armour, they could
never wear such heavy head-pieces.

H. V., III: 7. 839.

HEALTH.—Its Restoration.

Hel. * *

What is infirm from your sound parts shall
fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely
die.

A. W., II: 1. 504.

HEART.—A broken One.

Edg. * * But his flaw'd heart,
(Alack, too weak the conflict to support!)
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and
grief,
Burst smilingly.

K. L., V: 3. 1484.

—A good.

K. Hen. * * A good heart, Kate, is
the sun and moon; or, rather the sun, and
not the moon; for it shines bright, and
never changes, but keeps his course truly.

H. V., V: 2. 854.

—A Woman's.

Old L. * *

For all this spice of your hypocrisy:
You, that have so fair parts of woman on
you,
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty.

H. VIII., II: 3. 1070.

Host. Why, that's well said; a good
heart's worth gold.

H. IV., 2 pt., II: 4. 785

—Broken.

Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right;
His heart is fractured, and corroborate.

H. V., II: 1. 826.

—Dancing.

Leon. * *

I have *tremor cordis* on me:—my heart
dances;
But not for joy,—not joy.

W. T., I: 2. 582.

—Hard to Wring.

Ham. * *

Leave wringing of your hands: Peace; sit
you down,
And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff;
If damned custom have not braz'd it so,
That it be proof and bulwark against sense.

H., III: 4. 1418.

HEARTLESSNESS.—Cold.

Lucio. * * A man whose blood
Is very snow-broth.

M. M., I: 5. 147.

HEAVEN.—Its Sanction.

Lew. * *

And even there, methinks, an angel spake:
Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heaven,
And on our actions set the name of right,
With holy breath.

K. J., V: 2. 672.

HEAVINESS.—A good Presage.

Arch. Against ill chances, men are ever
merry;
But heaviness foreruns the good event.

West. Therefore be merry, coz; since
sudden sorrow
Serves to say thus,—Some good thing
comes to-morrow.

Arch. Believe me, I am passing light in
spirit.

Mowb. So much the worse, if your own
rule be true.

H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 2. 798.

HEIGHTS.—Looking from.

Edg. * * How fearful
And dizzy 't is, to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows, and coughs, that wing the mid-
way air,
Show scarce so gross as beetles: Half way
down

Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!

Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head:
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yon' tall anchoring
bark,

Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight: The murmuring
surge,

That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high:—I'll look no
more;

Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.

Glo. Set me where you stand.

Edg. Give me your hand: You are now
within a foot

Of the extreme verge: for all beneath the
moon

Would I not leap upright.

Glo. Let go my hand.

Here, friend, is another purse: in it, a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking: Fairies,
and gods,

Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off.

K. L., IV: 6. 1475.

—Looking up to.

Edg. From the dread summit of this
chalky bourn:

Look up a height;—the shrill-gorg'd lark
so far

Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

K. L., IV: 6. 1475.

HEIRLOOM.—By Testament.

Count. * *

Of six preceding ancestors, that gem
Conferr'd by testament to the sequent issue,
Hath it been ow'd and worn.

A. W., V: 3. 528.

Ber. It is an honour 'longing to our
house,

Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the
world

In me to lose.

A. W., IV: 2. 518.

HEIRS.—Danger of numerous.

3 *Cit.* Better it were, they all came
by his father;

Or, by his father, there were none at all:
For emulation now, who shall be nearest,
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent
not;

O, full of danger is the duke of Gloster;
And the queen's sons, and brothers, haught
and proud;

And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.

R. III., II: 3. 1018.

—Their Haste to Inherit.

K. Hen. * * See, sons, what things
you are!

How quickly nature falls into revolt,
When gold becomes her object!

For this the foolish over careful fathers
Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their
brains with care,

Their bones with industry;

For this they have engrossed and pil'd up
The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved
gold;

For this they have been thoughtful to invest
Their sons with arts, and martial exercises:
When, like the bee, tolling from every
flower

The virtuous sweets;

Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths
with honey,

We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,
Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter
taste

Yield his engrossments to the ending father.

H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 4. 803.

HEIRSHIP.—Hereditary.

Lear. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom.

K. L., I: 1. 1444.

HELL.—Prison of Despair.

Char. For prisoners ask'st thou? hell
our prison is.

H. VI., 1 pt., IV: 7. 890.

—Within Us.

K. John. The salt in them is hot.—
Within me is a hell; and there the poison
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
On unreprieveable condemned blood.

K. J., V: 7. 676.

HELP.—Heaven's.

Bishop. Fear not, my lord; that Power,
that made you king,

Hath power to keep you king, in spite of all.
The means that heaven yields must be embrac'd,

And not neglected; else, if heaven would,
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse;
The proffer'd means of succour and redress.

R. II., III: 2. 701.

—Uncalled for.

Buck. * * To as much end,
As give a crutch to the dead.

H. VIII., I: 1. 1059.

HELPLESSNESS.

K. Hen. * *

And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmless young one
went,

And can do nought but wail her darling's
loss;

Even so myself bewails good Gloster's case,
With sad unhelpful tears; and with dimm'd
eyes

Look after him, and cannot do him good;
So mighty are his vowed enemies.

H. VI., 2 pt., III: 1. 924.

—Inveterate.

Fal. * * You may know by my size
that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking; if
the bottom were as deep as hell, I should
down.

M. W., III: 5. 108.

HENPECKERY.—Ancient.

Pet. * *

As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd
As Socrates' Xantippe, or worse.

T. S., I: 2. 458.

HEREDITY.—Affecting Habits. (See Retribution.)

Val. O' my word, the father's son: I'll
swear, 't is a very pretty boy. O' my troth,
I looked upon him o' Wednesday half an
hour together: he has such a confirmed
countenance. I saw him run after a gilded
butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it
go again; and after it again; and over and
over he comes, and up again; caught it
again: or whether his fall enraged him, or

how 't was, he did so set his teeth, and tear
it; O, I warrant, how he mammocked it!

Vol. One of his father's moods.

Val. Indeed la, 't is a noble child.

C., I: 3. 1154.

—In Personnel.

K. Phi. * *

Look here upon thy brother Geoffrey's face,—
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out
of his;

This little abstract doth contain that large,
Which died in Geoffrey; and the hand of
time

Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.

K. J., II: 1. 650.

—Inclines to Professions.

Men. * * Yet you must be saying Marcius
is proud; who, in a cheap estimation is worth
all your predecessors, since Deucalion;
though, peradventure, some of the best of
them were hereditary hangmen.

C., II: 1. 1160.

—Its Misfortune.

Const. * * This is thy eldest son's son,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee;
Thy sins are visited in this poor child;
The cannon of the law is laid on him,
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

K. J., II: 1. 651.

Const.

I have but this to say,—
That he's not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the
plague

On this removed issue, plagu'd for her,
And with her plague, her sin: his injury
Her injury,—the beadle to her sin;
All punish'd in the person of this child,
And all for her: A plague upon her!

K. J., II: 1. 651.

—Of Blood.

Duch. * *

Edward's seven sons whereof thyself art one,
Were as seven phials of his sacred blood,
Of seven fair branches springing from one
root.

R. II., I: 2. 686.

—Of Greatness.

Bel.

O noble strain!
O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!

Cowards father cowards, and base things
sire base :

Nature hath meal, and bran ; contempt, and
grace.

I'm not their father ; yet who this should be,
Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me.

Cym., IV : 2. 1614.

Bel. O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou bla-
zqn'st

In these two princely boys ! They are as
gentle

As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head ; and yet as
rough,

Their royal blood enchaf'd, as the rud'st
wind,

That by the top doth take the mountain
pine,

And make him stoop to the vale. 'T is
wonderful,

That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd ; honour untaught ;

Civility not seen from other ; valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd !

Cym., IV : 2. 1616.

—Originating.

Nor. Surely, sir,
There 's in him stuff that puts him to these
ends :

For, being not propp'd by ancestry, (whose
grace

Chalks successors their way,)

* * Neither allied

To eminent assistants, but, spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us
note.

H. VIII., I : 1. 1057.

—Relation to Acquirements.

Count. His sole child, my lord ; and be-
queathed to my overlooking. I have those
hopes of her good that her education prom-
ises : her dispositions she inherits, which
make fair gifts fairer ; for where an unclean
mind carries virtuous qualities, there com-
mendations go with pity, — they are virtues
and traitors too : in her they are the better
for their simpleness ; she derives her honesty,
and achieves her goodness.

A. W., I : 1. 495.

—Seen in Likeness.

Leon. Thou want'st a rough pash, and
the shoots that I have,

To be full like me : — yet, they say we are
Almost as like as eggs ; women say so,
That will say anything : But were they false
As o'er-di'd blacks, as wind, as waters ; false
As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes
No bourn 'twixt his and mine ; yet were it
true

To say this boy were like me.

W. 2., I : 2. 582.

—Source of Faults.

Lep. * *

His faults, in him, seem as the spots of
heaven,

More fiery by night's blackness ; hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd.

A. C., V : 4. 1545.

Tim. * *

Poor rogue hereditary. Hence ! be gone !

T. A., IV : 3. 1308.

Tim. * * These old fellows

Have their ingratitude in them hereditary.

T. A., II : 2. 1296.

Seb. Hereditary sloth instructs me.

T., II : 1. 17.

—To be Trusted.

Glo. * *

The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,

Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of
time,

Will well become the seat of majesty,

And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.

R. III., III : 7. 1029.

—Virtuous, Desired.

K. Hen. Full well hath Clifford play'd
the orator,

Inferring arguments of mighty force.

But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never
hear, —

That things ill got had ever bad success ?

And happy always was it for that son,

Whose father for his hoarding went to hell.

I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind ;

And 'would, my father had left me no more !

For all the rest is held at such a rate,
As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep,
Than in possession any jot of pleasure.

H. VI., 3 pt., II: 2. 965.

—**When not Answerable.**

Leon. No, in good earnest. —

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness, and makes itself a pastime
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, my thoughts I did recoil
Twenty-three years; and saw myself un-
breech'd

In my green velvet coat; my dagger muz-
zled,

Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.

How like, methought, I then was to this
kernel,

This squash, this gentleman: — Mine honest
friend,

Will you take eggs for money?

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

W. T., I: 2. 582.

HERETIC.—He who Makes the Fire.

Paul. I care not:

It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not she that burns in 't.

W. T., II: 3. 592.

HERO.—A Model.

Lady P. * * By his light,
Did all the chivalry of England move
To do brave acts; he was, indeed, the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress them-
selves.

He had no legs, that practis'd not his gait:
And speaking thick, which nature made his
blemish,

Became the accents of the valiant;
For those that could speak low, and tardily,
Would turn their own perfection to abuse,
To seem like him: So that, in speech, in
gait,

In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humours of blood,
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashion'd others.

H. IV., 2 pt., II: 3. 784.

—**A powerful Leader.**

Com. If!

He is their god; he leads them like a thing

Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better: and they follow
him,

Against us brats, with no less confidence,
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies.

C., IV: 6. 1184.

HEROES.—Compliment each Other.

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old
chronicle,

That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with
time: —

Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp
thee.

Nest. I would, my arms could match
thee in contention,

As they contended with thee in courtesy.

Hect. I would they could.

Nest. Ha!

By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-
morrow.

Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen
the time —

Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city
stands,

When we have here her base and pillar by
us.

Hect. I know your favour, lord Ulysses,
well.

Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan
dead,

Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.

Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what
would ensue:

My prophecy is but half his journey yet;
For yonder walls, that pertly front your
town,

Yon towers whose wanton tops do buss the
clouds,

Must kiss their own feet.

T. C., IV: 5. 1134

—**Contemptible in Appearance.**

Count. Is this the scourge of France?
Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad,
That with his name the mothers still their
babes?

I see, report is fabulous and false:

I thought, I should have seen some Her-
cules,

A second Hector, for his grim aspect,

And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.

Alas! this is a child, a silly dwarf:

It cannot be, this weak and writhled shrimp
Should strike such terror to his enemies.

H. VI., 1 pt., II: 3. 874.

—**Inspiration in dead.**

Lucy. Is Talbot slain; the Frenchmen's only scourge,

Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?
It were enough to fright the realm of France:

Were but his picture left among you here,
It would amaze the proudest of you all.

Give me their bodies; that I may bear them hence,

And give them burial as beseems their worth.

Puc. I think, this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,

He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit.

For God's sake, let him have 'em; to keep them here,

They would but stink, and putrefy the air.

Char. Go, take their bodies hence.

Lucy. I'll bear them hence:

But from their ashes shall be rear'd

A phoenix that shall make all France afear'd.

Char. So we be rid of them, do with 'em what thou wilt.

And now to Paris, in this conquering vein;

All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain.

H. VI., 1 pt., IV: 7. 891.

HESITATION.—On the Verge of Crime.

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business:

He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought

Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,

Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk,

Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since,

And wakes it now, to look so green and pale

At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afear'd

To be the same in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have that

Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem;
Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would,"
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

M., I: 7. 1362.

HINTS.—Incite to Crime.

Exton. Didst thou not mark the king,
what words he spake?

"Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?"

Was it not so?

Serv. Those were his very words.

Exton. "Have I no friend?" quoth he:
he spake it twice,

And urg'd it twice together; did he not?

Serv. He did.

Exton. And, speaking it, he wistfully
look'd on me!

As who should say, — I would, thou wert the man

That would divorce this terror from my heart;

Meaning, the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go;

I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe.

R. II., V: 4. 715.

—**Not to be Indulged in.**

Ham. * *

How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,
As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on, —

That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,

With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake,

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As, "Well, well, we know;" — or, "We could, an if we would;" — or, "If we list to speak;" — or,

"There be, an if they might;" —

Or such ambiguous giving out, to note

That you know aught of me: — This do you swear,

So grace and mercy at your most need help you!

H., I: 5. 1401.

HOBBLEDEHOYS.—Described.

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 't is a peascod, or a codling when 't is almost an apple: 't is with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well favour'd, and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

T. N., I: 5. 545.

HOLIDAYS.—Too numerous.

P. Hen. * *

If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work.

H. IV., 1 pt., I: 2. 730.

HOMICIDE.—Guiltless.

Oth. * * Why, any thing:

An honourable murderer, if you will;
For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.

O., V: 2. 1532.

—In Self-Defence.

1 *Sen.* You cannot make gross sins look clear;

To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

Alcib. * *

If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,
As you are great, be pitifully good:
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?

To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;
But, in defence, by mercy, 't is most just.
To be in anger is impiety;
But who is man, that is not angry?
Weigh but the crime with this.

T. A., III: 5. 1301.

—Innocent.

Val. * *

I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
Without false vantage, or base treachery.

T. G., IV: 1. 65.

HONEST.—The, never Harmful.

Clo. * * Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.

A. W., I: 3. 499.

HONESTY.—A Chance.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honest,
I am so sometimes by chance.

W. T., IV: 3. 609.

—A rich Legacy.

Mar. * * The honour of a maid is her name, and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

A. W., III: 5. 513.

—Fearless.

Bru. * *

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me, as the idle wind,
Which I respect not.

J. C., IV: 3. 1344.

—Hates filthy Deeds.

Oth. * *

An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.

O., V: 2. 1530.

—Heir to Woe.

Rosse.

No mind that's honest

But in it shares some woe.

M., IV: 3. 1380.

—Incited to Hate.

Tim. * * Thou singly honest man,

Here, take:—the gods out of my misery
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich, and happy:

But thus condition'd: Thou shalt build from men;

Hate all, curse all: show charity to none;

But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,

Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs

What thou deny'st to men; let prisons swallow them,

Debts wither them: Be men like blasted woods,

And may diseases lick up their false bloods!

And so, farewell, and thrive.

T. A., IV: 3. 1311.

—Independent.

Touch. * * Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl in your foul oyster.

A. Y., V: 4. 436.

Davy. * * An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not.

H. IV., 2 pt., V: 1. 805.

—Misplaced.

Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

A. Y., III: 3. 425.

—Pretended.

Iago. O grace! O heaven, defend me!
Are you a man? have you a soul, or sense?—
God be wi' you; take mine office.—O
wretched fool,
That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!—
O monstrous world! Take note, take note,
O world,
To be direct and honest, is not safe.

O., III: 5. 1514.

—Remarkable.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord?
Ham. Excellent well; you are a fish-
monger.
Pol. Not I, my lord.
Ham. Then I would you were so honest
a man.
Pol. Honest, my lord?
Ham. Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world
goes, is to be one man picked out of ten
thousand.

H., II: 2. 1405.

—Reputed.

Mal. * *
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our
tongues,
Was once thought honest.

M., IV: 3. 1378.

—Unflinching, Punished.

Sic. For that he has
(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Envied against the people, seeking means
To pluck away their power; has now at
last
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the
presence
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it: In the name o' the
people,
And in the power of us the tribunes, we,
Even from this instant, banish him our city;
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates: I' the people's
name,
I say, it shall be so.

C., III: 3. 1176.

—Universal.

Ros. None, my lord, but that the world's
grown honest.
Ham. Then is dooms-day near.

H., II: 2. 1406.

—Want of.

Ant. If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty;
There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

W. T., II: 1. 589.

—With Beauty, superfluous.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?
Touch. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-
favour'd: for honesty coupled to beauty, is
to have honey a sauce to sugar.

A. Y., III: 3. 425.

HONOR.—Argument in a Straw.

Ham. * * Rightly to be great,
Is, not to stir without great argument;
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honor's at the stake. How stand I
then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason, and my blood,
And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That, for a fantasy, and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds; fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough, and continent,
To hide the slain?—O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!

H., IV: 2. 1423.

—Deserved.

1 *Off.* That's a brave fellow; but he's
vengeance proud, and loves not the common
people.

* *

2 *Off.* He hath deserved worthily of his
country: And his ascent is not by such easy
degrees, as those, who, having been supple
and courteous to the people, bonnetted,
without any further deed to heave them at
all into their estimation and report: but he
hath so planted his honours in their eyes,
and his actions in their hearts, that for their
tongues to be silent, and not confess so
much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to
report otherwise, were a malice, that, giving
itself the lie, would pluck reproof and re-
buke from every ear that heard it.

1 *Off.* No more of him; he is a worthy
man.

C., II: 2. 1163.

—Drives away Shame

Jul. * *
Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;

For't is a throne where honour may be
crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.

R. J., III: 2. 1261.

—**Due to Greatness.**

Cæs. * * The wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appear; the trees by the
way,
Should have borne men; and expectation
fainted,
Longing for what it had not.

A. C., III: 6. 1561.

—**Easily Attained.**

Hot. By heaven, methinks, it were an
easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd
moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the
ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks.

H. IV., 1 pt., I: 3. 733.

—**Entailed.**

Her. * * For honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine.

W. T., III: 2. 594.

—**Fed not by Gold.**

K. Hen. * *
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold;
Nor care I, who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not, if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my de-
sires:
But, if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.

H. V., IV: 3. 844.

—**Hard to Keep.**

K. Hen. * * Why, thou unconfinable
baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep
the terms of my honour precise. I, I, I
myself sometimes, leaving the fear of heaven
on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in
my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge,
and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will
ensconce your rags, your cat-a-mountain
looks, your red-lattice phrases, and your
blunderbuss oaths, under the shelter of
your honour!

M. W., II: 2. 97.

—**Independent of Habiliments.**

Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto
your father's,
Even in these honest mean habiliments;
Our purses shall be proud, our garments
poor:
For't is the mind that makes the body rich,
And as the sun breaks through the darkest
clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the
lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the
worse
For this poor furniture and mean array.

T. S., IV: 3. 477.

—**Its Train.**

Old L. * * Honour's train
Is longer than his foreskirt.

H. VIII., II: 3. 1071.

—**Loved more than Life.**

Ver. * *
If well-respected honour bid me on,
I hold as little counsel with weak fear,
As you, my lord, or any Scot that lives.

H. IV., 1 pt., IV: 3. 754.

Bru. * *

What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' the
other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For, let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

J. C., I: 2. 1324.

—**More precious than Life.**

Hect. Hold you still, I say;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:
Life every man holds dear; but the dear
man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than
life.

T. C., V: 3. 1139.

—**New made, its Arrogance.**

Bast. * *
For he is but a bastard to the time,
That doth not smack of observation;

(And so am I, whether I smack, or no;) And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement;
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's
tooth:

Which, though I will not practise to deceive,
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.

K. J., I: 1. 648.

—New made, its Ignorance.

Bast. * *

Well, now, can I make any Joan a lady:—
“Good dear, sir Richard,—God-a-mercy,
fellow;”—

And if his name be George, I'll call him
Peter:

For new-made honour doth forget men's
names;

'T is too respective, and too sociable,
For your conversion. Now your traveller,—
He and his tooth-pick at my worship's mess;
And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,
Why then I suck my teeth, and catechise
My picked man of countries:—“My dear
sir,”

(Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin,) “I shall beseech you”—That is question
now;

And then comes answer like an ABC-book:
“O sir,” says answer, “at your best com-
mand;

At your employment; at your service, sir:”
“No, sir,” says question, “I, sweet sir, at
yours:”

And so, ere answer knows what question
would,

(Saving in dialogue of compliment;
And talking of the Alps, and Appennines,
The Pyrenean, and the river Po,)

It draws toward supper in conclusion so.
But this is worshipful society,
And fits the mounting spirit like myself.

K. J., I: 1. 648.

—Not Hereditary.

King. * * Honours thrive,

When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our fore-goers: the mere word's a
slave,

Debosh'd on every tomb, on every grave
A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb,

Where dust, and damn'd oblivion, is the
tomb
Of honoured bones indeed.

A. W., II: 3. 507.

—Not Worth Risks.

Fal. * * Honour pricks me on? Yea,
but how if honour prick me off when I come
on? how then? Can honour set to a leg?
No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the
grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no
skill in surgery then? No. What is hon-
our? A word. What is in that word, hon-
our? What is that honour? *Air.* A trim
reckoning!—Who hath it? He that died
o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth
he hear it? No. Is it insensible then?
Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with
the living? No. Why? Detraction will
not suffer it:—therefore I'll none of it:
Honour is a mere scutcheon, and so ends
my catechism.

H. IV., 1 pt., V: 1. 757.

—Secured by great Victories.

K. Hen. * *

He, that outlives this day, and comes safe
home,

Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.

He, that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends,

And say—to-morrow is Saint Crispian:
Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his
scars,

And say, these wounds I had on Crispin's
day.

Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember, with advantages

What feats he did that day: Then shall our
names:

Familiar in their mouths as household
words,—

Harry the king, Bedford, and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,

Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd:
This story shall the good man teach his son;

And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,

But we in it shall be remembered:
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;

For he, to-day that sheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,

This day shall gentle his condition:
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,

Shall think themselves accurs'd, they were
not here;

And hold their manhoods cheap, while any
speaks,

That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's
day.

H. V., IV: 3. 844.

—Swearing by.

Touch. No, by mine honour; but I was
bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight, that swore
by his honour they were good pancakes,
and swore by his honour the mustard was
naught: now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes
were naught, and the mustard was good;
and yet was not the knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great
heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry; now unmuzzle your
wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now: stroke
your chins, and swear by your beards that I
am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou
art.

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then
I were: but if you swear by that that is not,
you are not forsworn: no more was this
knight, swearing by his honour, for he never
had any; or, if he had, he had sworn it
away before ever he saw those pancakes or
that mustard.

A. Y., I: 2. 409.

—To be Wed.

King. * * You come

Not to woo honour, but to wed it.

A. W., II: 1. 502.

HONORS.—Funeral, Withheld.

Lare. * *

His means of death, his obscure funeral,—
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment, o'er his
bones,

No noble rite nor formal ostentation,—

Cry to be heard, as 't were from heaven to
earth,

That I must call 't in question.

H., IV: 5. 1426.

—New, Sit strangely.

Ban. New honours come upon him

Like our strange garments; cleave not to
their mould,

But with the aid of use.

M., I: 3. 1360.

—National, Declined.

Tit. * *

Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
And buried one and twenty valiant sons,
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
In right and service of their noble country:
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
But not a sceptre to control the world:
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

Tit. And., I: 2. 1203.

—To successful Intercessors.

1 Sent. Behold our patroness, the life
of Rome:

Call all your tribes together, praise the
gods,

And make triumphant fires; strew flowers
before them;

Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother.

C., V: 4. 1191.

—Undeserved.

Ar. * * Let none presume

To wear an undeserved dignity.

O, that estates, degrees, and offices,

Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear
honour

Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!

M. V., II: 9. 374.

—Worldly, Uncertain.

P. Hen. Even so must I run on, and
even so stop.

What surety of the world, what hope, what
stay,

When this was now a king, and now is clay!

K. J., V: 7. 676.

HOPE.—A Lure to Distinction.

Mrs. Ford. * * What tempest, I trow,
threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil
in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall
I be revenged on him? I think the best
way were to entertain him with hope, till
the wicked fire of lust have melted him in
his own grease.

M. W., II: 1. 95.

Hast. * *

Who builds his hope in air of your fair
looks,

Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;

Ready, with every nod, to tumble down

Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

R. III., III: 5. 1025.

—Christian.

K. Hen. * * God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet.
H. VI., 2 pt., II: 3. 919.

Q. Mar. So part we sadly in this trou-
blous world,
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.
H. VI., 3 pt., V: 5. 990.

K. Hen. Now, God be prais'd! that to
believing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!
H. VI., 2 pt., II: 1. 916.

—Confident.

Mort. These promises are fair, the par-
ties sure,
And our induction full of prosperous hope.
H. IV., 1 pt., III: 1. 744.

—Diverted and Defeated.

Agam. * *
The ample proposition, that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below,
Fails in the promis'd largeness: checks and
disasters
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
T. C., I: 3. 1107.

—Drunken.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept
since
And wakes it now, to look so green and
pale
At what it did so freely?
M., I: 7. 1362.

—False, Causes Despair.

Bushy. Despair not, madam.
Queen. Who shall hinder me?
I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope: he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper-back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers in extremity.
R. II., II: 2. 696.

—Happiness.

K. Rich. * *
What! we have many goodly days to see:
The liquid drops of tears that you have
shed,
Shall come again, transform'd to orient
pearl;
Advantaging their loan, with interest
Of ten-times-double gain of happiness.
R. III., IV: 4. 1038.

—In Old Age.

Gaunt. I thank my liege, that, in regard
of me,
He shortens four years of my son's exile:
But little vantage shall I reap thereby;
For, ere the six years, that he hath to spend,
Can change their moons, and bring their
times about,
My oil-dried lamp, and time-bewasted light,
Shall be extinct with age, and endless night;
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son.
R. II., I: 3. 690.

—In War.

Hot. * * Come, let me take my horse,
Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt,
Against the bosom of the prince of Wales.
H. IV., 1 pt., IV: 1. 753.

—Inspires Comfort.

Ant. * *
I spake to you for your comfort: did desire
you
To burn this night with torches: Know, my
hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you,
Where rather I'll expect victorious life,
Than death and honour.
A. C., IV: 2. 1568.

—Its Exalting Power.

Scroop. So service shall with steeled sin-
ews toil;
And labour shall refresh itself with hope.
H. V., II: 2. 826.

K. Hen. O Westmoreland, thou art a
summer bird,
Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
The lifting up of day.
H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 4. 801.

Rich. True hope is swift, and flies with
swallows' wings,
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures
kings.

R. III., V: 2. 1042.

—Its Relation to Joy.

North. * *

But theirs is sweeten'd with the hope to have
The present benefit which I possess :
And hope to joy, is little less in joy,
Than hope enjoy'd.

R. II., II: 3. 697.

—Its Strength.

Boling. Strong as a tower in hope, I
cry—amen.

R. II., I: 3. 688.

—Medicine to the Miserable.

Claud. The miserable have no other
medicine,
But only hope :
I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

M. M., III: 1. 156.

—The Lover's Staff.

Pro. * *

Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with
that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, though thou art
hence :

Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.

T. G., III: 1. 62.

—Valueless at Times.

Pist. Hope is a curtall dog in some af-
fairs.

M. W., II: 1. 96.

HOPELESSNESS.—Mournful.

Æge. Hopeless, and helpless, doth Ægeon
wend
But to procrastinate his lifeless end.

C. E., I: 1. 193.

—Of some Tasks.

Green. Alas, poor duke! the task he
undertakes
Is—numb'ring sands, and drinking oceans
dry ;
Where one on his side fights, thousands will
fly.

R. II., II: 2. 697.

—Unrelieved.

Tro. * * There my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd.

T. C., I: 1. 1103.

—Utter.

Mal. * *

The night is long, that never finds the day.

M., IV: 3. 1380.

Ant. O, out of that no hope,
What great hope have you! no hope that
way, is
Another way so high a hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubts discovery there.

T., II: 1. 18.

HOPES.—False, dangerous.

Bard. It was, my lord; who lin'd him-
self with hope,
Eating the air on promise of supply,
Flattering himself with project of a power
Much smaller than the smallest of his
thoughts ;
An so, with great imagination,
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,
And, winking, leap'd into destruction.

H. IV., 2 pt., I: 3. 779.

—Their Expression.

Mar. Who's this,—my niece, that flies
away so fast?
Cousin, a word : Where is your husband?—
If I do dream, 'would all my wealth would
wake me !
If I do wake, some planet strike me down,
That I may slumber in eternal sleep.

T. A., II: 5. 1213.

—Lost.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.
Mal. Perchance, even there, where I
did find my doubts.

M., IV: 3. 1378.

—That Appall and Startle.

Ghost. * * But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul ; freeze thy young
blood ;

Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from
their spheres;
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.

H., I: 5. 1399.

HORSE.—Extravagant Praise of.

Dau. What a long night is this!—I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. *Ca, ha!* He bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs; *le cheval volant*, the Pegasus, *que a les narines de feu!* When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

Orl. He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus: he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness, while his rider mounts him: he is, indeed, a horse; and all other jades you may call—beasts.

Con. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

* *

Orl. No more, cousin.

Dau. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey: it is a theme as fluent as the sea; turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all: 't is a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the world (familiar to us, and unknown,) to lay apart their particular functions, and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise, and began thus: "Wonder of nature."

H. V., III: 7. 837.

HORSEMANSHIP.—The Perfection of.

Ver. * *

I saw young Harry,—with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,—
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horseman-
ship.

H. IV., 1 pt., IV: 1. 753.

King. * * Two months since
Here was a gentleman of Normandy,—
I have seen myself, and serv'd against, the
French,

And they can well on horseback: but this
gallant

Had witchcraft in 't; he grew unto his seat;
And to such wond'rous doing brought his
horse,

As he had been incorp'd and demi-natur'd
With the brave beast: so far he topp'd my
thought,

That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,
Come short of what he did.

H., IV: 7. 1427.

HOSPITALITY.—Deeds of.

Cor. * *

My master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality.

A. Y., II: 4. 416.

Bal. Small cheer and great welcome
make a merry feast.

C. E., III: 1. 199.

—Gratefully Remembered.

Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I
that now

Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to
beg

Of my lord general.

Com. Take it: 't is yours.—What is 't?

Cor. I sometime lay, here in Corioli,
At a poor man's house; he us'd me kindly:
He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;
But when Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request
you

To give my poor host freedom.

Com. O, well begg'd!

Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free, as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

C., I: 9. 1159.

—Not Destroyed by Virtue.

Sir To. * * Dost thou think, because
thou art virtuous, there shall be no more
cakes and ale?

T. N., II: 3. 549.

—Sinister.

Shy. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica;
There are my keys. — But wherefore should
I go?

I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian.

M. V., II: 5. 370.

HOSTILITIES.—Never to be Suspended.

Com. * * Our gentlemen,
The common file, (A plague!—Tribunes
for them!)

The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they
did budge

From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you?

Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do
not think——

Where is the enemy? Are you lords o' the
field?

If not, why cease you till you are so?

C., I: 6. 1156.

HOUNDS.—Spartan.

The. My hounds are bred out of the
Spartan kind,

So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are
hung

With ears that sweep away the morning
dew;

Crook-knee'd and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian
bulls;

Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like
bells,

Each under each.

M. N., IV: 1. 339.

HUMANITY.—Enjoined.

Ros. * * *

Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task
shall be,

With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

L. L., V: 2. 304.

—Self-sacrificing.

K. Edw. * * When we both lay in the
field,

Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me

Even in his garments; and did give himself,
All thin and naked, to the numb-cold night?

R. III., II: 1. 1015.

HUMILITY.

Vol. * * *

Thy knee bussing the stones, (for in such
business

Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the
ignorant

More learned than the ears,) waving thy
head,

Which often, thus, correcting thy stout
heart,

That humble, as the ripest mulberry,
Now will not hold the handling.

C., III: 2. 1174.

—Assumed.

Cor. * * * My anroat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Such as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! The smiles of
knaves

Tent in my cheeks; and school-boys' tears
take up

The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips; and my
arm'd knees,

Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not
do't.

C., III: 2. 1174.

—At the Gates of Monarchs.

Bel. * * Stoop, boys: This gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens;
and bows you

To morning's holy office: The gates of mon-
archs

Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet
through

And keep their impious turbands on, with-
out

Good morrow to the sun.

Cym., III: 3. 1606.

—Base.

Queen. * * Wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly? kiss the rod;
And fawn on rage with base humility.

R. II., V: 1. 711.

Duch. O happy vantage of a kneeling
knee!

R. II., V: 4. 715.

—Feigned.

Bru. Now we have shown our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a doing.

C., IV: 2. 1178.

—Feigned by Ambition.

Glo. * *

Definitively thus I answer you.
Your love deserves my thanks; but my desert

Unmeritable, shuns your high request.
First, if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the crown,
As the ripe revenue and due of birth;
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty, and so many, my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my greatness,—

Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,—
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me;
(And much I need to help you, if need were;)
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,

Will well become the seat of majesty,
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
On him I lay what you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happy stars,—
Which, God defend, that I should wring from him!

Buck. * *

Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
This proffer'd benefit of dignity:
If not to bless us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
From the corruption of abusing time,
Unto a lineal true-derived course.

* *

Glo. Will you enforce me to a world of cares?

Well, call them again; I am not made of stone,

But penetrable to your kind entreaties,
Albeit against my conscience and my soul.
Cousin of Buckingham,—and sage, grave men,—

Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burden, whe'r I will, or no,
I must have patience to endure the load:
But if black scandal, or foul-fac'd reproach,
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof;

For God he knows, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.

R. III., III: 1. 1029.

—Its napless Vesture.

Bru. I heard him swear,
Were he to stand as consul, never would he
Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put
The napless vesture of humility;
Nor, showing (as the manner is) his wounds
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

C., II: 1. 1162.

—Perfect.

Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.

M. M., II: 4. 155.

HUMBUG.—The Success of.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool honesty is!
and trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery;
not a counterfeit stone, not a riband, glass,
pomander, brooch, table-hook, ballad,
knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-
ring, to keep my pack from fasting; they
throng who should buy first, as if my trinkets
had been hallowed, and brought a benediction
to the buyer: by which means I saw whose
purse was best in picture; and what I saw,
to my good use I remembered. * *
So that, in this time of lethargy, I pick'd
and cut most of their festival purses: and
had not the old man come in with a whoo-
bub against his daughter and the king's son,
and scar'd my choughs from the chaff, I had
not left a purse alive in the whole army.

W. T., IV: 3. 607.

HUMILIATION.—Of Falstaff.

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, master Brook,
what I have suffer'd to bring this woman to
evil for your good. Being thus cramm'd in
the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his
hinds, were call'd forth by their mistress, to
carry me in the name of foul clothes to
Datchet-lane: they took me on their shoulders;
met the jealous knave their master in

the door; who ask'd them once or twice what they had in their basket: I quak'd for fear, lest the lunatic knave would have search'd it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well: on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, master Brook: I suffered the pangs of three several deaths: first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten bell-wether: next, to be compass'd like a good bilbo in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head: and then, to be stopp'd in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease: think of that,—a man of my kidney,—think of that; that am as subject to heat as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw; it was a miracle to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stew'd in grease, like a Dutch fish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cool'd, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horseshoe; think of that,—hissing hot,—think of that, master Brook.

M. W., III: 5. 109.

—Treated as dirty Linen.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in 't. Have I liv'd to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal; and to be thrown into the Thames? Well, if I be serv'd such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'er out, and butter'd, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drown'd a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen i' the litter: and you may know by my size that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking; if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drown'd, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow,—a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man; and what a thing should I have been when I had been swell'd! I should have been a mountain of mummy.

M. W., III: 5. 108.

HUMOR.—Falstaff's.

Boy. Do you not remember, 'a saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose; and 'a said, it was a black soul burning in hell-fire?

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone, that maintained that fire: that 's all the riches I got in his service.

H. V., II: 3. 829.

HUMORIST.—Gentle.

K. Hen. * * A hand
Open as day for melting charity,—

Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he 's
flint;

As humorous as winter, and as sudden
As flaws congealed in the spring of day.

H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 4. 800.

—His Portrait.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patriot, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tyber in 't; said to be something imperfect, in favouring the thirst complaint: hasty, and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion: one that converses more with the buttock of the night, than with the forehead of the morning. What I think, I utter; and spend my malice in my breath: Meeting two such weals-men as you are, (I cannot call you Lyncurguses,) if the drink you gave me, touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I cannot say, your worship have delivered the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables; and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men; yet they lie deadly, that tell, you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it, that I am known well enough too? What harm can your bison conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

C., II: 1. 1160.

HUNTING.—Its Confusion.

The. Go one of you, find out the forester;

For now our observation is perform'd;
And since we have the vaward of the day,
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.
Uncouple in the western valley; let them go:
Despatch, I say, and find the forester.

We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's
top,

And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules and Cadmus
once,

When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the
boar

With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the
groves,

The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry. I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

M. N., IV: 1. 339.

—Roman, sinister.

Sat. Come on then, horse and chariots
let us have,
And to our sport:—Madam, now shall ye
see
Our Roman hunting.

Mar. I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouse the proudest panther in the
chase,
And climb the highest promontory top.

Tit. And I have horse will follow where
the game
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the
plain.

Tit. And., II: 2. 1209.

HUSBAND—Eulogy on a Noble.

Lady P. * * So came I a widow;
And never shall have length of life enough,
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,
That it may grow and sprout as high as
heaven,
For recordation to my noble husband.

H. IV., 2 pt., II: 3. 785.

HUSBANDS.—Can be Bought.

Son. Nay, how will you do for a hus-
band?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at
any market.

Son. Then you 'll buy 'em to sell again.

M., IV: 2. 1377.

—Should Deal gently.

Emil. * * Let husbands know,
Their wives have sense like them: they see,
and smell,
And have their palates both for sweet and
sour,
As husbands have. What is it that they do,
When they change us for others? Is it
sport?

I think it is: And doth affection breed it?
I think, it doth: Is 't frailty, that thus errs?
It is so too: And have not we affections?
Desires for sport? and frailty, as men have?
Then, let them use us well: else let them
know,
The ills we do, their ills instruct us to.

O., IV: 3. 1526.

HYPERBOLE.—Launce's.

Launce. * * Why, man, if the river
were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears;
if the wind were down, I could drive the
boat with my sighs.

T. G., II: 3. 54.

Gru. * * Though she have as many
diseases as two-and-fifty horses.

T. S., I: 2. 458.

Fath. * * Shed seas of tears, and
ne'er be satisfied!

H. VI., 3 pt., VI: 5. 968.

HYPOCRISY.—A bold Accuser.

Glo. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue
of your years
Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit:
No more can you distinguish of a man,
Than of his outward show; which, God he
knows,
Seldom, or never, jumpeth with the heart.
Those uncles, which you want, were danger-
ous;

Your grace attended to the sugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts:
God keep you from them, and from such
false friends!

Prince. God keep me from false friends!
but they were none.

R. III., III: 1. 1020.

—A treble Shame.

Duke. * *
He who the sword of heaven will bear
Should be as holy as severe;
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go;
More nor less to others paying,
Than by self-offences weighing.
Shame to him, whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice, and let his grow!
O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!

M. M., III: 2. 162.

—After Tears.

Q. Mar. * *
Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers;

Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowering bank,
With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a
child,

That, for the beauty, thinks it excellent.

H. VI., 2 pt., III: 1. 924.

— **Boastful.**

Tam. * *

I will enchant the old Andronicus,
With words more sweet, and yet more dan-
gerous,
Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep.

Tit. And., IV: 4. 1225.

— **Complete.**

K. Hen. * *

O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiance! Show men duti-
ful?

Why, so didst thou: Seem they grave and
learned?

Why, so didst thou: Come they of noble
family?

Why, so didst thou: Seem they religious?
Why, so didst thou: Or are they spare in
diet;

Free from gross passion, or of mirth, or an-
ger;

Constant in spirit, not swerving with the
blood;

Garnish'd and deck'd in modest comple-
ment;

Not working with the eye, without the ear,
And, but in purged judgment, trusting
neither?

Such, and so finely bolted, didst thou seem:
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To mark the full-fraught man, and best en-
dued,

With some suspicion. I will weep for thee;
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man. — Their faults are open,
Arrest them to the answer of the law: —
And God acquit them of their practices!

H. V., II: 2. 827.

Glo. * *

So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of
virtue,
That, his apparent open guilt omitted.

R., III: 5. 1026.

— **Consummate.**

Iago. * *

But seeming so, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demon-
strate

The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern, 't is not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at: I am not what I am.

O., I: 1. 1492.

— **Covers Hate.**

Iago. * *

Though I do hate him as I do hell pains,
Yet, for necessity of present life,
I must show out a flag and sign of love,
Which is indeed but sign.

O., I: 1. 1493.

— **Covers Itself.**

Claud. * *

O, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!

M. A., IV: 1. 244.

— **Crafty.**

Lady M. * *

To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your
eye,

Your hand, your tongue: look like the inno-
cent flower,

But be the serpent under it.

M., I: 5. 1361.

Buck. * *

Now, Catesby! what says your lord to my
request?

Cate. He doth entreat your grace, my
noble lord,

To visit him to-morrow, or next day.

He is within, with two right reverend fathers,
Divinely bent on meditation;

And in no worldly suit would he be mov'd,
To draw him from his holy exercise.

* *

Buck. Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is
not an Edward!

He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed,

But on his knees at meditation;

Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,

But meditating with two deep divines;

Not sleeping to engross his idle body,

But praying, to enrich his watchful soul:

Happy were England, would this virtuous prince

Take on himself the sovereignty thereof:
But, sore, I fear, we shall ne'er win him to it.

* *

May. See, where his grace stands 'tween
two clergymen!

Buck. Two props of virtue for a Christian
prince,

To stay him from the fall of vanity:
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand;
True ornaments to know a holy man.—
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
Lend favourable ear to our requests;
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion, and right Christian zeal.

Glo. My lord, there needs no such
apology;
I rather do beseech you pardon me,
Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Deferr'd the visitation of my friends.

R. III., III: 7. 1028.

—Destitute of.

Cor. * *

(If for I want that glib and oily art,
To speak and purpose not.)

K. L., I: 1. 1446.

Fool. * * Nay, an thou canst not
smile as the wind sits, thou 'lt catch cold
shortly.

K. L., I: 4. 1450.

—Extreme of.

Oct. And some, that smile, have in their
hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischief.

J. C., IV: 1. 1343.

1 *Gent.* He that hath miss'd the princess,
is a thing
Too bad for bad report: and he that hath
her,
(I mean, that married her, —alack, good
man! —
And therefore banish'd) is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something
failing
In him that should compare. I do not think,
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
Endows a man but he.

Cym., I: 1. 1589.

—Falsely Accused of.

Q. Mar. Ah, what 's more dangerous
than this fond affiance?
Seems he a dove? his feathers are but bor-
row'd,

For he 's disposed as the hateful raven.
Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,
For he 's inclin'd as are the ravenous
wolves,

Who cannot steal a shape, that means de-
ceit?

Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent
man.

H. VI., 2 pt., III: 1. 924.

—Foul within.

Isab. * *

This outward-sainted deputy—
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth em-
mew,

As falcon doth the fowl,—is yet a devil;
His filth within being cast, he would ap-
pear

A pond as deep as hell.

M. M., III: 1. 157.

—Impudent.

Tit. O, gracious emperor! O, gentle
Aaron!

Did ever raven sing so like a lark.

Tit. And., III: 1. 1215.

Glo. Sister, have comfort: all of us
have cause

To wail the dimming of our shining star;
But none can cure their harms by wailing
them.

Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy,
I did not see your grace:—Humbly on my
knee

I crave your blessing.

Duch. God bless thee; and put meek-
ness in thy breast,

Love, charity, obedience, and true duty!

Glo. Amen; and make me die a good
old man!—

That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing,
I marvel, that her grace did leave it out.

R. III., II: 2. 1017.

—Its Chagrin.

Wol. What should this mean?
What sudden anger 's this? how have I
reap'd it?

He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
 Leap'd from his eyes : So looks the chafed
 lion
 Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd
 him ;
 Then makes him nothing. I must read this
 paper ;
 I fear the story of his anger. — 'T is so ;
 This paper has undone me : — 'T is the ac-
 count
 Of all that world of wealth I have drawn
 together
 For mine own ends ; indeed, to gain the
 popedom,
 And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence,
 Fit for a fool to fall by ! What cross devil
 Made me put this main secret in the packet
 I sent the king ? Is there no way to cure
 this ?

No new device to beat this from his brains ?
 I know, 't will stir him strongly : Yet I
 know

A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
 Will bring me off again. What 's this —
 "To the Pope?"

The letter, as I live, with all the business
 I writ to his holiness. Nay then, farewell !
 I have touch'd the highest point of all my
 greatness ;

And, from that full meridian of my glory,
 I haste now to my setting : I shall fall
 Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
 And no man see me more.

H. VIII., III : 2. 1079.

—Its Falsehoods.

Solan. I would she were as lying a gos-
 sip in that, as ever knapped ginger, or made
 her neighbours believe she wept for the death
 of a third husband.

M. V., III : 1. 375.

—Loud-Mouthed.

K. Hen. * *

That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
 My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd
 honour more

On you, than any ; so your hand, and heart,
 Your brain, and every function of your
 power,
 Should, notwithstanding that your bond of
 duty,

As 't were in love's particular, be more
 To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I do profess,

That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
 More than mine own ; that am, have, and
 will be.

Though all the world should crack their
 duty to you,

And throw it from their soul ; though perils
 did

About, as thick as thought could make
 them, and

Appear in forms more horrid ; yet my duty,
 As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
 Should the approach of this wild river break,
 And stand unshaken yours.

H. VIII., III : 2. 1078.

—Noisy.

Mar. * * You shout me forth
 In exclamations hyperbolical ;
 As if I loved my little should be dieted
 In praises sauc'd with lies.

C., I : 9. 1158.

—Of Winchester.

Sol. * *

Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal —
 More like a soldier, than a man o' the church,
 As stout, and proud, as he were lord of all, —
 Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself
 Unlike the ruler of a commonweal.

H. VI., 2 pt., I : 1. 909

—Possible in the greatest.

Isab. * * 'T is not impossible
 But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
 May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as abso-
 lute,
 As Angelo ; even so may Angelo,
 In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,
 Be an arch-villain

M. M., V : 1. 170.

—Self-Confessed.

Glo. I do the wrong, and first begin to
 brawl.

The secret mischiefs that I set abroad,
 I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
 Clarence, — whom I, indeed, have laid in
 darkness, —

I do bewEEP to many simple gulls ;

Namely, to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham;
And tell them,— 't is the queen and her al-
lies,
That stir the king against the duke my
brother.

Now they believe it; and withal whet me
To be reveng'd on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey:
But then I sigh, and, with a piece of scrip-
ture,
Tell them—that God bids us do good for
evil:

And thus I clothe my naked villany
With old odd ends, stol'n forth of holy writ;
And seem a saint, when most I play the
devil.

R. III., I: 3. 1010.

—Silent.

K. Rich. What said our cousin, when
you parted with him?

Aum. Farewell:

And, for my heart disdained that my tongue
Should so profane the word, that taught me
craft

To counterfeit oppression of such grief,
That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's
grave.

Marry, would the word farewell have
lengthen'd hours,

And added years to his short banishment,
He should have had a volume of farewells;
But, since it would not, he had none of me.

R. II., I: 4. 691.

Mar. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is com-
fortless,
As frozen water to a starved snake.

Tit. And., III: 1. 1217.

—Small.

Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and
then,

Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look de-
murely;

Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine
eyes

Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say amen;
Use all the observance of civility,

Like one well studied in a sad ostent

To please his grandam,—never trust me
more.

M. V., II: 2. 369.

—Superlative.

Riv. My lord of Gloster, in those busy
days,

Which here you urge, to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our lord, our lawful king;
So should we you, if you should be our king.

Glo. If I should be?—I had rather be a
pedlar:

Far be it from my heart, the thought there-
of!

R. III., I: 3. 1003.

—Tearful, of a Murderer.

Son. Good grandam, tell us, is our father
dead?

Duch. No, boy.

Daugh. Why do you weep so oft? and
beat your breast:

And cry—"O Clarence, my unhappy son!"

Son. Why do you look on us, and shake
your head,

And call us—orphans, wretches, cast-
aways,

If that our noble father be alive?

Duch. My pretty cousins, you mistake
me both;

I do lament the sickness of the king,
As loath to lose him, not your father's
death;

It were lost sorrow, to wail one that's lost.

Son. Then, grandam, you conclude that
he is dead.

The king my uncle is to blame for this:
God will revenge it; whom I will impor-
tune

With earnest prayers all to that effect.

Daugh. And so will I.

Duch. Peace, children, peace! the king
doth love you well:

Incapable and shallow innocents,
You cannot guess who caus'd your father's
death.

Son. Grandam, we can: for my good
uncle Gloster

Told me, the king, provok'd to 't by the
queen,

Devis'd impeachments to imprison him:

And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek;

Bade me rely on him, as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as his child.

Duch. Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,
And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice!
He is my son; ay, and therein my shame,
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Son. Think you my uncle did dissemble,
grandam?

R. III., II: 2. 1016.

—**Threatened.**

Isab. Ha! little honour to be much believ'd,
And most pernicious purpose!—Seeming, seeming!—

I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't!
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or, with an outstretch'd throat, I'll tell the world aloud,
What man thou art.

M. M., II: 4. 156.

—**Unblushing.**

Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel?
My unsoil'd name, th' austereness of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i' the state,

Will so your accusation overweigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny. I have begun;
And now I give my sensual race the rein:
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;
Lay by all nicety, and prolixious blushes,
That banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother

By yielding up thy body to my will;
Or else he must not only die the death,
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To lingering sufferance: answer me to-morrow,

Or, by the affection that now guides me most,

I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true.

M. M., II: 4. 156.

—**Unfelt Sorrow easy to.**

Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with them:
To show an unfelt sorrow, is an office
Which the false man does easy.

M., II: 3. 1367.

—**What it Scowls at.**

1 Gent. * * But not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

Cym., I: 1. 1589.

—**Woman's, dissembling.**

Q. Mar. God forbid any malice should prevail,
That faultless may condemn a nobleman!
Pray God, may acquit him of suspicion!

K. Hen. I thank thee, Margaret; these words content me much.

H. VI., 2 pt., III: 2. 926.

HYPOCRITE.—Once, Hypocrite ever.

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And, when she seem'd to shake, and fear your looks,
She lov'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Why, go to, then;
She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,

So seal her father's eyes up, close as oak,—
He thought, 'twas witchcraft;—But I am much to blame;

I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.

Iago. I see, this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Trust me, I fear it has.
I hope, you will consider, what is spoke
Comes from my love;—But, I do see you are mov'd:—

I am to pray you, not to strain my speech
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach
Than to suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

O., III: 3. 1512.

HYPOCRITES.—Mercenary, Reproached.

Tim. Ay, you are honest men.

Pain. We are hither come to offer you our service.

Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite you?

Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

Tim. You are honest men: You have heard that I have gold;

I am sure you have: speak truth: you are honest men.

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord: but therefore

Came not my friend, nor I.

Tim. Good honest men:—Thou draw'st a counterfeit

Best in all Athens: thou art, indeed, the best;

Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So, so, my lord.

Tim. Even so, sir, as I say:—And, for thy fiction,

Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,

That thou art even natural in thine art.—

But, for all this, my honest-natur'd friends, I must needs say, you have a little fault:

Marry, 't is not monstrous in you; neither wish I,

You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beseech your honour

To make it known to us.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my lord.

Tim. Will you, indeed?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Tim. There's ne'er a one of you but trusts a knave,

That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my lord?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,

Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,

Keep in your bosom: yet remain assur'd, That he's a made-up villain.

Pain. I know none such, my lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well; I'll give you gold,

Rid me these villains from your companies: Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a draught,

Confound them by some course, and come to me,

I'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this, but two in company:—

Each man apart, all single and alone,

Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.

If, where thou art, two villains shall not be,

Come not near him.—If thou would'st not reside

But where one villain is, then him abandon.

Hence! pack! there's gold, ye came for gold, ye slaves:

You have done work for me, there's payment: Hence!

You are an alchymist, make gold of that:—Out, rascal dogs!

T. A., V: I. 1313.

I

IDEALIST.—A Wonder.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

T., II: 1. 16.

IDES OF MARCH.—Their Danger.

Cæs. What man is that?

Bru. A soothsayer, bids you beware the ides of March.

Cæs. Set him before me, let me see his face.

Cæs. Fellow, come from the throng: Look upon Cæsar.

Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

J. C., I: 2. 1323.

IDIOCY.—Assumed.

Edg. * * While I may 'scape, I will preserve myself: and am bethought

To take the basest and most poorest shape,
That ever penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast; my face I'll grime
with filth;

Blanket my loins; elf all my hair in knots;
And with presented nakedness out-face
The winds, and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring
voices,

Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare
arms

Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rose-
mary;

And with this horrible object, from low
farms,

Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes and mills,
Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with
prayers,

Enforce their charity.—Poor Turlygood!
poor Tom!

That's something yet;—Edgar I nothing
am.

K. L., II: 3. 1458.

IDLENESS.—A Defiance of God.

*Ham. * **

Sure, he, that hath made us with such large
discourse,

Looking before, and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To fust in us unus'd.

H., IV: 4. 1423.

—Mars.

Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar
that which God made, a poor unworthy
brother of yours, with idleness.

A. Y., I: 1. 407.

—Sweating Labor.

Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take
you

For idleness itself.

Cleo. 'T is sweating labour,
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;
Since my becoming kill me, when they do
not

Eye well to you.

A. C., I: 3. 1544.

IDOLATRY.—Of Service.

*Hect. * ** 'T is mad idolatry,
To make the service greater than the god.

T. C., II: 2. 1114.

IF.—Its Use in Quarrels.

*Glo. * **

Talk'st thou to me of ifs?

R. III., III: 4. 1025.

Touch. O sir, we quarrel in print by the
book; as you have Books for Good Manners.
I will name you the degrees. The first, the
Retort courteous; the second, the Quip mod-
est; the third, the Reply churlish; the fourth
the Reproof valiant; the fifth, the Counter-
check quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with
circumstance; the seventh, the Lie direct.
All these you may avoid, but the lie direct;
and you may avoid that too, with an *If*. I
knew when seven justices could not take up
a quarrel; but when the parties were met
themselves, one of them thought but of an
If, as, "If you said so, then I said so;" and
they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your
If is the only peace-maker; much virtue in
If.

A. Y., V: 4. 437.

IGNORANCE.—A Source of Thank- fulness to the Learned.

*Nath. * **

And such barren plants are set before us,
that we thankful should be

(Which we of taste and feeling are) for
those parts that do fructify in us
more than he.

For as it would ill become me to be vain,
indiscreet, or a fool,

So, were there a patch set on learning, to
see him in a school:

But, *omne bene*, say I; being of an old
father's mind,

Many can brook the weather, that love not
the wind.

L. L., IV: 2. 285.

—Brutal.

*Nath. * ** He hath not drunk ink:
his intellect is not replenished; he is only
an animal.

L. L., IV: 2. 285.

—Darkness.

Clo. Madman, thou errest: I say, there
is no darkness but ignorance. * *

Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ig-
norance, though ignorance were as dark as
hell.

T. N., IV: 2. 536.

—**Extreme.**

Emil. * * As ignorant as dirt.

O., V: 2. 1530.

Say. * *

And—seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to
heaven.

H. VI., 2 pt., IV: 7. 938.

Ther. * * I had rather be a tick in a
sheep, than such a valiant ignorance.

T. C., III: 3. 1126.

—**Makes Robbery no Loss.**

Oth. What sense had I of her stolen
hours of lust!

I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me;
I slept the next night well, was free and
merry;

I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is
stolen,

Let him not know it, and he's not robb'd at
all.

O., III: 3. 1513.

—**Of contemplated Crime.**

Lady M. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge,
dearest chuck,

Till thou applaud the deed.

M., III: 2. 1370.

—**Unjust and cruel.**

Say. Hear me but speak, and bear me
where you will.

Kent, in the commentaries Cæsar writ,
Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle.
Sweet is the country, because full of riches;
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;
Which makes me hope you are not void of
pity.

I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy;
Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.
Justice with favour have I always done;
Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts
could never.

When have I aught exacted at your hands,
Kent to maintain, the king, the realm, and
you?

Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned
clerks,

Because my book preferr'd me to the king:

And—seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to
heaven,—

Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,
You cannot but forbear to murder me.

This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings
For your behoof. —

Cade. Tut! when struck'st thou one blow
in the field?

Say. Great men have reaching hands:
oft have I struck

Those that I never saw, and struck them
dead.

Geo. O monstrous coward! what, to
come behind folks?

Say. These cheeks are pale for watching
for your good.

Cade. Give him a box o' the ear, and
that will make 'em red again.

Say. Long sitting to determine poor
men's causes

Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

Cade. Ye shall have a hempen caudle
then, and the pap of a hatchet.

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man?

Say. The palsy, and not fear, provoketh
me.

Cade. Nay, he nods at us; as who
should say, I'll be even with you. I'll see
if his head will stand steadier on a pole, or
no: Take him away, and behead him.

H. VI., 2 pt., IV: 7. 938.

—**Willing, akin to Guilt.**

Brak. I am, in this, commanded to de-
liver

The noble duke of Clarence to your hands:
I will not reason what is meant hereby,

Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.
Here are the keys;—there sits the duke
asleep;

I'll to the king; and signify to him,
That thus I have resign'd to you my charge.

R. III., I: 4. 1011.

—**Wise.**

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like
a peacock—a stride and a stand: ruminates
like an hostess that hath no arithmetic but her
brain to set down her reckoning: bites his
lip with a politic regard, as who should say,
there were wit in his head, an 't would out;
and so there is; but it lies as coldly in him
as fire in a flint, which will not show with-
out knocking. The man's undone for ever;

for if Hector break not his neck i' the combat, he 'll break it himself in vain glory. He knows not me: I said, "Good-morrow, Ajax;" and he replies, "Thanks, Agamemnon." What think you of this man, that takes me for the general? He is grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him, Thersites.

Ther. Who, I? why, he 'll answer nobody; he professes not answering; speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in his arms. I will put on his presence; let Patroclus make demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus: Tell him,—I humbly desire the valiant Ajax, to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent; and to procure safe conduct for his person, of the magnanimous, and most illustrious, six-or-seven-times-honoured captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon. Do this.

* *

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me bear another to his horse; for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd;

And I myself see not the bottom of it.

Ther. 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance.

T. C., III: 3. 1126.

ILLEGITIMACY.—A Stain.

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Cym., II: 4. 1603.

IMAGINATION.—A disturbed.

Ham. * * *
Observe my uncle: if his occulted guilt
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
It is a damned ghost that we have seen;
And my imaginations are as foul
As Volcan's stithy.

H., III: 2. 1413.

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Have after:—To what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

H., I: 4. 1399.

—Destroys the Brain.

Iago. I am about it; but, indeed, my invention

Comes from my pate, as birdlime does from frize,

It plucks out brains and all: But my muse labours,

And thus she is deliver'd.

O., II: 1. 1501.

—Its obliterating Power.

Glo. * *

And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose
The knowledge of themselves.

K. L., IV: 6. 1478.

—Its Power.

The. * *

Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,

Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,

Are of imagination all compact:

One sees more devils than vast hell can hold—

That is the madman: the lover, all as frantic,

Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,

Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,

And, as imagination bodies forth

The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen

Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing

A local habitation and a name.

Such tricks hath strong imagination,

That, if it would but apprehend some joy,

It comprehends some bringer of that joy;

Or, in the night, imagining some fear,

How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear!

M. N., V: 1. 341.

—Powerless.

Boling. O, who can hold a fire in his hand,

By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
 Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
 By bare imagination of a feast?
 Or wallow naked in December snow,
 By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
 O, no! the apprehension of the good,
 Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:
 Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,
 Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

R. II., I: 3. 690.

IMITATION.—Imperfect.

Ulyss. * *

That's done;—as near as the extremest
 ends

Of parallels; as like as Vulcan and his wife:
 Yet good Achilles still cries, "Excellent!
 'T is Nestor right! Now play him me,
 Patroclus,

Arming to answer in a night alarm."

And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
 Must be the scene of mirth; to cough, and
 spit,

And with a palsy—fumbling on his gorget,
 Shake in and out the rivet.

T. C., I: 3. 1109.

—Its Source.

Fal. * * Ignorant carriage is caught,
 as men take diseases, one of another.

H. IV., 2 pt., V: 1. 805.

IMMATURITY.—A Reproach.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the
 shell on his head.

H., V: 2. 1434.

IMMODESTY.—A Maid's.

Laer. * *

The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
 If she unmask her beauty to the moon.

H., I: 3. 1397.

IMMORTALITY.—Gives Worth to Life.

K. Hen. O heaven! that one might read
 the book of fate;

And see the revolution of the times

Make mountains level, and the continent

(Weary of solid firmness,) melt itself

Into the sea! and, other times, to see

The beachy girdle of the ocean

Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances
 mock,

And changes fill the cup of alteration
 With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,
 The happiest youth,—viewing his progress
 through,

What perils past, what crosses to ensue,—
 Would shut the book, and sit him down and
 die.

H. IV., 2 pt., III: 2. 790.

—Longed for.

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown;
 I have

Immortal longings in me.

A. C., V: 2. 1581.

IMPARTIALITY.—Rewarded.

King. You are right, justice, and you
 weigh this well;

Therefore still bear the balance, and the
 sword:

And I do wish your honours may increase,
 Till you do live to see a son of mine
 Offend you, and obey you, as I did.

So shall I live to speak my father's words;

"Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
 That dares do justice on my proper son:

And not less happy, having such a son,
 That would deliver up his greatness so
 Into the hands of justice."—You did com-
 mit me:

For which, I do commit into your hand
 The unstained sword that you have us'd to
 bear;

With this remembrance,—That you use
 the same

With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit,
 As you have done 'gainst me. There is my
 hand;

You shall be as a father to my youth:

My voice shall sound as you do prompt
 mine ear;

And I will stoop and humble my intents

To your well-practis'd, wise directions.

H. IV., 2 pt., V: 3. 807.

—Strict.

K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our
 eyes and ears:

Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's
 heir,

(As he is but my father's brother's son,) "

Now by my sceptre's awe I make a vow,

Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood

Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul;
He is our subject, Mowbray, so art thou;
Free speech, and fearless, I to thee allow.

R. II., I: 1. 685.

IMPATIENCE.—A Sign of Sorrow.

K. Lew. Renowned queen, with patience
calm the storm,

While we bethink a means to break it off.

Q. Mar. The more we stay, the stronger
grows our foe.

K. Lew. The more I stay, the more I'll
succour thee.

Q. Mar. O but impatience waiteth on
true sorrow:

And see, where comes the breeder of my
sorrow.

H. VI., 3 pt., III: 3. 975.

—At Injustice.

Tit. He doth me wrong, to feed me
with delays.

I'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.—
Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we;
No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclop's
size:

But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back;
Yet wrung with wrongs, more than our backs
can bear:

And, sith there is no justice in earth nor hell,
We will solicit heaven; and move the gods,
To send down justice for to wreak our
wrongs.

Tit. And., IV: 3. 1223.

—Becoming.

Cleo. * *

Patience is sottish; and impatience does
Become a dog that 's mad: Then is it sin.

A. C., IV: 13. 1576.

—Betrays our Purposes.

Por. * * You've ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed: and yesternight, at
supper,

You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across;
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,

You star'd upon me with ungentle looks:

I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd
your head,

And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:

Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not;

But, with an angry wafture of your hand,

Gave sign for me to leave you: So I did;

Fearing to strengthen that impatience,

Which seem'd too much enkindled; and,
withal,

Hoping it was but an effect of humour,

Which sometime hath his hour with every
man.

It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;

And, could it work so much upon your shape,

As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,

I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my
lord,

Make me acquainted with your cause of
grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is
all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in
health,

He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do:—Good Portia, go
to bed.

J. C., II: 1. 1331.

—For News.

Nurse. I am aweary, give me leave
awhile;—

Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunt
have I had!

Jul. I would, thou hadst my bones, and
I thy news:

Nay, come, I pray thee, speak;—good,
good nurse, speak.

Nurse. Jesu, what haste! can you not
stay awhile?

Do you not see, that I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when
thou hast breath

To say to me—that thou art out of breath?
The excuse, that thou dost make in this de-
lay

Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.

Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;

Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:

Let me be satisfied, Is't good or bad?

R. J., II: 5. 1257.

—In Enterprises.

Hot. Uncle, adieu:—O, let the hours
be short,
Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud
our sport!

H. IV., 1 pt., I: 3. 734.

—In View of Death's Delay.

Imo. * * Prithee, despatch:
The lamb entreats the butcher: Where 's
thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady,
Since I receiv'd command to do this busi-
ness,
I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do 't, and to bed then.
Cym., III: 4. 1609.

—Of Love.

Jul. * *
O I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it; and, though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd: so tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child, that hath new robes,
And may not wear them.

R. J., III: 2. 1261.

—Time slow to.

The. * *
Another moon: but, oh, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes! she lingers my de-
sires,
Like a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

M. N., I: 1. 321.

—Wild.

Rom. * *
The time and my intents are savage-wild;
More fierce, and more inexorable far,
Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.

R. J., V: 3. 1275.

IMPENITENCE.—Final.

1 *Rom.* You sad Andronici, have done
with woes;
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.
Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and
famish him;

There let him stand, and rave and cry for
food:

If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies. This is our doom:
Some stay to see him fasten'd in the earth.

Aar. O, why should wrath be mute, and
fury dumb?

I am no baby, I, that, with base prayers,
I should repent the evils I have done;
Ten thousand, worse than ever yet I did,
Would I perform, if I might have my will;
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.

Tit. And., V: 3. 1231.

IMPERATIVENESS.—Sneered at.

Cor. Shall remain!—
Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark
you
His absolute "shall?"

C., III: 1. 1169.

IMPERFECTIONS.—To be covered.

Cho. * *
Piece out our imperfections with your
thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance
Think, when we talk of horses, that you
see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving
earth:
For 't is your thoughts that now must deck
our kings,
Carry them here and there; jumping o'er
times.

H. V., I: C. 819.

IMPERIOUSNESS.—Despised.

Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages: all men's honours
Lie in one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.

H. VIII., II: 2. 1068.

—Its Power.

War. * * The proud insulting queen,
With Clifford, and the haught Northumber-
land,

And of their feather, many more proud
birds,
Have wrought the easy-melting king like
wax.

H. VI., 3 pt., II: 1. 964.

IMPETUOSITY.—Boyish.

Men. I am known to be a humorous
patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot
wine with not a drop of allaying Tyber in 't;
said to be something imperfect, in favouring
the thirsty complaint: hasty, and tinder-
like, upon too trivial motion: one that con-
verses more with the buttock of the night,
than with the forehead of the morning.

C., II: 1. 1160.

Dem. Why, boy, although our mother,
unadvis'd,
Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate grown, to threat your
friends?
Go to; have your lath glued within your
sheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.

Tit. And., II: 1. 1207.

—Hard to Restrain.

Com. Flower of warriors,
How is 't with Titus Lartius?
Mar. As with a man busied about de-
crees:
Condemning some to death, and some to
exile;
Ransoming him, or pitying, threat'ning the
other;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

C., I: 5. 1156.

—In Love Consumes Itself.

Fri. These violent delights have violent
ends,
And in their triumph die; like 'fire and
powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume: The sweet-
est honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite:
Therefore, love moderately; long love doth
so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

R. J., II: 6. 1257.

—Its Rage.

K. Rich. Then call them to our pres-
ence; face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will
hear
The accuser, and the accused, freely speak:
High-stomach'd are they both, and full of
ire,
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

R. II., I: 1. 684.

—Of the Young.

Gent. Save yourself, my lord;
The ocean, overpeering of his list,
Eats not the flats with more impetuous
haste.

H., IV: 5. 1424.

—Short-Lived.

Gaunt. Methinks, I am a prophet new
inspir'd;
And thus, expiring, do foretell of him:
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last;
For violent fires soon burn out themselves;
Small showers last long, but sudden storms
are short;
He tires betimes, that spurs too fast be-
times;
With eager feeding food doth choke the
feeder.

R. II., II: 1. 692.

IMPOLICY.—In braving Danger.

1 Sen. * *
Neglecting an attempt of ease, and gain,
To wake, and wage, a danger profitless.

O., I: 3. 1495.

IMPORTUNITY.—Its Earnestness.

Lucio. Give 't not o'er so: to him again,
entreat him;
Kneel down before him, hang upon his
gown;
You are too cold: if you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue de-
sire it.

M. M., II: 2. 151.

IMPOSSIBILITIES.—Easy to Some.

Seb. I think he will carry this island
home in his pocket, and give it to his son
for an apple.
Ant. And, sowing the kernels of it in the
sea, bring forth more islands.

T., II: 1. 16.

IMPOSTURE.—Its Punishment.

K. Hen. Stand forth, dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloster's wife:
In sight of God, and us, your guilt is great;
Receive the sentence of the law, for sins
Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to
death. —

You four, from hence to prison back again;
From thence, unto the place of execution:
The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to
ashes,
And you three shall be strangled on the gal-
lows. —

You, madam, for you are more nobly born,
Despoiled of your honour in your life,
Shall, after three days' open penance done,
Live in your country here, in banishment,
With sir John Stanley, in the Isle of Man.

H. VI., 2 pt., II: 3. 919.

IMPOTENCE.—Complete.

Clif. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock
with the gin.

North. So doth the coney struggle in the
net.

H. VI., 3 pt., I: 4. 960.

War. * *

For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet look to have them buzz to offend thine
ears.

H. VI., 2 pt., II: 6. 970.

—Of Assaults.

Will. 'Mass, you'll pay him then! That's
a perilous shot out of an elder gun, that a
poor and private displeasure can do against
a monarch! you may as well go about to
turn the sun to ice, with fanning in his face
with a peacock's feather.

H. V., IV: 1. 842.

**IMPRECATIONS.—Margaret's, upon
Murderers.**

Q. Mar. * *

If heaven have any grievous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O, let them keep it, till thy sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's
peace!
The worm of conscience still be-guaw thy
soul!

Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou
liv'st,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest
friends!

No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be while some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog!
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
The slave of nature, and the son of hell!
Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb!
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!
Thou rag of honour!

R. III., I: 3. 1009.

**IMPRISONMENT.—Mitigated and
Forgotten.**

Plan. * *

In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,
And like a hermit overpass'd thy days.

H. VI., 1 pt., II: 5. 877.

K. Hen. * *

Nay, be thou sure, I'll well requite thy kind-
ness,

For that it made my imprisonment a pleas-
ure;

Ay, such a pleasure as encaged birds
Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts,
At last, by notes of household harmony,
They quite forget their loss of liberty.

H. VI., 3 pt., IV: 6. 982.

INACTION.—A Plea for.

Fal. * * But it was always yet the
trick of our English nation, if they have a
good thing, to make it too common. If you
will needs say, I am an old man, you should
give me rest. I would to God, my name
were not so terrible to the enemy as it is.
I were better to be eaten to death with rust,
than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual
motion.

H. IV., 2 pt., I: 2. 778.

—Intolerable.

Bot. Enough. Hold, or cut bow-strings.

M. N., I: 2. 325.

INACTIVITY.—Masterly.

Bru. Well, to our work alive. What
do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cas. This is it:

'T is better, that the enemy seek us:
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence: whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

J. C., IV: 3. 1346.

—Not honorable.

Con. * * O, for honour of our land,
Let us not hang like roping icicles
Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more
frosty people
Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich
fields;
Poor—we may call them, in their native
lords.

H. V., III: 5. 835.

INCENTIVE.—To Drive the Purpose.

King. * *

Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

H., III: 1. 1410.

INCENTIVES.—In a good Cause.

Q. Mar. Lords, knights, and gentlemen,
what I should say,
My tears gainsay; for every word I speak,
Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes.
Therefore, no more but this: Henry, your
sovereign,
Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,
His realm a slaughterhouse, his subjects
slain,
His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure
spent;
And yonder is the wolf, that makes this
spoil.
You fight in justice: then, in God's name,
lords,
Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.

H. VI., 3 pt., V: 4. 989.

INCEST.—Punished by the gods.

Hel. * *

Antiochus from incest lived not free;
For which, the most high gods not minding
longer
To withhold the vengeance that they had in
store,
Due to his heinous capital offence;

Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
When he was seated, and his daughter with
him,

In a chariot of inestimable value,
A fire from heaven came, and shrivell'd up
Their bodies, even to loathing; for they so
stunk,

That all those eyes ador'd them, ere their
fall,

Scorn now their hand should give them
burial.

P., II: 4. 1652.

INCONGRUITIES.—Psalms and Songs.

Mrs. Ford. * * That I would have
sworn his disposition would have gone to
the truth of his words; but they do no more
adhere and keep place together, than the
hundredth psalm to the tune of "Green
Sleeves."

M. W., II: 1. 95.

INCONSISTENCY.—In Teachers of Religion.

Oph. * * But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance
treads,
And recks not his own read.

H., I: 3. 1397.

—Of Character.

Serv. This man, lady, hath robbed many
beasts of their particular additions; he is as
valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow
as the elephant: a man into whom nature
hath so crowded humours, that his valour is
crushed into folly, his folly sauced with dis-
cretion: there is no man hath a virtue, that
he has not a glimpse of; nor any man an
attaint, but he carries some stain of it; he is
melancholy without cause, and merry against
the hair: He hath the joints of every thing;
but every thing so out of joint, that he is a
gouty Briareus, many hands and no use; or
purlind Argus, all eyes and no sight.

T. C., I: 2. 1104.

INCONSTANCY.—Bemoaned.

Ant. * * All come to this?—The
hearts
That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, to discandy, melt their sweets

On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is
bark'd,
That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am :
O this false spell of Egypt ! this great charm,
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd
them home ;
Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief
end,
Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,
Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.

A. C., IV : 10. 1572.

— **Confessed.**

King. I am not a day of season,
For thou mayst see a sunshine and a hail
In me at once : But to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way ; so stand thou
forth,
The time is fair again.

A. W., V : 3. 526.

— **Knows Itself.**

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with
me,
For I am falser than vows made in wine.

A. Y., III : 5. 427.

— **Of common Men.**

K. Hen. * *
Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust ;
Such is the lightness of you common men.

H. VI., 3 pt., III : 1. 971.

— **Threatened.**

Glo. Come, Warwick, take the time,
kneel down, kneel down :
Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron
cools.

War. I had rather chop this hand off at
a blow,
And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear so low a sail, to strike to thee.
K. Edw. Sail how thou canst, have
wind and tide thy friend ;
This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black
hair,
Shall, whiles the head is warm, and new cut
off,

Write in the dust this sentence with thy
blood,—

“ Wind-changing Warwick now can change
no more.”

H. VI., 3 pt., V : 1. 987.

— **Woman's.**

Post. * * *

For ev'n to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that.

Cym., II : 5. 1604.

— **Woman's, an easy Glove.**

Laf. This woman's an easy glove, my
lord ; she goes off and on at pleasure.

A. W., V : 3. 529.

INCREDIBLE.—The.

Her. * * I'll believe as soon
This whole earth may be bor'd ; and that
the moon
May through the centre creep, and so dis-
please
Her brother's noontide with th' Antipodes.

M. N., III : 2. 333.

INDEBTEDNESS.—Its Embarrassment.

Bass. 'T is not unknown to you, Anto-
nio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continu-
ance :
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate ; but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gagg'd. To you, Antonio,
I owe the most in money and in love :
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots and purposes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

M. V., I : 1. 362.

INDECISION.—A Meeting of the Tides.

North. Come, come, go in with me : 't is
with my mind.
As with the tide swell'd up unto its height,
That makes a still-stand, running neither
way.

Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,
But many thousand reasons hold me back.

H. IV., 2 pt., II: 3, 785.

—Between Desire and Duty.

Isab. There is a vice that most I do
abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of
justice;

For which I would not plead, but that I
must;

For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war 'twixt will and will not.

M. M., II: 2. 151.

—Embarrassing.

Auf. * *

As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,
And with his charity slain.

C., V: 5, 1192.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her
heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue: the swan's
down feather,
That stands upon the swell at th' full of
tide,
And neither way inclines.

A. C., III: 2. 1558.

Ant. * *

My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they
them
For fear and doating.

A. C., III: 9. 1564.

INDECORUM.—Hasty.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral
bak'd meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

H., I: 2. 1395.

INDEPENDENCE.

Ham. * * Bless'd are those,
Whose blood and judgment are so well co-
mingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please.

H., III: 2. 1413.

INDEXES.—Baby Fingers.

Nest. * *

And in such indexes, although small pricks

To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
The baby-figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large.

T. C., I: 3. 1111.

INDIFFERENCE.—Blind.

Pan. * * But what care I? I care
not, an she were a black-a-moor; 't is all
one to me.

T. C., I: 1. 1103.

—Disquieting.

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a foun-
tain stirr'd;
And I myself see not the bottom of it.

T. C., III: 3. 1126.

—In Enemies, Exasperating.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth
their city.
Now put your shields before your hearts,
and fight

With hearts more proof than shields.—Ad-
vance, brave Titus:

They do disdain us much beyond our
thoughts,

Which makes me sweat with wrath.—Come,
on my fellows;

He that retires, I'll take him for a Volsce,
And he shall feel mine age.

C., I: 4. 1155.

Leon. * *

You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose: but I do see 't
and feel 't.

W. T., II: 1. 589.

INDIGNATION.—At popular Arro-
gance.

1 Sen. No more words, we beseech you.

Cor. How! no more?

As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
Join words till their decay, against those
meazels

Which we disdain should tetter us, yet
sought

The very way to catch them.

Bru. You speak o' the people
As if you were a god to punish, not
A man of their infirmity.

C., III: 1. 1169.

—Bitter.

Glou. What! threat you me with telling
of the king?

Tell him, and spare not; look, what I have
said

I will avouch, in presence of the king:

I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.

'T is time to speak, my pains are quite for-
got.

Q. Mar. Out, devil! I remember them
too well:

Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the
Tower,

And Edward, my poor son, at Tewkesbury.

Glo. Ere you were queen, ay, or your
husband king,

I was a pack-horse in his great affairs,

A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,

A liberal rewarder of his friends;

To royalize his blood, I spilt mine own.

* *

Q. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and
leave this world,

Thou cacodæmon! there thy kingdom is.

R. III., I: 3. 1008.

—Bitter at Insult.

Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and
oft,

In the Rialto, you have rated me

About my monies, and my usances:

Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,

For suff'rance is the badge of all our tribe;

You call me 'misbeliever,' 'cut-throat dog,'

And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,

And all for use of that which is mine own.

Well, then, it now appears you need my
help:

Go to, then; you come to me, and you say,

"Shylock, we would have monies:" You
say so;

You, that did void your rheum upon my
beard,

And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur

Over your threshold; monies is your suit.

What should I say to you? Should I not
say,

"Hath a dog money? is it possible

A cur can lend three thousand ducats?" or

Shall I bend low, and in a bondsman's key,

With 'bated breath, and whisp'ring humble-
ness,

Say this,—

"Fair sir, you spet on me on Wednesday
last;

You spurn'd me such a day; another time

You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies

I'll lend you thus much monies?"

M. V., I: 3. 366.

INDIGNITY.—Resented.

Cleo. * * Now Iras, what think'st thou?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown

In Rome, as well as I: mechanic slaves

With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers,
shall

Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,

Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,

And forc'd to drink their vapour.

Iras.

The gods forbid!

A. C., V: 2. 1580.

INDISCRETION.—Not Recoverable.

Luc. Scro. * *

You must consider, that a prodigal course

Is like the sun's; but not, like his, recover-
able.

T. A., III: 4. 1299.

—Result of Haste.

Nor. * * We may outrun,

By violent swiftness, that which we run at,

And lose by over-running.

H. VIII., I: 1. 1058.

INDULGENCE.—Effect on Wits.

Long. I am resolv'd; 't is but a three
years' fast

The mind shall banquet, though the body
pine;

Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty
bits

Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the
wits.

L. L., I: 1. 271.

INDUSTRY.—Bee, Symbol of.

K. Hen. * *

When like the bee, tolling from every flower
The virtuous sweets.

H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 4. 802.

—Does not always Profit.

Val. You would be another Penelope:
yet, they say, all the yarn she spun, in
Ulysses' absence, did but fill Ithaca full of
moths.

C., I: 3. 1154.

INEFFICIENCY.—Its Pitifulness.

I Serv. To be called into a huge sphere,
and not to be seen to move in't, are the
holes where eyes should be, which pitifully
disaster the cheeks.

A. C., II: 7. 1555.

INEXPERIENCE.—A Bar to Manhood.

Ant. * * He cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried and tutor'd in the world.

T. G., I: 3. 51.

INEXPLICABLE.—The, to be Made Plain.

Alon. This is as strange a maze as ere
men trod,
And there is in this business more than na-
ture
Was ever conduct of: some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business: at pick'd
leisure.
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve
you
(Which to you shall seem probable) of
every
These happen'd accidents: till when, be
cheerful,
And think of each thing well.

T., V: 1. 33.

INFAMY.—Apparent.

Tam. Titus, I come to talk with thee.

Tit. No; not a word: How can I grace
my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it action?
Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou did'st know me, thou
would'st talk with me.

Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well
enough:

Witness this wretched stump, these crimson
lines;
Witness these trenches, made by grief and
care;

Witness the tiring day, and heavy night;
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora!
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

T. A., V: 2. 1227.

—Invoked.

Pol. O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly; and my name
Be yok'd with his that did betray the Best!
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savour that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive; and my approach be
shunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st in-
fection
That e'er was heard, or read!

W. T., I: 2. 586.

—Its lowest Depth.

Par. Sir, for a cardecue he will sell the
fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance
of it; and cut th' entail from all remain-
ders, and a perpetual succession for it per-
petually.

A. W., IV: 3. 522.

INFATUATION.—Intoxicates.

Mar. Nay, but say true; does it work
upon him?

Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

T. N., II: 5. 554.

—Its Language.

Cleo. * * His delights
Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back
above
The element they liv'd in: In his livery
Walk'd crowns, and crownets; realms and
islands were
As plates dropp'd from his pocket.

A. C., V: 2. 1578.

—Of a Woman.

Cleo. O Charmian,
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he,
or sits he?
Or does he go? or is he on his horse?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom
thou mov'st?
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of men. — He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, "Where's my serpent of
old Nile?"
For so he calls me: Now I feed myself
With most delicious poison: — Think on me,
That am with Phæbus' amorous pinches
black,

And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted
 Cæsar,
 When thou wast here above the ground, I
 was
 A morsel for a monarch : and great Pompey
 Would stand, and make his eyes grow in
 my brow ;
 There would he anchor his aspect, and die
 With looking on his life.

A. C., I : 5. 1546.

INFIDELITY.—Marital.

Leon. * * Were my wife's liver
 Infected as her life, she would not live
 The running of one glass.

W. T., I : 2. 584.

INFIRMITIES.—Mutual.

Host. * * As rheumatic as two dry
 toasts : you cannot one bear with another's
 confirmities.

H. IV., II : 4. 785.

—Of a Friend.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such
 faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they
 do appear

As huge as high Olympus.

J. C., IV : 3. 1345.

INFLEXIBILITY.—In a great General.

Men. So did he me : and he no more re-
 members his mother now, than an eight
 year old horse. The tartness of his face
 sours ripe grapes. When he walks, he
 moves like an engine, and the ground
 shrinks before his treading. He is able
 to pierce a corslet with his eye ; talks
 like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He
 sits in his state, as a thing made for Alexan-
 der. What he bids be done, is finished
 with his bidding. He wants nothing of a
 god but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

C., V : 4. 1191.

INGENIOUSNESS.—Transparent.

D. John. * * I cannot hide what I
 am : I must be sad when I have cause, and
 smile at no man's jests ; eat when I have
 stomach, and wait for no man's leisure ;
 sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no
 man's business ; laugh when I am merry,
 and claw no man in his humour.

M. A., I : 3. 229.

INGRATITUDE.—A common Crime.

Poet. When Fortune, in her shift and
 change of mood,
 Spurns down her late belov'd, all his de-
 pendants,
 Which labour'd after him to the mountain's
 top,
 Even on their knees and hands, let him slip
 down,
 Not one accompanying his declining foot.

T. A., I : 1. 1287.

—A Daughter's.

Lear. * *
 With cadent tears fret channels in her
 cheeks ;
 Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,
 To laughter and contempt ; that she may
 feel
 How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
 To have a thankless child.

K. L., I : 4. 1452.

—Aggravation of Cruelty.

Arth. * *
 Must you with hot irons burn out both mine
 eyes ?
Hub. Young boy, I must.
Arth. And will you ?
Hub. And I will.
Arth. Have you the heart ? When your
 head did but ache,
 I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
 (The best I had, a princess wrought it me,)
 And I did never ask it you again :
 And with my hand at midnight held your
 head ;
 And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
 Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time ;
 Saying, What lack you ? and, Where lies
 your grief ?
 Or, What good love may I perform for you ?
 Many a poor man's son would have lain
 still,

And ne'er have spoken a loving word to you ;
 But you at your sick service had a prince.
 Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
 And call it, cunning ; Do, an if you will :
 If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me
 ill,
 Why, then you must.—Will you put out
 mine eyes ?

These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you?

Hub. I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none, but in this iron age,
would do it!

The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink
my tears,

And quench his fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence:

Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.

Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd
iron?

An if an angel should have come to me,
And told me Hubert should put out mine
eyes,

I would not have believ'd no tongue but
Hubert's.

Hub. Come forth.

K. J., IV: 1. 664.

—Beyond Words.

Poet. Sir,
Having often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n
off,

Whose thankless natures — O abhorred
spirits!

Not all the whips of heaven are large
enough —

What! to you!

Whose star-like nobleness gave life and in-
fluence

To their whole being! I'm rapt, and can-
not cover

The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude

With any size of words.

T. A., V: 1. 1312.

—Brute, excusable.

K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me,
gentle friend,

How went he under him?

Groom. So proudly, as if he disdain'd
the ground.

K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was
on his back!

That jade hath eat bread from my royal
hand;

This hand hath made him proud with clap-
ping him.

Would he not stumble? Would he not fall
down,

(Since pride must have a fall,) and break
the neck

Of that proud man that did usurp his back?
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse;
And yet I bear a burden like an ass,
Spur-gall'd, and tir'd, by jauncing Boling-
broke.

R. II., V: 5. 716.

—Dead to Pity.

Cor. Had you not been their father,
these white flakes

Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a
face

To be exposed against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted
thunder?

In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, terris lightning? to watch (poor
perdu!)

With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood
that night

Against my fire; And wast thou fain, poor
father,

To hovel thee with swine, and rogues for-
lorn,

In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!

'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.

K. L., IV: 7. 1478.

—Filial.

Lear. * * Filial ingratitude!

Is it not as this mouth should tear this
hand,

For lifting food to 't?

K. L., III: 4. 1465.

Lear. * *

Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a
child,

Than the sea-monster!

K. L., I: 4. 1452.

Lear. * * O most small fault,
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!
Which, like an engine, wrenched my frame
of nature

From the fix'd place; drew from my heart
all love,
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in,
And thy dear judgment out.

K. L., I: 4. 1452.

—Hated.

Ant. * * Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none;
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunken-
ness,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corrup-
tion
Inhabits our frail blood.

T. N., III: 4. 561.

—Its Forgetfulness.

Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at
his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratitudes:
Those scraps are good deeds past: which
are devour'd,
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done.

T. C., III: 3. 1125.

—Killed Cæsar.

Ant. * *
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty
heart.

J. C., III: 2. 1341.

—Man's.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! unto the green holly;
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then, heigh ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly!

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! &c.

A. Y., II: 7. 420.

—Monstrous.

3 *Cit.* Ingratitude is monstrous: and for
the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make
a monster of the multitude; of the which,
we being members, should bring ourselves
to be monstrous members.

C., II: 3. 1165.

—National.

Ant. * *
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus
stab'd:
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it;
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no.

J. C., III: 2. 1341.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and
they smart
To hear themselves remember'd.

Com. Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death.

C., I: 9. 1158.

Sic. Speak briefly then:
For we are peremptory, to despatch
This viperous traitor: to eject him hence,
Were but one danger; and, to keep him
here,
Our certain death; therefore it is decreed,
He dies to-night.

Men. Now the good gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children is enrolled
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!

Sic. He's a disease, that must be cut
away.

Men. O, he's a limb, that has but a dis-
ease;
Mortal to cut it off; to cure it, easy.
What has he done to Rome, that's worthy
death?

Killing our enemies? The blood he hath
lost,
(Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he
hath,
By many an ounce,) he dropp'd it for his
country,
Were to us all, that do 't, and suffer it,
A brand to the end o' the world.

C., III: 1. 1172.

—Popular.

Flav. * *

After distasteful looks, and these hard frac-
tions,
With certain half-caps, and cold-moving
nods,
They froze me into silence.

T. A., II: 2. 1296.

Bru. * *

Of no more soul, or fitness for the world,
Than camels in their war; who have their
provand
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.

C., II: 1. 1162.

—Popular Rebuked.

Mar. * *

You blocks, you stones, you worse than
senseless things!
O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and
oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battle-
ments,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-
tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have
sat
The live-long day, with perfect expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of
Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tyber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone;

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

J. C., I: 1. 1322.

—Self-reproaching.

Dun. * *

The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: Thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. 'Would thou hadst less
deserv'd;
That the proportion both of thanks and pay-
ment
Might have been mine!

M., I: 4. 1360.

—Stinging.

York. * *

I fear me, you but warm the starved snake,
Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting
your hearts.

H. VI., 3 pt., III: 1. 926.

—The People Infatuated by.

3 *Cit.* He said, he had wounds, which he
could show in private;
And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,
"I would be consul," says he: "aged cus-
tom,
But by your voices, will not so permit me;
Your voices therefore:" When we granted
that,
Here was,—*"I thank you for your voices,—
thank you,—
Your most sweet voices:—now you have
left your voices,
I have no further with you:—Was not
this mockery?*

* *

Bru.

Did you perceive,
He did solicit you in free contempt,
When he did need your loves; and do you
think,
That his contempt shall not be bruising to
you,
When he hath power to crush? Why, had
your bodies
No heart among you? Or had you tongues
to cry
Against the rectorship of judgment?

* *

Bru. Get you hence instantly; and tell
those friends, —

They have chose a consul, that will from
them take
Their liberties; make them of no more
voice
Than dogs, that are as often beat for bark-
ing,
As therefore kept to do so.

C., II: 3. 1167.

—To Mothers.

Vol. * * Thou hast never in thy life
Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy;
When she, (poor hen!) fond of no second
brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely
home,
Loaden with honour.

C., V: 3. 1190.

INJURIES.—Real, Insulted.

K. Rich. * *
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those
wrongs,
Which, thou supposest, I have done to thee.

R. III., IV: 4. 1037.

—To Others, Deserved.

Reg. O, sir, to wilful men,
The injuries, that they themselves procure,
Must be their schoolmasters.

K. L., II: 4. 1462.

INJURY.—Estimate of.

Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou
said'st
Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to in-
jury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might
equal mine,
If both were open'd.

P., V: 1. 1663.

INJUSTICE.—Affiliates with Foes.

Cor. * * So, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke
their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow
dear friends,
And interjoin their issues. So with me:—

My birth-place hate I, and my love 's upon
This enemy town.—I'll enter: if he slay
me.

C., IV: 4. 1179.

—Heaven Fights against.

Leon. Apollo 's angry; and the heavens
themselves
Do strike at my injustice.

W. T., III: 2. 595.

—Not Disguised by Forms.

Scriv. * * Who is so gross,
That cannot see this palpable device?
Yet who so bold, but says—he sees it not?
Bad is the world, and all will come to
nought,
When such bad dealing must be seen in
thought.

R. III., III: 6. 1027.

—Of Penalties.

Escal. Well, heaven forgive him! and
forgive us all!
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:
Some run from brakes of ice, and answer
none;
And some condemned for a fault alone.

M. M., II: 1. 148.

—To Public, mean.

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is
gone!
Cit. Our enemy 's banish'd! he is gone!
Hoo! hoo!
Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow
him,
As he hath follow'd you, with all despite;
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.
Cit. Come, come, let us see him out at
gates; come:—
The gods preserve our noble tribunes!—
Come.

C., III: 3. 1177.

INK.—Its License.

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand:
be curst and brief; it is no matter how witty,
so it be eloquent and full of invention;
taunt him with the licence of ink: if thou
thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be
amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy
sheet of paper, although the sheet were big

enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down; go about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: About it.

T. N., III: 2. 556.

INNOCENCE.—A Life of gentle.

Mar. Why would she have me kill'd?
Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
I never did her hurt in all my life;
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn
To any living creature: believe me, la,
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly:
I trod upon a worm against my will,
But I wept for it. How have I offended,
Wherein my death might yield her profit, or
My life imply her danger?

P., IV: 1. 1660.

—Awakens Mercy.

Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent
prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sudden, and dispatch.

K. J., IV: 1. 664.

—Can Stand any Test.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of
thought
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous
clay
Let hell want pains enough to torture me!
I left him well.

K. J., IV: 3. 670.

—Defended.

K. Hen. * * But shall I speak my con-
science?
Our kinsman Gloster is as innocent
From meaning treason to our royal person,
As is the sucking lamb, or harmless dove:
The duke is virtuous, mild; and too well
given,
To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

H. IV., 2 pt., III: 1. 922.

—Defends Itself.

Hub. * * This hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought,

And you have slander'd nature in my form;
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind.

K. J., IV: 2. 668.

—God Avenges injured.

Q. Eliz. Wilt thou, O God, fly from
such gentle lambs,
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?
When didst thou sleep when such a deed
was done?

R. III., IV: 4. 1034.

—Has its Fears.

Des. And yet I fear you; for you are
fatal then,
When your eyes roll so! why I should fear
I know not,
Since guiltiness I know not; but yet, I feel
I fear.

O., V: 2. 1529.

—Makes Men bold.

Buck. Trust no body, for fear you be
betray'd.
Say. The trust I have is in mine inno-
cence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute.

H. VI., 2 pt., IV: 4. 937.

—Never Winces.

Ham. * * But what of that? your
majesty, and we that have free souls, it
touches us not: Let the galled jade wince,
our withers are unwrung.

H., III: 2. 1415.

—Silent, Persuades.

Paul. * * We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o' the child;
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.

W. T., II: 2. 590.

—Slumbering.

Tyr. * *
"O thus," quoth Dighton, "lay the gentle
babes,—"
"Thus, thus," quoth Forrest, "girdling one
another
Within their alabaster innocent arms:

Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which in their summer beauty, kiss'd each
other.

R. III., IV : 3. 1033.

—Thrice-armed.

K. Hen. What stronger breast-plate than
a heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel
just;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is cor-
rupted.

H. VI., 2 pt., III : 2. 929.

INNOCENT.—Should not Suffer.

1 Sen. All have not offended;
For those that were, it is not square, to take,
On those that are, revenges; crimes, like
lands,
Are not inherited.

T. A., V : 5. 1315.

INNOCENTS.—Not safe.

Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the
thunder-bolt.

A. C., II : 5. 1553.

INSANITY.—Creates.

Queen. This is the very coinage of your
brain :
This bodiless creation, ecstasy
Is very cunning in.
* *
You do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporeal air do hold dis-
course?

H., III : 4. 1419.

—Its Causes.

Abb. How long hath this possession held
the man?
Adr. This week he hath been heavy,
sour, sad,
And much different from the man he was;
But, till this afternoon, his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by
wreck of sea?
Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his
eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A sin prevailing much in youthful men,

Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

C. E., V : 1. 210.

—Its Ecstasy of Love.

Pol. * *

This is the very ecstasy of love;
Whose violent property foredoes itself,
And leads the will to desperate undertak-
ings,
As oft as any passion under heaven,
That does afflict our natures.

H., II : 1. 1403.

—Its outward Signs.

Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my
closet,
Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all un-
brae'd;
No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ancle;
Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each
other,
And with a look so piteous in purport,
As if he had been loosed out of hell,
To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.

* *

He took me by the wrist, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face,
As he would draw it. Long staid he so;
At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and
down,—

He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
And end his being: That done, he lets me
go:

And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out o' doors he went without their
helps,
And, to the last, bended their light on me.

H., II : 1. 1402.

Salar. * *

Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her
time;
Some that will evermore peep through their
eyes,
And laugh, like parrots, at a bagpiper.

M. V., I : 1. 361.

—**Man's noblest.**

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'er-thrown!

The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye,
tongue, head:

The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of
form,

The observ'd of all observers! quite, quite
down!

And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign
reason,

Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and
harsh;

That unmatch'd form and feature of blown
youth,

Blasted with ecstasy: O, woe is me!

To have seen what I have seen, see what I
see!

H., III: 1. 1411.

—**One Idea a Sign of.**

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom?
whom the foul fiend hath led through fire
and through flame, through ford and whirl-
pool, over bog and quagmire; that hath laid
knives under his pillow, and halters in his
pew; setratsbane by his porridge; made him
proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-
horse over four-inched bridges, to course
his own shadow for a traitor:—Bless thy
five wits! Tom's a-cold.—O, do de, do de,
do de.—Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-
blasting, and taking! Do poor Tom some
charity, whom the foul fiend vexes: There
could I have him now,—and there,—and
there,—and there again, and there.

K. L., III: 4. 1405.

—**Self-confessed.**

King. And can you, by no drift of con-
ference,

Get from him, why he puts on this confu-
sion;

Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

Ros. He does confess, he feels himself
distracted;

But from what cause he will by no means
speak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be
sounded;

But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,

When we would bring him on to some con-
fession

Of his true state.

H., III: 1. 1410.

**INSENSIBILITY.—Refuge of Cow-
ardice.**

Gon. * *

'T is the cowish terror of his spirit,

That dares not undertake: he 'll not feel
wrongs,

Which tie him to an answer.

K. L., IV: 2. 1471.

INSEPARABILITY.—Of true Lovers.

Adr. * *

How comes it now, my husband, oh, how
comes it,

That thou art then estranged from thyself?

Thyself I call it, being strange to me,

That, undividable, incorporate,

Am better than thy dear self's better part.

Ah, do not tear away thyself from me;

For know, my love, as easy mayst thou
fall

A drop of water in the breaking gulf,

And take unmingled thence that drop again,

Without addition or diminishing,

As take from me thyself, and not me too.

C. E., II: 2. 198.

**INSIGNIFICANCE.—Barks at Great-
ness.**

Lear. The little dogs and all,

Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they
bark at me.

K. L., III: 6. 1468.

—**Its Safety.**

K. Hen. O piteous spectacle! O bloody
times!

Whilst lions war, and battle for their dens,
Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.

H. VI., 3 pt., II: 4. 968.

—**Of disturbing Agencies.**

Des. * * Something, sure, of state,—
Either from Venice; or some unhatch'd
practice,

Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him,
Hath puddled his clear spirit: and, in such
cases,

Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,

Though great ones are their object. 'T is
even so :

For let our finger ache, and it indues
Our other healthful members ev'n to that
sense

Of pain : Nay, we must think, men are not
gods ;

Nor of them look for such observances
As fit the bridal.

O., III : 4. 1517.

—Of Men to the gods.

*Glo. * **

As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods ;
They kill us for their sport.

K. L., IV : 1. 1471.

INSIGNIFICANT.—Danger of Neglecting the.

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out ;
Which being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

H. VI., 3 pt., IV : 8. 985.

INSINCERITY.—Superlative.

Tro. O Cressid ! O false Cressid ! false,
false, false !

Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
And they'll seem glorious.

T. C., V : 2. 1139.

—Woman's.

Tro. This she? no, this is Diomed's
Cressida :

If beauty have a soul, this is not she ;
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony,
If sanctimony be the gods' delight,
If there be rule in unity itself,

This was not she. O madness of discourse,
That cause sets up with and against itself !
Bi-fold authority ! where reason can revolt
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason

Without revolt ; this is, and is not, Cressid !
Within my soul there doth commence a fight
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparable

Divides more wider than the sky and earth ;
And yet the spacious breadth of this division
Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle
As is Arachne's broken woof, to enter.

Instance, O instance ! strong as Pluto's
gates ;

Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of
heaven ;

Instance, O instance ! strong as heaven itself :

The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd,
and loos'd ;

And with another knot, five-finger-tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy
reliques

Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

J. C., V : 2. 1138.

INSINUATION.—Cautious when Base.

Glo. Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.

The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in
all post : —

There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children :

Tell them, how Edward put to death a citizen,

Only for saying—he would make his son
Heir to the crown ; meaning, indeed, his
house,

Which, by the sign thereof, was termed so.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
And bestial appetite in change of lust ;

Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters,
wives,

Even where his raging eye, or savage heart,
Without control, listed to make his prey.

Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person : —

Tell them, when that my mother went with
child

Of that insatiate Edward, noble York,
My princely father, then had wars in France ;
And, by just computation of the time,
Found, that the issue was not his begot ;
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble duke my father.
Yet touch this sparingly, as 't were far off ;
Because, my lord, you know, my mother
lives.

R. III., III : 5. 1026.

INSINUATIONS.—Adroit.

Oth. What dost thou say, Iago?

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you
woo'd my lady,

Know of your love?

Oth. He did, from first to last: Why dost thou ask?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought;

No further harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?

Iago. I did not think, he had been acquainted with her.

Oth. O, yes; and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed?

Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed:—Discern'st thou aught in that?

Is he not honest?

Iago. Honest, my lord?

Oth. Ay, honest.

Iago. My lord, for aught I know.

Oth. What dost thou think?

Iago. Think, my lord?

Oth. Think, my lord!

By heaven, he echoes me,

As if there were some monster in his thought Too hideous to be shown.—Thou dost mean something:

I heard thee say but now,—Thou lik'dst not that,

When Cassio left my wife: What did'st not like?

And, when I told thee—he was of my counsel

In my whole course of wooing, thou cry'dst, "Indeed?"

And did'st contract and purse thy brow together,

As if thou then had'st shut up in thy brain Some horrible conceit: If thou dost love me,

Show me thy thought.

O., III: 3. 1510.

—The Superlative of Base.

Iach. I never saw him sad.

There is a Frenchman his companion, one An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves

A Gallian girl at home: he furnaces

The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly Briton

(Your lord, I mean,) laughs from 's free lungs, cries, "O!

Can my sides hold, to think, that man,—who knows

By history, report, or his own proof, What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose But must be,—will his free hours languish for

Assured bondage?"

* *

Imo.

I pray you, sir,

Deliver with more openness your answers To my demands. Why do you pity me?

* *

Iach. That others do,

I was about to say, enjoy your——But It is an office of the gods to venge it, Not mine to speak on 't.

Cym., I: 7. 1596.

—Turn Virtue into Pitch.

Iago. * * For while this honest fool Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes, And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,

I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,— That she repels him for her body's lust; And, by how much she strives to do him good,

She shall undo her credit with the Moor.

So will I turn her virtue into pitch; And out of her own goodness make the net That shall enmesh them all.

O., II: 3. 1508.

INSOLVENCY.—Mistakes concerning.

Flav. O my good lord!

At many times I brought in my accounts, Laid them before you; you would throw them off,

And say, you found them in mine honesty.

When, for some trifling present, you have bid me

Return so much, I have shook my head, and wept;

Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you

To hold your hand more close: I did endure Not seldom, nor no slight checks; when I have

Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate, And your great flow of debts. My dear-lov'd lord,

Though you hear now, (too late!) yet now 's a time,

The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Flav. 'T is all engag'd, some forfeited
and gone;

And what remains will hardly stop the
mouth

Of present dues: the future comes apace:
What shall defend the interim? and at
length

How goes our reckoning?

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land ex-
tend.

Flav. O my good lord, the world is but
a word;

Were it all yours to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone!

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry, or
falsehood,

Call me before the exactest auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless
me,

When all our offices have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders; when our vaults have
wept

With drunken spilth of wine; when every
room

Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with
minstrelsy;

I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock,
And set mine eyes at flow.

T. A., II: 2. 1295.

INSPIRATION.—Love Needed for.

Biron. * *

Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with Love's
sighs.

L. L., IV: 3. 291.

—Needed for Success.

Mor. * * But now the bishop

Turns insurrection to religion:
Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,
He's follow'd both with body and with mind;
And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
Of fair king Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret
stones:

Derives from heaven his quarrel, and his
cause;

Tells them, he doth bestride a bleeding land,

Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke;
And more, and less, do flock to follow him.

H. IV., 2 pt., I: 1. 776.

INSTABILITY.—Of Character.

Beat. Very easily possible. He wears
his faith but as the fashion of his hat; it
ever changes with the next block.

M. A., I: 1. 226.

INSTINCT.—Excuse for Cowardice.

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye, as well as
he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my mas-
ters: Was it for me to kill the heir appar-
ent? Should I turn upon the true prince?
Why, thou knowest, I am as valiant as
Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion
will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a
great matter; I was a coward on instinct.
I shall think the better of myself and thee,
during my life; I, for a valiant lion, and
thou for a true prince. But, by the Lords,
lads, I am glad you have the money. —
Hostess, clap to the doors; watch to-night,
pray to-morrow. — Gallants, lads, boys,
hearts of gold, All the titles of good fellow-
ship come to you! What, shall we be
merry? shall we have a play extempore?

H. IV., 1 pt., II: 4. 741.

—Paternal.

Per. * *

My dearest wife was like this maid, and
such a one

My daughter might have been: my queen's
square brows;

Her statute to an inch: as wand-like
straight;

As silver voic'd; her eyes as jewel-like,

And cas'd as richly: in pace another Juno;
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes

hungry,

The more she gives them speech.

P., V: 1. 1668.

INSTRUMENT.—Poor.

Cleo. * * How poor an instrument

May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.

A. C., V: 2. 1581.

INSTRUMENTS.—Coarse, Suited to some Ends.

Ulyss. This 't is:

Blunt wedges rive hard knots.

T. C., I: 3. 1111.

INSULT.—Desire to Resent.

Ther. I would, thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsomest scab in Greece.

T. C., II: 1. 1112.

—Premeditated.

Q. Mar. * *

Give me my fan: What, minion! can you not?

I cry you mercy, madam: Was it you?

Duch. Was 't I? yea, I it was, proud Frenchwoman:

Could I come near your beauty with my nails,

I'd set my ten commandments in your face.

K. Hen. Sweet aunt, be quiet; 't was against her will.

Duch. Against her will! Good king, look to 't in time;

She 'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby:

Though in this place most master wear no breeches,

She shall not strike dame Eleanor unrevenged.

H. VI., 2 pt., I: 3. 913.

—Threatened, Resented.

Ther. * * Thou scurvy valiant ass! thou art here put to thrash Trojans: and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a Barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

T. C., II: 1. 1112.

INTELLECT.—Human, diversified.

1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve: for once, when we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

3 *Cit.* We have been called so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely coloured: and truly I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one skull, they would fly east, west, north, south; and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points o' the compass.

2 *Cit.* Think you so? Which way, do you judge, my wit would fly?

3 *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon

out at another man's will, 't is strongly wedged up in a block-head: but if it were at liberty, 't would, sure, southward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To lose itself in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.

C., II: 3. 1065.

INTELLIGENCE.—Enriches.

Pet. * *

For 't is the mind that makes the body rich, And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds.

T. S., IV: 3. 477.

INTEMPERANCE.—(See Drunkenness.)

Claud. As surfeit is the father of much fast,

So every scope, by the immoderate use, Turns to restraint.

M. M., I: 2. 145.

Cas. * * O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains! That we should, with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

O., II: 3. 1507.

INTENTIONS.—Defeated.

Dio. That were to blow at fire, in hope to quench it;

For who digs hills because they do aspire, Throws down one mountain, to cast up a higher.

P., I: 4. 1646.

—Give Value.

Wall. In this same interlude, it doth befall,

That I, one Snout by name, present a wall: And such a wall as I would have you think, That had in it a cranny'd hole, or chink, Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisbe,

Did whisper often very secretly.

This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone doth show

That I am that same wall; the truth is so: And this the cranny is, right and sinister, Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

M. N., V: 1. 343.

—Not punishable.

Isab. * *

His act did not o'ertake his bad intent,
And must be buried but as an intent
That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no
subjects,—
Intent but merely thoughts.

M. M., V: 1. 175.

—Unfulfilled.

France. Is it but this? a tardiness in
nature,
Which often leaves the history unspoke,
That it intends to do?

K. L., I: 1. 1446.

INTERCESSION.—For a Brother.

Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to
die:
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother!

Prov. Heaven give thee moving graces!

Ang. Condemn the fault and not the
actor of it?

Why, every fault's condemn'd, ere it be
done:

Mine were the very cipher of a function,
To fine the faults, whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.

Isab. O just but severe law!
I had a brother then.—Heaven keep your
honour!

M. M., II: 2. 151.

—With Heaven.

Isab. * *

Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger.

M. M., III: 1. 157.

INTERFERENCE.—Dangerous.

Lear. Peace, Kent!
Come not between the dragon and his wrath.

K. L., I: 1. 1444.

INTERMEDDLER.—Rebuked.

Duke. You were not bid to speak.

Lucio. No, my good lord;
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now then;

Pray you, take note of it: and when you
have

A business for yourself, pray heaven you
then

Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your honour.

Duke. The warrant's for yourself; take
heed to 't.

Isab. This gentleman told something of
my tale.

Lucio. Right.

Duke. It may be right; but you are i'
the wrong

To speak before your time.

M. M., V: 1. 171.

INTOXICATION.—Relation to Quarrelsomeness.

1 *Neigh.* Here, neighbour Horner, I drink
to you in a cup of sack: And fear not, neigh-
bour, you shall do well enough.

2 *Neigh.* And here, neighbour, here's a
cup of charneco.

3 *Neigh.* And here's a pot of good double
beer, neighbour: drink, and fear not your
man.

Hor. Let it come, i' faith, and I'll pledge
you all: And a fig for Peter!

1 *Pren.* Here, Peter, I drink to thee;
and be not afraid.

2 *Pren.* Be merry, Peter, and fear not
thy master; fight for credit of the 'prentices.

Peter. I thank you all: drink, and pray
for me, I pray you: for, I think, I have
taken my last draught in this world.—Here,
Robin, an if I die, I give thee my apron;
and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer:—
and here, Tom, take all the money that I
have.—O Lord, bless me, I pray God! for
I am never able to deal with my master, he
hath learnt so much fence already.

Sal. Come, leave your drinking, and fall
to blows.—Sirrah, what's thy name?

Peter. Peter, forsooth.

Sal. Peter! what more?

Peter. Thump.

Sal. Thump! then see thou thump thy
master well.

Hor. Masters, I am come hither, as it
were, upon my man's instigation, to prove
him a knave, and myself an honest man:
and touching the duke of York,—will take
my death, I never meant him any ill, nor
the king, nor the queen: And therefore,
Peter, have at thee with a downright blow.

H. VI., 2 pt., II: 3. 920.

INTREPIDITY.—Defies Danger.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears;
present me

Death on the wheel, or at wild horses'
heels;

Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.

C., III: 2. 1173.

INTRIGUE.—Complicated and Lawful.

Suf. Madam, myself have lin'd a bush
for her,

And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds,
That she will light to listen to the lays,
And never mount to trouble you again.

So, let her rest: And, madam, list to me;
For I am bold to counsel you in this.

Although we fancy not the cardinal,
Yet must we join with him, and with the
lords,

Till we have brought duke Humphrey in
disgrace.

As for the duke of York,—this late com-
plaint

Will make but little for his benefit:

So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,
And you yourself shall steer the happy
helm.

H. VI., 2 pt., I: 3. 912.

INTROSPECTION.—Demands Seclusion.

K. Hen. * *

I and my bosom must debate a while,
And then I would no other company.

H. V., IV: 1. 840.

INTRUSION.—Impertinent, Punished.

Fal. * * And in the height of this
bath, when I was more than half stew'd in
grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into
the Thames, and cool'd, glowing hot, in
that surge, like a horse-shoe; think of that,
—hissing hot,—think of that, master Brook.

M. W., III: 5. 109.

—**Witless.**

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy
wit wants edge,

And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd;
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected
be.

Tit. And., II: 1. 1207.

INVASION.—Habitual.

K. Hen. * *

For you shall read, that my great grand-
father

Never went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd king-
dom

Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
With ample and brim fulness of his force;
Galling the gleaned land with hot essays.

H. V., I: 2. 822.

INVOCATION.—Lear's, to Nature.

Lear. Blow, winds, and crack your
cheeks! rage! blow!

You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd
the cocks!

You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt couriers to oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all shaking
thunder,

Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at
once,

That make ingrateful man!

Fool. O nuncle, court holy-water in a
dry house is better than this rain-water out
o' door. Good nuncle, in, and ask thy
daughters' blessing; here 's a night pities
neither wise men nor fools.

Lear. Rumble thy bellyfull! Spit, fire!
spout, rain!

Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daugh-
ters:

I tax not you, you elements, with unkind-
ness,

I never gave you kingdom, call'd you chil-
dren;

You owe me no subscription; why then let
fall

Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your
slave,

A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man:
But yet I call you servile ministers,

That have with two pernicious daughters
join'd

Your high-engender'd battles, 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul!

K. L., III: 2. 1403.

IRREVERENCE.—Unreasonable.

Gre. * * Quaff'd off the muscadel
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;
Having no other reason,—
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,
And seem'd to ask him sops as he was
drinking.

T. S., III: 2. 469.

ISOLATION.—Leads to Conceit

Imo. * *
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day,
night,
Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's
volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it;
In a great pool, a swan's nest: Pr'ythee,
think
There 's livers out of Britain.

Cym., III: 4. 1609.

J

JEALOUSY.—A Green-Eyed Monster.

Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth
mock
The meat it feeds on: That cuckold lives in
bliss
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his
wronger;
But, O, what damned minutes tells he
o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet
strongly loves!
Oth. O misery!

O., III: 3. 1511.

—Belligerent.

Win. * *
And that engenders thunder in his breast,
And makes him roar these accusations forth.

H. VI., 1 pt., III: 1. 878.

Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody
teeth,

If thou with Cæsar paragon again
My man of men!

A. C., I: 5. 1547.

—Born upon Itself.

Emil. But jealous souls will not be an-
swer'd so;
They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they are jealous: 't is a
monster,
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

O., III: 4. 1517.

—Dangerous.

Cam. Good, my lord, be cur'd
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes;
For 't is most dangerous.

W. T., I: 2. 584.

—Determined.

Ros. * * I will be more jealous of
thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his
hen.

A. Y., IV: 1. 430.

—Despises Itself.

Oth. * * I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For others' uses.

O., III: 3. 1513.

—Extreme.

Fal. * * Ford, her husband, hath the
finest mad devil of jealousy in him, master
Brook, that ever govern'd frenzy.

M. W., V: 1. 117.

—Hard to Satisfy.

Ford. Help to search my house this one
time: If I find not what I seek, show no
colour for my extremity; let me for ever be
your table-sport; let them say of me, As
jealous as Ford, that search'd a hollow wal-
nut for his wife's leman. Satisfy me once
more; once more search with me.

M. W., IV: 2. 112.

—Heaven Praised for.

Ford. * * My heart is ready to crack
with impatience. — Who says this is improv-
ident jealousy? My wife hath sent to him,

the hour is fix'd, the match is made. Would any man have thought this?—See the hell of having a false woman! My bed shall be abus'd, my coffers ransack'd, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names!—Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbason, well; yet they are devil's additions, the names of fiends! but cuckold! wittol-cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass! he will trust his wife; he will not be jealous. I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, parson Hugh the Welchman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vitæ bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself: then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises; and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be prais'd for my jealousy!—Eleven o'clock the hour.—I will prevent this, detect my wife, be reveng'd on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too soon than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold!

M. W., II: 2. 100.

—Impossible to Some.

Emil. Is he not jealous?

Des. Who, he? I think the sun where he was born,
Drew all such humours from him.

O., III: 4. 1515.

—Its Suggestions.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim;
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
I will consider: what you have to say,
I will with patience hear: and find a time
Both meet to hear, and answer, such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad, that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire
from Brutus.

J. C., I: 2. 1325.

—Katharina's.

Kath. * * Nay, now I see
She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance barefoot on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.
Talk not to me. I will go sit and weep,
Till I can find occasion of revenge.

T. S., II: 1. 461.

—Leads to Contempt.

Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance
As he had lost some province, and a region
Lov'd as he loves himself: even now I met him
With customary compliment; when he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me;
and
So leaves me, to consider what is breeding
That changes thus his manners.

W. T., I: 2. 585.

—Meditating Revenge.

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it;
That she loves him, 't is apt, and of great credit:
The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not,—
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature;
And, I dare think, he'll prove to Desdemona
A most dear husband. Now I do love her too;
Not out of absolute lust, (though, peradventure,
I stand accountant for as great a sin,)
But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
Hath leap'd into my seat: the thought whereof
Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards
And nothing can or shall content my soul,

Till I am even with him, wife for wife :
Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor
At least into a jealousy so strong
That judgment cannot cure.

O., II: 1. 1503.

—Misinterprets.

Casca. * * I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 't was not a crown neither, 't was one of these coronets,—and, as I told you, he put it by once; but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted, and clapped their chopped hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swooned, and fell down at it: And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

J. C., I: 2. 1325.

—Not a French Fashion.

Eva. This is ferry fantastical humours and jealousies.

Caius. By gar 't is no de fashion of France: it is not jealous in France.

M. W., III: 3. 106.

—Satisfied with Trifles.

Iago. * * Trifles, light as air,
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.

The Moor already changes with my poison:
Dangerous conceits are, in their natures,
poisons,

Which, at the first, are scarce found to distaste;

But, with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so:—

Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora,

Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

O., III: 3. 1513.

—Self-harming.

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense!

I know his eye doth homage elsewhere;
Or else, what lets it but he would be here?
Sister, you know he promis'd me a chain;—
Would that alone alone he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!
I see, the jewel best enamelled
Will lose his beauty, yet the gold 'bides still,
That others touch; and often touching will
Wear gold; and no man, that hath a name,
By falsehood and corruption doth it shame!
Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy!

C. E., II: 1. 196.

—Stings.

Edm. * *
Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder.

K. L., V: 1. 1481.

Women's, drive Men to Madness.

Abb. And thereof came it that the man was mad:

The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.

C. E., V: 1. 210.

—Wrong in Everything.

Leon. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible
Of breaking honesty :) horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?

Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes

Blind with the pin and web but theirs, theirs only

That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?

Why, then the world, and all that's in 't, is nothing;

The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;

My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,

If this be nothing.

W. T., I: 2. 584.

JEST.—Appreciation of a.*Ros.* * *

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it.

L. L., V: 2. 304.**—Ignorant.***Rom.* He jests at scars that never felt a wound.*R. J.*, II: 2. 1251.**—Stupidly plain.**

Speed. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,
As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock
on a steeple!

T. G., II: 1. 53.**JESTING.—Untimely.***Ant. S.* Because that I familiarly sometimes

Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your sauciness will jest upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours.
When the sun shines, let foolish gnats make sport,
But creep in crannies when he hides his beams.

If you will jest with me, know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

C. E., II: 2. 197.**—Wit in great Men.***Isab.* * *

Great men may jest with saints: 't is wit in them;
But in the less foul profanation.

M. M., II: 2. 152.**JESTS.—Braggarts', never Hurt.**

Bene. Fare you well, boy! you know my mind; I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour: you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not.

M. A., V: 1. 251.**JEW.—His social Relation.***Bass.* If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork! to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nasarite, conjured the devil into! I will buy with

you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you.

M. V., I: 3. 365.**JEWELS.—Win Women.***Val.* Win her with gifts, if she respect not words;

Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

T. G., III: 1. 60.**JOAN OF ARC.—Courage and Prowess.***Char.* Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms;

Only this proof I 'll of thy valour make, —
In single combat thou shalt buckle with me;
And, if thou vanquishest, thy words are true;

Otherwise, I renounce all confidence.

Puc. I am prepar'd; here is my keen-edg'd sword,

Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each side;

The which at Touraine, in Saint Katharine's churchyard,

Out of a deal of old iron I chose forth.

Char. Then come o' God's name, I fear no woman.*Puc.* And, while I live, I 'll ne'er fly from a man.*Char.* Stay, stay thy hands; thou art an Amazon,

And fightest with the sword of Deborah.

Puc. Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak.*Char.* Whoe'er helps thee, 't is thou that must help me:

Impatiently I burn with thy desire;

My heart and hands thou hast at once subdu'd.

Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,

Let me thy servant, and not sovereign, be;
'T is the French Dauphin sueth to thee thus.

H. VI., 1 pt., I: 2. 887.**—Her Birth and Calling.***Puc.* First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd:

Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,

But issu'd from the progeny of kings;
 Virtuous, and holy; chosen from above,
 By inspiration of celestial grace,
 To work exceeding miracles on earth.
 I never had to do with wicked spirits:
 * * Joan of Arc hath been
 A virgin from her tender infancy,
 Chaste and immaculate in every thought;
 Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd,
 Will cry for vengeance at the gates of
 heaven.

H. VI., 1 pt., V: 4. 895.

—Her Discernment.

Puc. Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to
 beguile me?—
 Where is the Dauphin?—come, come from
 behind;
 I know thee well, though never seen before.
 Be not amaz'd, there 's nothing hid from me:
 In private will I talk with thee apart;—
 Stand back, you lords, and give us leave a
 while.

H. VI., 1 pt., I: 2. 867.

—Her Ruse at Rouen.

Puc. These are the city gates, the gates
 of Rouen,
 Through which our policy must make a
 breach:
 Take heed, be wary how you place your
 words;
 Talk like the vulgar sort of market men,
 That come to gather money for their corn.
 If we have entrance, (as, I hope, we shall,)
 And that we find the slothful watch but
 weak,
 I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
 That Charles the Dauphin may encounter
 them.

1 *Sold.* Our sacks shall be a mean to
 sack the city,
 And we be lords and rulers over Rouen;
 Therefore we'll knock.

Guard. [Within.] *Qui est la?*

Puc. *Paisans, pauvres gens de France:*
 Poor market-folks, that come to sell their
 corn.

Guard. Enter, go in; the market bell is
 rung.

Puc. Now, Rouen, I'll shake thy bul-
 warks to the ground.

H. VI., 1 pt., III: 2. 880.

—Her Victory.

Char. Divinest creature, bright Astræa's
 daughter,
 How shall I honour thee for this success?
 Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,
 That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the
 next.—

France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess!
 Recover'd is the town of Orleans:
 More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.

Reig. Why ring not out the bells
 throughout the town?
 Dauphin, command the citizens make bon-
 fires,

And feast and banquet in the open streets,
 To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

Alen. All France will be replete with
 mirth and joy,
 When they shall hear how we have play'd
 the men.

Char. 'T is Joan, not we, by whom the
 day is won;

For which, I will divide my crown with her:
 And all the priests and friars in my realm
 Shall, in procession, sing her endless praise.
 A statelier pyramis to her I'll rear,
 Than Rhodope's, or Memphis', ever was:
 In memory of her, when she is dead,
 Her ashes, in an urn more precious
 Than the rich-jewel'd coffer of Darius,
 Transported shall be at high festivals
 Before the kings and queens of France.
 No longer on Saint Dennis will we cry,
 But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.

H. VI., 1 pt., I: 6. 871.

—Spirit of Prophecy.

Bast. * *

Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand:
 A holy maid hither with me I bring,
 Which, by a vision sent to her from heaven,
 Ordained is to raise this tedious siege,
 And drive the English forth the bounds of
 France.

The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
 Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome;
 What's past, and what's to come, she can
 descry.
 Speak, shall I call her in?

H. VI., 1 pt., I: 2. 867.

—Supernatural Call.

Puc. Dauphin, I am by birth a shep-
 herd's daughter,

My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.
 Heaven, and our Lady gracious, hath it
 pleas'd
 To shine on my contemptible estate :
 Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
 And to sun's parching heat display'd my
 cheeks,
 God's mother deigned to appear to me ;
 And, in a vision full of majesty,
 Will'd me to leave my base vocation,
 And free my country from calamity :
 Her aid she promis'd, and assur'd success :
 In complete glory she reveal'd herself ;
 And, whereas I was black and swart before,
 With those clear rays which she infus'd on
 me,
 That beauty am I bless'd with, which you
 see.
 Ask me what question thou canst possible,
 And I will answer unpremeditated :
 My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,
 And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.

H. VI., 1 pt., I. 2. 867.

JOY.—Great.

Auf. * * More dances my rapt heart,
 Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
 Bestride my threshold.

C., IV. 5. 1181.

—Overwhelming.

3 Gent. Then you have lost a sight,
 which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of.
 There might you have beheld one joy crown
 another ; so, and in such manner, that it
 seem'd sorrow wept to take leave of them ;
 for their joy waded in tears. There was
 casting up of eyes, holding up of hands ;
 with countenance of such distraction, that
 they were to be known by garment, not by
 favour. Our king, being ready to leap out
 of himself for joy of his found daughter ; as
 if that joy were now become a loss, cries,
 "O, thy mother, thy mother!" then asks
 Bohemia forgiveness ; then embraces his
 son-in-law ; then again worries he his daugh-
 ter, with clipping her ; now he thanks the
 old shepherd, which stands by, like a weath-
 er-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns. I
 never heard of such another encounter,
 which lames report to follow it, and undoes
 description to do it.

W. T., V. 2. 614.

—Shared.

Val. * * Our day of marriage shall
 be yours ;
 One feast, one house, one mutual happi-
 ness.

T. G., V. 4. 73.

JOYS.—Brief.

Luc. * * Briefly die their joys,
 That place them on the truth of girls and
 boys.

Cym., V. 5. 1627.

—Earthly.

Per. * *
 Who knows the world, see heaven, but feel-
 ing woe,
 Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did.

P., I. 1. 1643.

—Overwhelming.

Per. O Helicanus, strike me, honour'd
 sir ;
 Give me a gash, put me to present pain ;
 Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me,
 O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
 And drown me with their sweetness.

P., V. 1. 1669.

—Too Plenteous.

Dun. My plenteous joys,
 Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
 In drops of sorrow.

M., I. 4. 1360.

JUDGE.—A poor One.

Men. * * When you are a hearing a
 matter between party and party * * you
 * * dismiss the controversy pleading, the
 more entangled by your hearing.

C., II. 1. 1160.

Ant. * *
 O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 And men have lost their reason.

J. C., III. 2. 1340.

—Unrighteous.

Ang. * *
 Thieves for their robbery have authority,
 When judges steal themselves.

M. M., II. 2. 153.

Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for
 both, my ruin :
 Is this your christian counsel? out upon ye !
 Heaven is above all yet ; there sits a Judge,
 That no king can corrupt.

H. VIII., III. 1. 1075.

Q. Kath. * * I do believe,
 Induc'd by potent circumstances, that

You are mine enemy; and make my challenge,

You shall not be my judge: for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and
me, —

Which God's dew quench! — Therefore, I
say again,

I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul,
Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once
more,

I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

H. VIII., II: 4. 1072.

JUDGMENT.—And Reason, old Jurymen.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old
boy? tell me that.

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love
in her toward you.

Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an ass
o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon
the oaths of judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand jurymen,
since before Noah was a sailor.

T. N., III: 2. 556.

—Dependent on Fortune.

Eno. * * I see, men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward

Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike.

A. C., III: 11. 1565.

—Greenness of.

Vol. * * 'T was you incens'd the rabble:
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.

C., IV: 2. 1178.

Cleo. My salad days!
When I was green in judgment, — cold in
blood,
To say as I said then!

A. C., I: 5. 1547.

—Hasty.

Prov. * *
Under your good correction, I have seen,
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.

M. M., II: 2. 151.

—Meted out.

Alb. * * All friends shall taste
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deservings.

M. L., V: 3. 1485.

—Rash, Deprecated.

Isab. * * Go to your bosom;
Knock there; and ask your heart, what it
doth know

Thrt's like my brother's fault.

M. M., II: 2. 153.

—Reserved. (See Advice.)

K. Hen. Forbear to judge, for we are
sinners all.

H. VI., 2 pt., III: 3. 931.

Isab. * * How would you be,
If he, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are?

M. M., II: 2. 152.

Ham. * * How his audit stands, who
knows, save heaven?

H., III: 3. 1417.

—Sound, its Shrewdness.

Pan. That's Antenor; he has a shrewd
wit, I can tell you; and he's a man good
enough: he's one o' the soundest judgments
in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of
his person.

T. C., I: 2. 1106.

Lear. * * A man may see how the world
goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears.

K. L., IV: 6. 1476.

JUSTICE.—A Cry for.

Bru. * *
Let us be sacrificers, but no butchers,
Caius.

J. C., II: 1. 1330.

Isab. Justice, O royal duke! Vail your
regard

Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a
maid!

O worthy prince, dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice!

M. M., V: 1. 170.

—Above Relationship.

Ant. These many, then, shall die; their names are prick'd.

Oct. Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?

Lep. I do consent. —

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,

Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.

J. C., IV: 1. 1342.

—Absolute.

Ham. * * Use every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape whipping?

H., II: 2. 1409.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears: see how yon' justice rails upon yon' simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: Change places; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief! — Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

Glo. Ay, sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur? There thou might'st behold the great image of authority: a dog's obeyed in office.

* *

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;

Robes, and furr'd gowns, hide all. Plate sin with gold,

And the strong lance of justice harmless breaks:

Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.

* *

And, like a scurvy politician, seem To see the things thou dost not.

K. L., IV: 2. 1476.

—Even-handed.

Macb. * * This even-handed justice Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice

To our own lips.

M., I: 7. 1362.

—Favored by the gods.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist

The deeds of justest men.

A. C., II: 1. 1547.

—Must be Executed.

K. Hen. Well, for this night, we will repose us here,

To-morrow, toward London, back again,

To look into this business thoroughly,

And call these foul offenders to their answers;

And poise the cause in justice' equal scales, Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful

cause prevails.

H. VI., 2 pt., II: 1. 918.

—Personified.

Escal. * * But my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forc'd me to tell him, he is indeed — justice.

M. M., III: 2. 162.

—Plausible, but Erring.

Ang. 'T is one thing to be tempted,

Escalus, —

Another thing to fall. I not deny,

The jury passing on the prisoner's life,

May, in the sworn twelve, have a thief or two

Guiltier than him they try. What's open made

To justice, that justice seizes: what know the laws,

That thieves do pass on thieves? 'T is very pregnant,

The jewel that we find, we stoop and take 't, Because we see it; but what we do not see

We tread upon, and never think of it.

You may not so extenuate his offence,

For I have had such faults; but rather tell me

When I, that censure him, do so offend,

Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,

And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

M. M., II: 1. 148.

—Representative, Respected.

Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your father;

The image of his power lay then in me:

And, in the administration of his law,

Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,

Your highness pleased to forget my place,

The majesty and power of law and justice,

The image of the king whom I presented,

And struck me in my very seat of judgment;
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a son set your decrees at nought;
To pluck down justice from your awful
bench;
To trip the course of law, and blunt the
sword
That guards the peace and safety of your
person:
Nay, more: to spurn at your most royal im-
age,
And mock your workings in a second body.

Question your royal thoughts, make the
case yours;
Be now the father, and propose a son:
Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,
See your most dreadful laws so loosely
slighted,
Behold yourself so by a son disdained;
And then imagine me taking your part,
And, in your power, soft silencing your son:
After this cold consideration, sentence me;
And, as you are a king, speak in your state,
What I have done, that misbecame my place,
My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

H. VI., 2 pt., V: 2. 807.

K

KINDNESS.—Declined.

Glo. Away, get thee away; good friend,
be gone;
Thy comforts can do me no good at all;
Thee they may hurt.

K. L., IV: 1. 1470.

—Milk of human.

Lady M. * * Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way: Thou would'st
be great,
Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it. What thou
would'st highly,
That would'st thou holily; would'st not
play false,
And yet would'st wrongly win: thou 'd'st
have, great Glamis,
That which cries, "Thus thou must do, if
thou have it;
And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
Than wishest should be undone."

M., I: 5. 1361.

—Mistaken.

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney
did to the eels, when she put them i' the
paste alive; she rapp'd 'em o' the cox-
combs with a stick, and cry'd, "Down,

wantons, down:" 'T was her brother, that,
in pure kindness to his horse, buttered his
hay.

K. L., II: 4. 1460.

—Most powerful.

Her. * * You may ride's
With one soft kiss, a thousand furlongs, ere
With spur we heat an acre.

W. T., I: 2. 582.

2 *Sen.*

What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
Than hew to 't with thy sword.

T. A., V: 5. 1316.

—Nobler than Revenge.

Oli. * *
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness.

A. Y., IV: 3. 432.

—Petrucio's, Affected.

Pet. * *
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she
shall not;
As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed:
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bol-
ster,

This way the coverlet, another way the sheets :—

Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend,
That all is done in reverend care of her ;
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night :

And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,

And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness.

T. S., IV : 1. 473.

—Wins Love.

*Hor. * **

Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,

Shall win my love : and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before.

T. S., IV : 2. 474.

KING.—A good.

Per. He is a happy king, since from his subjects

He gains the name of good, by his government.

P., II : 1. 1649.

—Advantage of a Peasant over.

*K. Hen. * **

Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave ;
Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread ;

Never sees horrid night, the child of hell ;
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set,
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
Sleeps in Elysium ; next day, after dawn,
Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse ;
And follow so the ever-running year
With profitable labour, to his grave :
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,

Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
The slave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it ; but in gross brains little wots,
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,

Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

H. V., IV : 1. 842.

—Every Inch a.

Lear. Ay, every inch a king :

When I do stare, see, how the subject quakes.

K. L., IV : 6. 1476.

—God's anointed.

*K. Rich. * **

Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king :
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord :
For every man that Bolingbroke hath
press'd,

To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,

God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel : then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall ; for heaven still guards
the right.

R. II., III : 2. 701.

—Hedged with Divinity.

*King. * **

There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will.

H., IV : 5. 1425.

—Power of his Touch.

Doct. Ay, sir : there are a crew of wretched souls,

That stay his cure : their malady convinces
The great assay of art ; but, at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

M., IV : 3. 1379.

—Subject to Infirmary.

*K. Hen. * ** I think the king is but a man, as I am ; the violet smells to him as it doth to me ; the element shows to him as it doth to me ; all his senses have but human conditions ; his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man ; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing ; therefore when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are : Yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army.

H. V., IV : 1. 841.

—The first British.

Cym. * * Mulmutius made our laws,
Who was the first of Britain, which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and
call'd
Himself a king.

Cym., III: 2. 1605.

KINGS.—Gods.

Per. * *
Kings are earth's gods: in vice their law's
their will;
And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth
ill?

P., I: 1. 1643.

—Have Weaknesses.

Nym. The king is a good king: but it
must be as it may; he passes some hu-
mours, and careers.

H. V., II: 1. 826.

—Unhappiness of.

K. Hen. * *
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

H. IV., 2 pt., III: 1. 790.

K. Hen. * *
O God! methinks, it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run:
How many make the hour full complete,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the
times:
So many hours must I tend my flock;
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate;
So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days my ewes have been with
young;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will
yeau;
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece;
So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months,
and years,
Pass'd over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how
lovely!

Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter
shade

To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery?
O, yes, it doth; a thousand fold it doth.
And to conclude,—the shepherd's homely
curds,

His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on
him.

H. VI., 3 pt., II: 5. 968.

—Unhappy.

K. Hen. Was ever king that joy'd an
earthly throne,
And could command no more content than I?
No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,
But I was made a king, at nine months old:
Was never subject long'd to be a king,
As I do long and wish to be a subject.

H. VI., 2 pt., IV: 9. 940.

KING'S EVIL.—Cured by Royalty.

Macd. What's the disease he means?
Mal. 'Tis call'd the evil:
A most miraculous work in this good king:
Which often, since my here-remain in Eng-
land,
I have seen him do. How he solicits
heaven,
Himself best knows: but strangely-visited
people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery he cures.

M. V., IV: 3. 1379.

KISS.—A pure.

Rom. * *
And steal immortal blessing from her lips;
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin.

R. J., III: 3. 1262.

—Fidelity to a.

Cor. * * O, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!

Now by the jealous queen of heaven, that
kiss
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since.

C., V: 3. 1189.

—**Indenture of Love.**

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous
kiss,
As seal to this indenture of my love.

K. J., II: 1. 649.

—**Its Power.**

Her. * * You may ride 's
With one soft kiss, a thousand furlongs, ere
With spur we heat an acre.

W. T., I: 2. 582.

—**Sign of good News.**

Glo. * *
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle;
And bid my friend, for joy of this good
news,
Give mistress Shore one gentle kiss the
more.

R. III., III: 1. 1022.

Sign of Love.

Ros. * * For lovers, lacking (God
warn us!) matter, the cleanliest shift is to
kiss.

A. Y., IV: 1. 429.

—**Treacherous.**

K. Edw. Clarence, and Gloster, love my
lovely queen;
And kiss your princely nephew, brothers
both.

Clar. The duty, that I owe unto your
majesty,
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

K. Edw. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy
brother, thanks.

Glo. And, that I love the tree from
whence thou sprang'st,
Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit:—
To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master;
And cried—all hail! when as he meant—
all harm.

H. VI., 3 pt., V: 7. 992.

KISSING.—Betrayed by.

Iago. * *
In sleep I heard him say,—“Sweet Desde-
mona,

Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!”
And then, sir, would he gripe, and wring
my hand,
Cry,—“O, sweet creature!” and then kiss
me hard,
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,
That grew upon my lips.

O., III: 3. 1514.

—**Boisterous.**

Gre. * *

This done, he took the bride about the neck,
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous
smack,
That, at the parting, all the church did echo.

T. S., III: 2. 469.

—**Full of Sanctity.**

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity
as the touch of holy bread.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of chaste lips
of Diana: a nun of Winter's sisterhood
kisses not more religiously; the very ice of
chastity is in them.

A. Y., III: 4. 426.

—**Lips Made for.**

Glo. * *

Teach not thy lip such scorn; for it was
made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.

R. III., I: 2. 1005.

—**Sign of true Love.**

Alice. Dat it is not be de fashion *pour*
les ladies of France,—I cannot tell what it
is, *baiser*, *en* English.

K. Hen. To kiss.

Alice. Your majesty *entendre* better *que*
moy.

K. Hen. It is not the fashion for the
maids in France to kiss before they are
married, would she say?

Alice. *Oui, vrayment*.

K. Hen. O, Kate, nice customs curt'sy
to great kings. * * You have witchcraft
in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence
in a sugar touch of them, than in the tongues
of the French council.

H. V., V: 2. 855.

KNAVE.—A complete.

Iago. * * A slippery and subtle knave;
a finder out of occasions; that has an eye can
stamp and counterfeit advantages, though
true advantage never presents itself. * *

Besides the knave is handsome, young; and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and green minds look after.

O., II: 2. 1503.

—Needs a Friend.

Davy. I grant your worship, that he is a knave, sir: but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have served your worship truly, sir, this eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanced.

H. IV., 2 pt., V: 1. 805.

—Needs no Broker.

Hume. * *

They say, A crafty knave does need no broker;

Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker. Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near

To call them both—a pair of crafty knaves. Well, so it stands: And thus, I fear, at last, Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wreck.

H. VI., 2 pt., I: 2. 911.

KNAVERY.—Hidden.

Iago. * *

Knavery's plain face is never seen, till us'd.

O., II: 1. 1503.

—Indolence Overlooked.

Count. What does this knave here? Get you gone, sirrah! The complaints I have heard of you I do not all believe; 'tis my slowness that I do not: for I know you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.

A. W., I: 3. 499.

—Well disguised.

Bene. I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it; knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.

M. A., II: 3. 236.

KNEES.—Supple, base.

Ulyss. * * For supple knees Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

T. C., III: 3. 1123.

KNIFE.—Relieves from Despair.

Jul. * *

'Twixt my extremes and me, this bloody knife

Shall play the umpire; arbitrating that Which the commission of thy years and art Could to no issue of true honour bring. Be not so long to speak; I long to die, If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

R. J., IV: 1. 1268.

KNOCKING.—Alarming to Murderers.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour; but I shame

To wear a heart so white. I hear a knocking

At the south entry:—retire we to our chamber:

A little water clears us of this deed:

How easy is it then! Your constancy

Hath left you unattended. Hark! more knocking:

Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,

And show us to be watchers:—Be not lost So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed,—'t were best not know myself.

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! Ay, 'would thou could'st!

M., II: 2. 1365.

KNOWLEDGE.—Certainty of.

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,

More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue

From every meaner man's.

C., I: 6. 1156.

—Modest.

Char. Is this the man? Is 't you, sir, that know things?

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy

A little I can read.

A. C., I: 2. 1541.

—Perfect, Imparted by Blows.

Dro. E. Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know:

That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show :

If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,

Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.

Ant. E. I think thou art an ass.

Dro. E. Marry, so it doth appear By the wrongs I suffer and the blows I bear.

I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at that pass,

You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.

C. E., III: 1. 199.

—Self, Cures Faults.

1 *Lord.* Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is?

A. W., IV: 1. 517.

L

LABOR.—A Relief in Pain.

Macb. The labour we delight in, physics pain.

M., II: 3. 1366.

—Lightened by Thought.

Fer. There be some sports are painful, and their labour

Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness

Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters

Point to rich ends. This my mean task Would be as heavy to me as odious; but The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead,

And makes my labours pleasures: O, she is Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed;

And he's compos'd of harshness. I must remove

Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,

Upon a sore injunction. My sweet mistress Weeps, when she sees me work; and says, such baseness

Had never like executor. I forget:

But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours,

Most busy-less when I do it.

T., III: 1. 21.

—Lost.

Long. He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weeding.

L. L., I: 1. 272.

—Should be Shared.

Mira. Alas, now! pray you

Work not so hard; I would the lightning had

Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile!

Pray set it down, and rest you: when this burns,

'T will weep for having wearied you. My father

Is hard at study: pray, now, rest yourself; He's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear mistress!

The sun will set, before I shall discharge What I must strive to do.

Mira. If you'll sit down,

I'll bear your logs the while: Pray give me that;

I'll carry it to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature!

I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,

Than you should such dishonour undergo, While I sit lazy by.

Mira. It would become me

As well as it does you: and I should do it With much more ease, for my good will is to it,

And yours it is against.

T., III: 1. 21.

LADIES.—Drop Manna.

Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way

Of starved people.

M. V., V: 1. 391.

—Privileged in War.

Wol. * * Nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war you are privileg'd.
H. VIII., I: 1. 1064.

LAND.—Cheap.

Fal. * * You may buy land now as
cheap as stinking mackerel.
H. IV., 1 pt., II: 4. 742.

LANGUAGE.—Best Speaker of.

Fer. My language! heavens!—
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 't is spoken.
T., I: 2. 13.

—Boasting of its Use.

Glend. I can speak English, lord, as well
as you;
For I was train'd up in the English court:
Where, being but young, I framed to the
harp
Many an English ditty, lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament;
A virtue that was never seen in you.
H. IV., 1 pt., III: 1. 745.

—Ignorance of.

Mort. This is the deadly spite that angers
me,—
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.
* *
I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation:
But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learn'd thy language.
H. IV., 1 pt., III: 1. 746.

—Its Abuse.

Quick. * * See if you can see my
master, master doctor Caius, coming: if he
do, i' faith, and find anybody in the house,
here will be an old abusing of God's patience
and the king's English.
M. W., I: 4. 93.

Fal. Seese and putter! have I liv'd to
stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters
of English?
M. W., V: 5. 119.

—Low Result of Association.

P. Hen. * * They call—drinking deep,

dying scarlet; and when you breathe in
your watering, they cry—hem! and bid
you play it off.—To conclude, I am so good
a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that
I can drink with any tinker in his own lan-
guage during my life.
H. IV., 1 pt., II: 4. 738.

—Pretentious.

Hol. You find not the apostrophes, and
so miss the accent: let me supervise the
canzonet. Here are only numbers rati-
fied; but, for the elegance, facility and
golden cadence of poesy, *caret*. Ovidius
Naso was the man: and why, indeed, Naso,
but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers
of fancy, the jerks of invention?
L. L., IV: 2. 286.

—Welsh, humorous.

Hot. Now I perceive, the devil under-
stands Welsh;
And 't is no marvel, he's so humorous.
By 'r-lady, he's a good musician.

Lady P. Then should you be nothing
but musical; for you are altogether gov-
erned by humours. Lie still, ye thief, and
hear the lady sing in Welsh.

Hot. I had rather hear "Lady," my
brach, howl in Irish.
H. IV., 1 pt., III: 1. 747.

LATIN.—Allegations in.

Gru. Nay, 't is no matter, what he 'leges
in Latin.
T. S., I: 2. 458.

—Protest against.

Wol. *Tanta est erga te mentis integritas,*
regina serenissima,—
Q. Kath. O, good my lord, no Latin;
I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have liv'd in:
A strange tongue makes my cause more
strange, suspicious;
Pray, speak in English: here are some will
thank you,
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress'
sake;
Believe me, she has had much wrong: Lord
cardinal,
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed,
May be absolv'd in English.
H. VIII., III: 1. 1074.

LAUGH.—A Sign of being Hurt.*Jan.* * *

And they that are most galled with my folly,
They most must laugh. And why, sir, must
they so?

The why is plain as way to parish church :
He that a fool doth very wisely hit,
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
[Not to] seem senseless of the bob : if not,
The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd
Even by the squandering glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley ; give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and
through

Cleanse the foul body of th' infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

*A. Y., II: 7. 418.***—Winners May.**

Oth. So, so, so, so! They laugh that
win.

*O., IV: 1. 1519.***LAUGHTER.—Distorting.**

Ros. * * I will laugh like a hyen.

A. Y., IV: 1. 430.

Fal. * * O, you shall see him laugh,
till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.

*H. IV., 2 pt. V: 1. 806.***—Empty.**

Gon. I do well believe your highness ;
and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen,
who are of such sensible and nimble
lungs, that they always use to laugh at
nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling,
am nothing to you ; so you may continue,
and laugh at nothing still.

*T., II: 1. 17.***—Foolish.**

Cres. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen
spied on Troilus' chin.

Cres. An't had been a green hair, I
should have laughed too.

Pan. They laughed not so much at the
hair, as at his pretty answer.

Cres. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, "Here's but one and
fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is
white."

*T. C., I: 2. 1105.***—Stabbed with.**

Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is
in his face.

Boyet. O, I am stabb'd with laughter!

*L. L., V: 2. 294.***—Suitable to Age.**

Gra. With mirth and laughter let old
wrinkles come.

*M. V., I: 1. 362.***LAW.—An obsolete, Revised.***Lucio.* * *

He (to give fear to use and liberty,
Which have, for long, run by the hideous
law,

As mice by lions) hath pick'd out an act,
Under whose heavy sense your brother's
life

Falls into forfeit : he arrests him on it
And follows close the rigour of the statute,
To make him an example.

*M. M., I: 4. 147.***—Bottomless.***Alcib.* * *

It pleases time, and fortune, to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,
Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past
depth

To those that, without heed, do plunge into
it.

*T. A., III: 5. 1301.***—Inflexible.**

Ang. Be you content, fair maid ;
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother :
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him ;—he must die
to-morrow.

*M. M., II: 2. 152.***—Its Wrongs Cured.***Const.* * *

Law cannot give my child his kingdom here ;
For he, that holds his kingdom, holds the
law :

Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?

K. J., III: 1. 658.

LAWS.—Unexecuted, Despised.

Ang. We must not make a scarecrow of
the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make
it

Their perch, and not their terror.

M. M., II: 1. 148.

Duke. We have strict statutes, and most
biting laws,
(The needful bits and curbs to headstrong
steeds,) Which for this fourteen years we have let
sleep;
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond
fathers,
Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of
birch,

Only to stick it in their children's sight,
For terror, not to use, in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd than fear'd; so our
decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;
And liberty plucks justice by the nose;
The baby beats the nurse. and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

M. M., I: 3. 146.

LAWNS.—Perfect, Boasted of.

Cer. Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that
ne'er

Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my
flow'rs

Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing show'rs;
And with each end of thy blue bow dost
crown

My bosky acres, and my unshrub'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth.

T., IV: 1. 27.

LEADER.—A great.

1 *Goth.* Brave slip, sprung from the
great Andronicus,

Whose name was once our terror, now our
comfort;

Whose high exploits, and honourable deeds,
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul con-
tempt,

Be bold in us; we'll follow where thou
lead'st,

Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flower'd fields,
And be aveng'd on curs'd Tamora.

Tit. And., V: 1. 1225.

—A great, Inspires Confidence.

Com. If!

He is their god; he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better: and they follow
him,

Against us brats, with no less confidence,
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies.

C., IV: 6. 1184.

LEANNESS.—Laughed at.

Bast. Madam, an if my brother had my
shape,

And I had his, sir Robert his, like him;
And if my legs were two such riding-rods,
My arms such eel-skins stuff'd; my face so
thin,

That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,
Lest men should say, Look, where three-
farthings goes!"

K. J., I: 1. 647.

—Suspicious.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not
dangerous;

He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cæsar. 'Would he were fatter:—But I
fear him not:

Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid

So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads
much;

He is a great observer, and he looks

Quite through the deeds of men: he loves
no plays,

As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music:
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his
spirit

That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.

Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whiles they behold a greater than them-
selves;

And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear, for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is
deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of
him.

J. C., I: 2. 1325.

—The Superlative of.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of
your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas!

You 'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through.

W. T., IV: 3. 602.

LEARNING.—Astounds.

Gre. O, this learning! what a thing it is!

T. S., I: 2. 459.

—How Valued.

Fal. * * And learning, a mere hoard
of gold kept by a devil.

H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 3. 800.

LEAVE-TAKING.—Hasty.

Tro. And suddenly; where injury of
chance

Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear
vows

Even in the birth of our own labouring
breath:

We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other, must poorly sell our-
selves

With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
Injurious time now, with a robber's haste,
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not
how:

As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to
them,

He fumbles up into a loose adieu;
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

T. C., IV: 4. 1130.

—Should not be Dainty.

Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot
Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away: there's warrant in that
theft

Which steals itself, when there's no mercy
left.

M., II: 3. 1367.

LEGITIMACY.—Apparent.

Eli. He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's
face,

The accent of his tongue affecteth him:
Do you not read some tokens of my son
In the large composition of this man?

K. J., I: 1. 647.

—Doubtful.

Bast. Most certain of one mother,
mighty king.

That is well known; and, as I think, one
father;

But, for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er to heaven and to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

K. J., I: 1. 647.

—Impossible.

Rob. * *

But truth is truth; large lengths of seas
and shores

Between my father and my mother lay,
(As I have heard my father speak himself,)
When this same lusty gentleman was got.

Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me; and took it, on his death,
That this, my mother's son, was none of his;
And, if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the course of
time.

K. J., I: 1. 647.

—Physical Signs of.

Paul. It is yours;

And, might we lay th' old proverb to your
charge,

So like you, 't is the worse.—Behold, my
lords,

Although the print be little, the whole mat-
ter

And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay,
the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek;
his smiles;
The very mould and frame of hand, nail,
finger:—
And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast
made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all
colours
No yellow in 't; lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's!

W. T., II: 3. 591.

—Secured by Wedlock.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legiti-
mate;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him;
And, if she did play false, the fault was hers;
Which fault lies on the hazards of all hus-
bands
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my
brother,
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,
Had of your father claim'd this son for his?
In sooth, good friend, your father might
have kept
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the
world;
In sooth, he might: then, if he were my
brother's,
My brother might not claim him; nor your
father,
Being none of his, refuse him: this con-
cludes,—
My mother's son did get your father's heir;
Your father's heir must have your father's
land.

K. J., I: 1. 647.

LENITY.—In War, good Policy.

K. Hen. We would have all such offend-
ers so cut off:—and we give express
charge, that, in our marches through the
country, there be nothing compelled from
the villages, nothing taken but paid for;
none of the French upbraided, or abused in
disdainful language: For when lenity and
cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler
gamester is the soonest winner.

H. V., III: 6. 836.

—Not Mercy.

Clif. * * Henry, had'st thou sway'd
as kings should do,
Or as thy father, and his father, did,
Giving no ground unto the house of York,
They never then had sprung like summer
flies;
I, and ten thousand in this luckless realm,
Had left no mourning widows for our
death,
And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in
peace.
For what doth cherish weeds but gentle
air?
And what makes robbers bold, but too much
lenity?

H. VI., 3 pt., II: 6. 969.

LETTERS.—A Madman's.

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub
at the stave's end, as well as a man in his
case may do: he has here writ a letter to
you; I should have given it to you to-day
morning, but as a madman's epistles are no
gospels, so it skills not much when they are
delivered.

T. N., V: 1. 568.

—Ill Used.

Cæs. I wrote to you,
When rioting in Alexandria: you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

A. C., II: 2. 1549.

—Joy at Receiving.

Vol. Look, here 's a letter from him;
the state hath another, his wife another;
and, I think, there 's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to-
night:—A letter for me?

Vir. Yes, certain, there 's a letter for
you; I saw it.

Men. A letter for me? It gives me an
estate of seven years' health.

C., II: 1. 1161.

—Unpleasant.

Bass. O sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper!

M. V., III: 2. 379.

—Writing, Suggested.

Pro. * *

To Milan let me hear from thee by letters,
Of thy success in love, and what news else
Betideth here in absence of thy friend;
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

T. G., I: 1. 48.**LEVITY.—A Source of Life.***Kath.* * * A light heart lives long.*L. L.*, V: 2. 293.

—Ill-timed.

Pro. * * Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it. Such, as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too.

* * Then, in a moment, see

How this mightiness meets misery!

And, if you can be merry then, I 'll say,
A man may weep upon his wedding day.

H. VIII., P. 1056.**LIAR.—A voluble One.**

Par. * * He will lie, sir, with such
volubility, that you would think truth were
a fool.

A. W., IV: 3. 522.

—Hated of God.

Nor. O, let my sovereign turn away his
face,

And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this slander of his blood
How God, and good men, hate so foul a
liar.

R. II., I: 1. 685.

—Should be thrice Beaten.

Laf. A good traveller is something at
the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies
three-thirds, and uses a known truth to pass
a thousand nothings with, should be once
heard, and thrice beaten.—God save you,
captain.

A. W., II: 5. 510.**LIBERTY.—Ends in Restraint.**

Lucio. Why, how now Claudio? whence
comes this restraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my
Lucio, liberty:

As surfeit is the father of much fast,

So every scope, by the immoderate use,
Turns to restraint: Our natures do pursue
(Like rats that ravin down their proper bane)
A thirsty evil, and when we drink, we die.

M. M., I: 2. 145.

—Stirs the Blood.

Orl. * * Besides this nothing that he
so plentifully gives me, the something that
nature gave me his countenance seems to
take from me: he lets me feed with his
hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and,
as much as in him lies, mines my gentility
with my education. This is it, Adam, that
grieves me; and the spirit of my father,
which I think is within me, begins to muti-
ny against this servitude. I will no longer
endure it, though yet I know no wise reme-
dy how to avoid it.

A. Y., I: 1. 407.**LIBRARY.—Content with.**

Pro. Me, poor man! my library
Was dukedom large enough.

T., I: 2. 9.

—Prized.

Pro. * * So, of his gentleness,
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd
me,

From mine own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

T., I: 2. 10.**LICENTIOUSNESS.—Linked to Woe.**

Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd
with woe.

C. E., II: 1. 195.**LIE.—Cæsar Incapable of***Cal.* Say he is sick.*Cæs.* Shall Cæsar send a lie?

Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so
far,

To be afear'd to tell grey-beards the truth?
Oceius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

J. C., II: 2. 1333.

—Made Truth.

Pro. * * Like one

Who having unto truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie.

T., I: 2. 9.

—Told like Truth.

Macb. * *

I pull in resolution; and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth: "Fear not, till Birnam
wood

Do come to Dunsinane;"—and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane. —Arm, arm, and
out!—

If this, which he avouches, does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish the estate o' the world were now
undone.—

Ring the alarm bell:—Blow, wind! come,
wrack!

At least we 'll die with harness on our back.

M., V: 5. 1384.**LIES.—Palpable.**

P. Hen. These lies are like the father
that begets them; gross as a mountain,
open, palpable.

H. IV., 1 pt., II: 4. 740.

—Probable.

1 *Lord.* None in the world; but return
with an invention, and clap upon you two
or three probable lies.

A. W., III: 6. 516.**LIFE.—A Continued Storm.**

Mar. * * Ah me! poor maid,
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
This world to me is like a lasting storm,
Whirring me from my friends.

P., IV: 1. 1659.

—A Dream.

Pro. * * We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

T., IV: 1. 28.

—A Dying Horror.

Juliet. Must die to-morrow! O, injuri-
ous love,
That respites me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror!

M. M., II: 3. 154.

—A Mingled Yarn.

1 *Lord.* The web of our life is of a
mingled yarn, good and ill together: our
virtues would be proud, if our faults whip-

ped them not; and our crimes would de-
spair, if they were not cherished by our vir-
tues.

A. W., IV: 3. 520.

—A Shuttle.

Fal. * * Life is a shuttle.

M. W., V: 1. 117.

—Depends on Means.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all; pardon
not that:

You take my house, when you do take the
prop

That doth sustain my house: you take my
life,

When you do take the means whereby I
live.

M. V., IV: 1. 386.

—Its Brevity.

Cel. * * How brief the life of man

Runs his erring pilgrimage;

That the stretching of a span

Buckles in his sum of age.

A. Y., III: 2. 422.

—Loathed in Sorrow.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before
this chance,

I had liv'd a blessed time; for, from this in-
stant,

There's nothing serious in mortality:

All is but toys: renown, and grace, is
dead;

The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

M., II: 3. 1366.

—Loss not Feared.

Kent. My life I never held but as a
pawn

To wage against thine enemies; nor fear
to lose it,

Thy safety being motive.

K. L., I: 1. 1445.

—Noble in what it Does.

Bel. * * O, this life

Is nobler, than attending for a check;

Richer, than doing nothing for a babe;

Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk.

Cym., III: 3. 1607.

—Out of Human Power.

Gaunt. But not a minute, king, that
thou canst give:
Shorten my days thou canst with sullen
sorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a
morrow:
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;
Thy word is current with him for my death;
But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my
breath.

R. II., I: 3. 690.

—Precious when Endangered.

Hast. My lord, I hold my life as dear as
yours;
And never, in my life, I do protest,
Was it more precious to me than 't is now:
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so' triumphant as I am?

R. III., III: 2. 1023.

—Walking Shadow.

Macb. * * Out, out, brief candle!
Life 's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the
stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

M., V: 5. 1384.

LIGHT.—Its Disclosive Power.

K. Rich. * *
But when, from under this terrestrial ball,
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
And darts his light through every guilty
hole,
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off
their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at them-
selves?
So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,
Whilst we were wandering with the anti-
podes,—
Shall see us rising in our throne, the east,
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day,
But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.

R. II., III: 2. 701.

LINEAGE.—Pure.

Hect. * *
The obligation of our blood forbids
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain:
Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan,
so
That thou could'st say—"This hand is
Grecian all,
And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg
All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's
blood
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinis-
ter
Bounds-in my father's;" by Jove multipo-
tent,
Thou should'st not bear from me a Greekish
member
Wherein my sword had not impressure
made
Of our rank feud: But the just gods gain-
say,
That any drop thou borrow'st from thy
mother,
My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword
Be drain'd!

T. C., IV: 5. 1133.

LIP.—Diana's.

Duke. * * Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious.

T. N., I: 4. 543.

LISTENER.—Runs low.

Hero * *
For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing,
runs
Close by the ground, to hear our confer-
ence.

M. A., III: 1. 238.

LOCALITY.—Not Essential.

Imo. Where then?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day,
night,
Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's
volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it;
In a great pool, a swan's nest: Pr'y thee,
think
There 's livers out of Britain.

Cym., III: 4. 1609.

LONGING.—For rare Sights.

Achil. * * I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;
To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
Even to my full of view.

T. C., III: 3. 1126.

—Unparalleled.

Imo. * *

O, for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou,
Pisanio?

He is at Milford-Haven: Read, and tell me
How far 't is thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day?—Then, true Pisanio,
(Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who
long'st,—

O, let me 'bate,—but not like me:—yet
long'st,—

But in a fainter kind:—O, not like me;
For mine's beyond beyond,) say, and speak
thick,

(Love's counsellor should fill the bores of
hearing,

To the smothering of the sense,) how far it is
To this same blessed Milford.

Cym., III: 2. 1606.

LOOK.—Its power to Kill.

Sir To. * * But, sir, I will deliver
his challenge by word of mouth; set upon
Ague-cheek a notable report of valour; and
drive the gentleman (as I know his youth
will aptly receive it) into a most hideous
opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetu-
osity. This will so fright them both, that
they will kill one another by the look, like
cockatrices.

T. N., III: 4. 560.

LOOKER-ON.—Disregarded.

K. Hen. * *

He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded.

H. IV., 1 pt., III: 2. 748.

—In Vienna.

Duke. Be not so hot; the duke
Dare no more stretch this finger of mine,
than he

Dare rack his own; his subject am I not,
Nor here provincial: My business in this
state

Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,

Where I have seen corruption boil and bub-
ble,

Till it o'errun the stews: laws for all faults,
But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong
statutes

Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.

M. M., V: 1. 173.

LOOKS.—Appropriate.

K. Rich. * *

We do debase ourself, cousin, do we not,
To look so poorly, and to speak so fair?

R. II., III: 3. 704.

—Deceitful.

Hast. * *

Who builds his hope in air of your fair
looks,

Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

R. III., III: 4. 1025.

—Greedy.

Fal. * * The appetite of her eye did
seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass!

M. W., I: 3. 92.

—Interrogated.

Pis. * * How look I,

That I should seem to lack humanity
So much as this fact comes to?

Cym., III: 2. 1605.

—No Proof of Guilt.

Pem. This is the man should do the
bloody deed;

He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine:
The image of a wicked, heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his
Does show the mood of a much-troubled
breast,

And I do fearfully believe, 't is done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

K. J., IV: 2. 666.

—Not an Index.

Arth. Alas! I then have chid away my
friend;

He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:—
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

K. J., IV: 1. 665.

—Significance of.

Scroop. Men judge by the complexion
of the sky

The state and inclination of the day :
So may you by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.

R. II., III: 2. 702.

—Sour.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks !
I never can see him but I am heartburn'd
an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

M. A., II: 1. 230.

LOQUACITY.—Its Danger.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiser man ; for
many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing.

A. W., II: 4. 509.

—Offensive.

Alon. You cram these words into mine
ears, against
The stomach of my sense.

T., II: 1. 16.

—Worthless.

Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal
of nothing, more than any man in all
Venice. His reasons are two grains of
wheat hid in two bushels of chaff, you shall
seek all day ere you find them, and when
you have them, they are not worth the
search.

M. V., I: 1. 362.

LOSS.—May be Regained.

Bass. In my school-days, when I had
lost one shaft
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way, with more advised
watch
To find the other forth ; and, by adventur-
ing both,
I oft found both : I urge this childhood
proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much ; and, like a wilful
youth,
That which I owe is lost : but if you
please
To shoot another arrow that self-way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not
doubt,

As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

M. V., I: 1. 362.

—Sometimes Gain.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want
no eyes ;
I stumbled when I saw : Full oft 't is seen,
Our mean secures us ; and our mere defects
Prove our commodities.

K. L., IV: 1. 1470.

LOSSES.—Irreparable.

Alon. Irreparable is the loss ; and pa-
tience
Says it is past her cure.

Pro. I rather think,
You have not sought her help ; of whose
soft grace,
For the like loss, I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.

Alon. You the like loss ?
Pro. As great to me, as late ; and sup-
portable
To make the dear loss, have I means much
weaker
Than you may call to comfort you ; for I
Have lost my daughter.

T., V: 1. 31.

LOST.—Praising the.

King. Praising what is lost
Makes the remembrance dear.

A. W., V: 3. 526.

—The, Seeking.

Ant. S. He that commends me to mine
own content
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop ;
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself :
So I, to find a mother and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

C. E., I: 2. 194.

LOVE.—A Shadow.

Ford. * * *
Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pur-
sues ;
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.

M. W., II: 2. 99.

—A Source of Pain.

Tro. * * I love her;
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath
given me
The knife that made it.

T. C., I: 1. 1103.

—A Stream not to be Dammed.

Jul. The more thou damm'st it up, the
more it burns;
The current that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently
doth rage;
But, when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamell'd
stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course:
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step has brought me to my
love;
And there I'll rest, as, after much tur-
moil,
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

T. G., II: 7. 58.

—Admires Fools.

Hel. * * I love him for his sake;
And yet I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a cow-
ard;
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely
bones
Look bleak i' the cold wind: withal, full oft
we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

A. W., I: 1. 496.

—Advancing and Retiring.

Rom. * *
Love goes toward love, as school-boys
from their books;
But love from love, toward school with heavy
looks.

R. J., II: 2. 1252.

—Advantages no Account in.

K. Hen. Marry, if you would put me to
verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate,
why you undid me: for the one, I have
neither words nor measure; and for the
other, I have no strength in measure, yet a
reasonable measure in strength. If I could
win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into
my saddle with my armour on my back, un-
der the correction of bragging be it spoken,
I should quickly leap into a wife. Or, if I
might buffet for my love, or bound my horse
for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher,
and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off:
but, before God, I cannot look greenly, nor
gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cun-
ning in protestation; only down-right oaths,
which I never use till urged, nor never break
for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of
temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-
burning, that never looks in his glass for
love of any thing he sees there, let thine
eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain sol-
dier: If thou canst love me for this, take
me: if not, to say to thee—that I shall die,
is true; but—for thy love, by the Lord, no;
yet I love thee too. And while thou livest,
dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and un-
coined constancy; for he perforce must do
thee right, because he hath not the gift to
woo in other places: for these fellows of in-
finite tongue, that can rhyme themselves
into ladies' favours,—they do always reason
themselves out again. What! a speaker is
but a prater: a rhyme is but a ballad. A
good leg will fall; a straight back will stoop;
a black beard will turn white; a curled pate
will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a
full eye will wax old: but a good heart,
Kate, is the sun and moon; or, rather the
sun, and not the moon; for it shines bright,
and never changes, but keeps his course
truly. If thou would have such a one, take
me: And take me, take a soldier; take a
soldier, take a king: And what sayst thou
then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly,
I pray thee.

H. V., V: 2. 854.

—All absorbing.

Duke. * *
O spirit of love! how quick and fresh art
thou,
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch so'er,
But fall into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute!

T. N., I: 1. 540.

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love:
He leaves his friends to dignify them more;

I leave myself, my friends, and all for love.
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me,—
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at
nought;
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with
thought.

T. G., I: 1. 48.

—All Things endurable to.

Fer. * *

Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' the
earth

Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.

T., I: 2. 14.

—An absorbing Passion.

Por. How all the other passions fleet to
air,

As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrac'd
despair,

And shudd'ring fear, and green-ey'd jeal-
ousy!

O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy;
In measure rain thy joy, scant this excess;
I feel too much thy blessing; make it less,
For fear I surfeit!

M. V., III: 2. 377.

—An Excuse for Folly and Sin.

Bast. * *

Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
And so doth yours; your fault was not your
folly;

Needs must you lay your heart at his dis-
pose,—

Subjected tribute to commanding love,—
Against whose fury and unmatched force
The awless lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's
hand.

He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts,
May easily win a woman's.

K. J., I: 1. 649.

—And Duty.

Oth. * * No, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd Cupid seel with wanton dull-
ness

My speculative and active instruments,

That my disports corrupt and taint my
business,

Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation!

O., I: 3. 1498.

—And Wisdom conjoined.

Cres. * * To be wise, and love,
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with
gods above.

T. C., III: 2. 1122.

—Armado's Opinion of.

Arm. * * Love is a familiar; love is
a devil: there is no evil angel but love.
Yet was Sampson so tempted; and he had
an excellent strength: yet was Solomon so
seduced; and he had a very good wit.
Cupid's buttshaft is too hard for Hercules'
club, and therefore too much odds for a
Spaniard's rapier. The first and second
cause will not serve my turn; the passado
he respects not; the duello he regards not:
his disgrace is to be called boy, but his
glory is to subdue men. Adieu, valour!
rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your man-
ager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me,
some extemporal god of rhyme, for, I am
sure, I shall turn sonneteer. Devise, wit!
write, pen! for I am for whole volumes in
folio.

L. L., I: 2. 276.

—At first Sight.

Phe. Dead shepherd! now I find thy
saw of might;
“Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first
sight?”

A. Y., III: 5. 427.

Duke. * *

O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purg'd the air of pestilence;
That instant was I turn'd into a hart,
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.

T. N., I: 1. 540.

K. Phi. What say'st thou, boy? look in
the lady's face,

Lew. I do, my lord, and in her eye I
find

A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of myself formed in her eye;
Which, being but the shadow of your son,

Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow :

I do protest, I never lov'd myself,
Till now infixed I beheld myself,
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

K. J., II : 2. 655.

Mira.

I do not know,

One of my sex; no woman's face remember,

Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have seen

More that I may call men, than you, good friend,

And my dear father: how features are abroad,

I am skill-less of; but, by my modesty,
(The jewel in my dower,) I would not wish

Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts

I therein do forget.

T., III : 1. 22.

—Blind.

Jes. Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains.

I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,

For I am much asham'd of my exchange:
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit;
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush

To see me thus transformed to a boy.

M. V., II : 6. 371.

Hel. * *

Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;

And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind.
Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taste;
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste:
And therefore is love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.

As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,

So the boy love is perjur'd everywhere.

M. N., I : 1. 324.

—Breaks all Disguises.

Oli. * *

A murth'rous guilt shows not itself more soon

Than love that would seem hid : love's night is noon.

T. N., III : 1. 556.

—Cautious.

Claud. How sweetly do you minister to love,

That know love's grief by his complexion!
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have salv'd it with a longer treatise.

M. A., I : 1. 228.

—Changed by Slander.

Oth. O, that the slave had forty thousand lives;

One is too poor, too weak for my revenge!
Now do I see 't is true. — Look here, Iago;
All my fond love thus I do blow to heaven;
'T is gone. —

Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell!

Yield up, O love, thy crown, and hearted throne,

To tyrannous hate! swell, bosom, with thy fraught,

For 't is of aspicks' tongues!

O., III : 3. 1515.

—Changed to Hate.

Scroop. Sweet love, I see, changing his property,

Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate.

R. II., III : 2. 702.

—Character of true.

War. Such it seems,

As may beseem a monarch like himself.

Myself have often heard him say and swear,
That this his love was an eternal plant;

Wherof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun;

Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,

Unless the lady Bona quit his pain.

H. VI., 3 pt., III : 3. 976.

— Comes too late.

King. * *

Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
 Destroy our friends, and after weep their
 dust:

Our own love waking cries to see what's
 done,

While shameful hate sleep out the after-
 noon.

A. W., V: 5. 526.

— Concealed.

Luc. Yet he, of all the rest, I think,
 best loves ye.

Jul. His little speaking shows his love
 but small.

Luc. Fire that's closest kept burns most
 of all.

Jul. They do not love that do not show
 their love.

Luc. O, they love least that let men
 know their love.

T. G., I: 3. 49.

Vio. A blank, my lord: She never told
 her love,

But let concealment, like a worm i' the
 bud,

Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in
 thought;

And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
 She sat, like Patience on a monument,
 Smiling at grief. Was not this love, in-
 deed?

We men may say more, swear more: but,
 indeed,

Our shows are more than will; for still we
 prove

Much in our vows, but little in our love.

T. N., II: 4. 551.

— Course never smooth.

Lys. Ah me! for aught that I could
 ever read,

Could ever hear by tale or history,
 The course of true love never did run
 smooth:

But, either it was different in blood.

* *

Her. If then true lovers have been ever
 cross'd,

It stands as an edict in destiny:

Then let us teach our trial patience,
 Because it is a customary cross;
 As due to love, as thoughts, and dreams,
 and sighs,

Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's followers.

M. V., I: 1. 322.

— Declaration of.

Lys. O, take the sense, sweet, of my in-
 nocence;

Love takes the meaning, in love's confer-
 ence;

I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit,
 So that but one heart we can make of it:
 Two bosoms interchanged with an oath;
 So then, two bosoms, and a single troth.

M. N., II: 2. 329.

— Deep and foolish.

Touch. * * We, that are true lovers,
 run into strange capers; but as all is mortal
 in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in
 folly.

A. Y., II: 4. 416

Val. And on a love-book pray for my
 success.

Pro. Upon some book I love, I'll pray
 for thee.

Val. That's on some shallow story of
 deep love,

How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.

Pro. That's a deep story of a deeper
 love.

For he was more than over shoes in love.

Val. 'Tis true; for you are over boots
 in love,

And yet you never swom the Hellespont.

Pro. Over the boots? nay, give me not
 the boots.

Val. No, I will not, for it boots thee not,—

Pro. What?

Val. To be in love, where scorn is
 bought with groans;

Coy looks with heart-sore sighs; one fading
 moment's mirth

With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:
 If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain;

If lost, why then a grievous labour won;

However, but a folly bought with wit,

Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call
 me fool.

Val. So, by your circumstance, I fear you 'll prove.

Pro. 'T is Love you cavil at; I am not Love.

Val. Love is your master, for he masters you :

And he that is so yoked by a fool,
Methinks should not be chronicled for wise.

T. G., I: 1. 47.

—Delights in Praises.

Val. Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?

Pro. No; but she is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O, flatter me, for love delights in praises.

T. C., II: 4. 56.

—Demands Deafness.

Imo. * *

Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,
To the smothering of the sense.

Cym., III: 2. 1606.

—Desires the Inaccessible.

Duke. This very night; for love is like a child,

That longs for every thing that he can come by.

T. G., III: 1. 60.

—Destitution of.

Ber. * * But, fair soul,

In your fine frame hath love no quality?

If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,

You are no maiden, but a monument:

When you are dead, you should be such a one.

A. W., IV: 2. 518.

Jul. But love will not be spurr'd to what it loaths.

T. G., V: 2. 70.

—Disguised.

Claud. Hero thinks surely she will die; for she says she will die if he love her not, and she will die ere she make her love known; and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will 'bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

M. V., II: 3. 236.

—Enslaving.

Aar. * * Fetter'd in amorous chains;
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes,
Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.

Tit. And., II: 1. 1207.

—Ever Lives.

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!

For, oh, love's bow

Shoots buck and doe:

The shaft confounds,

Not that it wounds

But tickles still the sore.

These lovers cry — Oh! oh! they die!

Yet that which seems the wound to kill,

Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!

So dying love lies still:

Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!

Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

T. C., III: 1. 1120.

—False, Sheds no Tears.

Cleo. O most false love!

Where be the sacred vials thou should'st fill

With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be.

A. C., I: 3. 1544.

—Fed by Sight of.

Ros. O, come, let us remove;
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.

A. Y., III: 4. 426.

—Fidelity of true Love.

Cres. * * I have forgot my father;
I know no touch of consanguinity;
No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me,

As the sweet Troilus. — O you gods divine!
Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood,

If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,

Do to this body what extremes you can;
But the strong base and building of my love

Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all things to it. — I'll go in, and weep.

T. C., IV: 2. 1129.

—Filial.

King. Not that I think, you did not love
your father,
But that I know, love is begun by time;
And that I see, in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it.

H., IV: 7. 1428.

Gon. Sir, I

Do love you more than words can wield the
matter,
Dearer than eye-sight, space and liberty;
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty,
honour:
As much as child e'er loved, or father found.
A love that makes breath poor, and speech
unable;
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

K. L., I: 1. 1444.

—Fire and Madness.

Rom. * *

Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of
sighs;
Being puff'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers'
tears:
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.

R. J., I: 1. 1243.

—Goes by Haps.

Hero. * * Loving goes by haps:
Some Cupids kill with arrows, some with
traps.

M. A., III: 1. 233.

—Guided by Heaven.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd: here is no
remedy:
In love, the heavens themselves do guide
the state;
Money buys lands, and wives are sold by
fate.

M. W., V: 5. 120.

—Impossible to Restrain.

Macb. * * Who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage, to make his love known?

M., II: 3. 1367.

—Improperly Placed, Lost.

Ford. * *

"Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pur-
sues;

Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues."

Fal. Have you receiv'd no promise of
satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importun'd her to such a
purpose?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love, then?

Ford. Like a fair house built on another
man's ground; so that I have lost my edi-
fice, by mistaking the place where I erected
it.

M. W., II: 2. 99.

—In Queen and Maid.

Cleo. No more, but e'en a woman; and
commanded

By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
And does the meanest chares.

A. C., IV: 13. 1576.

—Infatuation of.

Tro. No, Pandarus: I stalk about her
door,

Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon.

T. C., III: 2. 1121.

Ros. Love is merely a madness; and, I
tell you, deserves as well a dark house and
a whip as madmen do: and the reason why
they are not so punish'd and cured is, that
the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers
are in love too: Yet I profess curing it by
counsel.

A. Y., III: 2. 424.

Pro. Already have I been false to Val-
entine,

And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have access my own love to prefer;
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falsehood to my
friend:

When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think how I have been for-
sworn

In breaking faith with Julia whom I lov'd:

And, notwithstanding all her sudden quips,
The least whereof would quell a lover's
hope,

Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my
love,

The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.

T. G., IV: 2. 66.

—Infinite as the Sea.

Jul. * *

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.

R. J., II: 2. 1252.

—Its absurd Vows.

Cres. They say, all lovers swear more
performance than they are able, and yet re-
serve an ability that they never perform;
vowing more than the perfection of ten, and
discharging less than the tenth part of one.
They that have the voice of lions, and the
act of hares, are they not monsters?

T. C., III: 2. 1121.

—Its Avowal Desired.

Jul. * *

Dost thou love me? I know, thou wilt
say—Ay;

And I will take thy word: yet, if thou
swear'st,

Thou may'st prove false; at lovers' per-
juries,

They say, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,

I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee
nay,

So thou wilt woo; but, else, not for the
world.

In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou may'st think my 'haviour
light:

But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more
true

Than those that have more cunning to be
strange.

R. J., II: 2. 1252.

—Its bewildering Power.

Bene. * * I do much wonder that one
man, seeing how much another man is a

fool when he dedicates his behaviours to
love, will, after he hath laughed at such shal-
low follies in others, become the argument
of his own scorn by falling in love:—and
such a man is Claudio. I have known when
there was no music with him but the drum
and the fife; and now had he rather hear
the tabor and the pipe: I have known when
he would have walked ten mile afoot, to see
a good armour; and now will he lie ten
nights awake, carving the fashion of a new
doublet. He was wont to speak plain, and
to the purpose, like an honest man and a
soldier; and now he is turn'd orthographer;
his words are a very fantastical banquet,
just so many strange dishes. May I be so
converted, and see with these eyes? I can-
not tell; I think not. I will not be sworn
but love may transform me to an oyster;
but I'll take my oath on it, till he hath
made an oyster of me, he shall never make
me such a fool. One woman is fair; yet I
am well: another is wise; yet I am well:
another virtuous, yet I am well: but till all
graces be in one woman, one woman shall
not come in my grace. Rich she shall be,
that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous,
or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll
never look on her; mild, or come not near
me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good
discourse, an excellent musician, and her
hair shall be of what colour it please God.

M. A., II: 3. 234.

—Its bewitching Tyranny.

Iago. * * And then for her

To win the Moor,—were 't to renounce his
baptism,

All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,—

His soul is so enfetted to her love,

That she may make, unmake, do what she
list,

Even as her appetite shall play the god

With his weak function.

O., II: 3. 1507.

—Its Conquests.

Val. * *

O, gentle Proteus, Love's a mighty lord;

And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,

There is no woe to his correction,

Nor to his service no such joy on earth!

Now, no discourse, except it be of love;

Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and
sleep,

Upon the very naked name of Love.

T. G., II: 4. 56.

—Its contradictory Character.

Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,

Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,

Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!

Where shall we dine?—O me!—What fray was here?

Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.

Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:—

Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!

O any thing, of nothing first created!

O heavy lightness! serious vanity!

Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!

Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!

Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!—

This love feel I, that feel no love in this.

R. J., I: 1. 1243.

—Its Dart not invincible.

Duke. * *

Believe not that the dribbling dart of love
Can pierce a complete bosom.

M. M., I: 3. 146.

—Its Difficulties.

K. Hen. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French; which, I am sure, will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. *Quand j'ay la possession de France, et quand vous avez le possession de moi,* (let me see, what then? Saint Dennis be my speed!)—*donc vostre est France, et vous estes mienne.* It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom, as to speak so much more French: I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

H. V., V: 2. 854.

—Its Effect on Time.

Claud. To-morrow, my lord: Time goes on crutches, till Love have all his rites.

M. A., II: 1. 233.

—Its Infatuation.

Orl. * *

O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll characterize;

That every eye, which in this forest looks,
Shall see thy virtue witnessed everywhere.
Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she.

A. Y., III: 1. 420.

Tro. * *

And give me swift transportance to those fields,

Where I may wallow in the lily beds

Propos'd for the deser'ver! O gentle Pandarus,

From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,

And fly with me to Cressid!

Pan. Walk here i' the orchard, I'll bring her straight.

Tro. I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.

The imaginary relish is so sweet

That it enchants my sense: What will it be,

When that the wat'ry palate tastes indeed
Love's thrice-reputed nectar? death, I fear me;

Swooning destruction; or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, turn'd too sharp in sweetness,

For the capacity of my ruder powers.

T. C., III: 2. 1121.

—Its Jealousy.

Val. * *

Because thou seest me dote upon my love.

My foolish rival, that her father likes,

Only for his possessions are so huge,

Is gone with her along; and I must after,

For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

T. G., II: 4. 56.

—Its Messengers should be swift.

Jul. * *

O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,

Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,

Driving back shadows over low'ring hills.

R. J., II: 5. 1256.

—Its monstrous Promises.

Tro. * * When we vow to weep seas,
live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking
it harder for our mistress to devise imposi-

tion enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstrosity in love, lady, — that the will is infinite, and the execution confined; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

T. C., III: 2. 1121.

—Its own Dowry.

France. * * Love is not love,
When it is mingled with respects, that stand
Aloof from the entire point. Will you
have her?

She is herself a dowry.

K. L., I: 1. 1446.

—Its pacifying Power.

Eli. * *

This might have been prevented, and
made whole,

With very easy arguments of love;
Which now the manage of two kingdoms
must

With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

K. J., I: 1. 646.

—Its Reason no Reason.

Arr. If it be a sin to say so, sir, I yoke
me

In my good brother's fault; I know not
why

I love this youth; and I have heard you
say

Love's reason's without reason; the bier at
door,

And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say,
"My father, not this youth."

Cym., IV: 2. 1614.

—Its Shadows.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering truth
of sleep,

My dreams presage some joyful news at
hand:

My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;
And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful
thoughts.

I dreamt, my lady came and found me
dead;

(Strange dream! that gives a dead man
leave to think,)

And breath'd such life with kisses in my
lips,

That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.

Ah, me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in
joy?

R. J., V: 1. 1273.

—Its Treasures.

Val. Not for the world: why, man, she
is mine own;

And I as rich in having such a jewel,

As twenty seas, if all their sand were
pearl,

The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.

T. G., II: 4. 56.

—Justifies Disguise.

Jul. * *

O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush!

Be thou asham'd, that I have took upon
me

Such an immodest raiment, if shame live
In a disguise of love:

It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,

Women to change their shapes, than men
their minds.

T. G., V: 4. 72.

—Longings of a mutual.

Rom. * *

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,

That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ah me!

Rom. She speaks:—

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my
head,

As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-passing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

R. J., II: 2. 1251.

—Makes base Men noble.

Iago. * * Base men, being in love,
have then a nobility in their natures more
than is native to them.

O., II: 1. 1502.

—Makes Sacrifices.*Laer.* * *

Nature is fine in love; and, where 't is fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

H., IV: 5. 1425.**—Men never Die of.***Orl.* Then, in mine own person, I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dash'd out with a Grecian club: yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turn'd nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night: for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drown'd; and the foolish coroners of that age found it was—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

A. Y., IV: 1. 429.**—Misplaced.***Por.* * *

I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these.

M. V., I: 2. 363.**—Mistrust Treason to.***Bass.* None, but that ugly treason of mistrust,

Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love:

There may as well be amity and life

'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

M. V., III: 2. 376.**—Music its Food.***Duke.* If music be the food of love, play on;

Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,

The appetite may sicken, and so die.

That strain again;—it had a dying fall:

O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound

That breathes upon a bank of violets,

Stealing, and giving odour.

T. N., I: 1. 540.**—Natural, its Declaration.***Mira.*

Do you love me?

Fer. O heaven! O earth! bear witness to this sound,

And crown what I profess with kind event,

If I speak true; if hollowly, invert

What best is boded me, to mischief! I,

Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,

Do love, prize, honour you.

Mira.

I am a fool,

To weep at what I am glad of.

Pro.

Fair encounter

Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace

On that which breeds between them!

T., III: 1. 22.**—Natural, its Equality.**

Shep. * * He says, he loves my daughter;

I think so too: for never gaz'd the moon

Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,

As 't were, my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,

I think there is not half a kiss to choose

Who loves another best.

W. T., IV: 3. 602.**—Never Quenched.**

Jul. O, know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's food?

Pity the dearth that I have pined in,

By longing for that food so long a time.

Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,

Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow,

As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

T. G., II: 7. 58.**—New Objects Displace old.**

Thu. Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,

Lest it should ravel, and be good to none,

You must provide to bottom it on me;

Which must be done by praising me as much

As you in worth dispraise sir Valentine.

T. G., III: 2. 64.

—No Despair in.

Dem. Then why should he despair, that
knows to court it
With words, fair looks, and liberality?
What, hast thou not full often struck a doe,
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Tit. And., II: 1. 1208.

—No Substitute for Food.

Vol. I have din'd.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, sir; though the
cameleon Love can feed on the air, I am
one that am nourish'd by my victuals, and
would fain have meat. O, be not like your
mistress; be moved, be moved.

T. G., II: 1. 54.

—No Time for, in War.

Hot. * *

Away, you trifler!—Love?—I love thee
not,
I care not for thee Kate: this is no world
To play with mamnets, and to tilt with lips:
We must have bloody noses, and crack'd
crowns,
And pass them current too.—Gods me, my
horse!

H. IV., 1 pt., II: 3. 737.

—None without Folly.

Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do
love her!

Cor. I partly guess; for I have lov'd ere
now.

Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not
guess;
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a
lover

As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:
But if thy love were ever like to mine,
(As sure I think did never man love so,)
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have for-
gotten.

Sil. O, thou didst then never love so
heartily:

If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lov'd:
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,

Thou hast not lov'd:

Or if thou has not broke from company
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not lov'd:
O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe!

A. Y., II: 4. 416.

—Not fit for Warriors.

Patr. * *

Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wan-
ton Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous
fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to very air.

T. C., III: 3. 1125.

—Object black.

King. By heaven, thy love is black as
ebony.

Biron. Is ebony like her? O wood
divine!

L. L., IV: 3. 289.

—Overleaps all Barriers.

Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me?
and wherefore?

The orchard walls are high, and hard to
climb;

And the place death, considering who thou
art,

If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-
perch these walls;

For stony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love at-
tempt;

Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will mur-
der thee.

Rom. Alack! there lies more peril in
thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords: look thou
but sweet,

And I am proof against their enmity.

R. J., II: 2. 1251.

—Overleaps Vows.

Glo. So should I give consent to flatter
sin.

You know, my lord, your highness is be-
troth'd

Unto another lady of esteem;
How shall we then dispense with that contract,

And not deface your honour with reproach?

Suf. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths;
Or one, that, at a triumph having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
By reason of his adversary's odds:
A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke without offence.

H. VI., 1 pt., V: 5. 897.

—**Passionate.**

Jul. * * When he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.

R. J., III: 2. 1261.

—**Perseverance in.**

Fent. * *

Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and
manners,

I must advance the colours of my love,
And not retire: Let me have your good will.

M. W., III: 4. 108.

—**Persistence in.**

Val. * *

But, since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive
therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

T. G., I: 1. 47.

—**Required.**

Beat. * *

Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride,
adieu!

No glory lives behind the back of such.
And Benedick, love on, I will requite thee
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand.

M. A., III: 1. 238.

—**Resisted by Beauty.**

Rom. * *

She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:
O, she is rich in beauty; only poor,
That, when she dies, with beauty dies her
store.

R. J., I: 1. 1244.

—**Shortens the Path.**

Rom. * *

Love goes toward love, as school-boys from
their books;

But love from love, toward school with
heavy looks.

K. J., II: 2. 1252.

—**Should be Avoided.**

War. * * I hold it cowardice,

To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love.

H. VI., 3 pt., IV: 2. 980.

—**Signs of.**

Moth. * * To jig off a tune at the
tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eyelids; sigh a note, and sing a note; sometime through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love; sometimes through the nose, as if you snuffed up love by smelling love; with your hat, penthouse-like, o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms crossed on your thin belly-doublet, like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away: These are complements, these are humours.

L. L., III: 1. 280.

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry, by these special marks: First, you have learn'd, like sir Proteus, to wreath your arms like a malcontent; to relish a love-song, like a robin-redbreast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a schoolboy that had lost his A. B. C.; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock; when you walk'd, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you look'd sadly, it was for want of money; and now you are metamorphos'd with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

T. G., II: 1. 52.

—**Soldiers susceptible to.**

Agam. * * But we are soldiers;

And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he.

T. C., I: 3. 1110.

—Speaking.

Biron. * *

And when Love speaks, the voice of all the
gods

Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.

L. L., IV: 3. 291.

—Springs from Hate.

Jul. My only love sprung from my only
hate!

Too early seen unknown, and known too
late!

Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.

R. J., I: 5. 1250.

—Superseded.

Pro. Love bade me swear, and Love
bids me forswear;

O sweet suggesting Love! if thou hast
sinn'd,

Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it.

At first I did adore a twinkling star,

But now I worship a celestial sun.

T. G., II: 6. 58.

—Sweet, not lasting.

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of
his favour,

Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;

A violet in the youth of primy nature,

Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,

The perfume and suppliance of a minute;

No more.

II., I: 3. 1396.

—Tame when content with Words.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her
deeds: but she'll bereave you of the deeds
too, if she call your activity in question.
What, billing again? Here's—"In witness
whereof the parties interchangeably"—
Come in, come in; I'll go get a fire.

T. C., III: 2. 1121.

—That can be Reckoned.

Ant. There's beggary in the love that
can be reckon'd.

Cleo. I'll set a bourn how far to be be-
lov'd.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out
new heaven, new earth.

A. C., I: 1. 1540.

—The twenty Eyes of.

Val. Why, lady, Love hath twenty pair
of eyes.

Thu. They say that Love hath not an
eye at all.—

Val. To see such lovers, Thurio, as
yourself;

Upon a homely object Love can wink.

T. G., II: 4. 55.

—Transient.

Tro. * *

But, still, sweet love is food for fortune's
tooth.

T. C., IV: 5. 1135.

Duke. This weak impress of love is as a
figure

Trenched in ice, which with an hour's heat

Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.

A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,

And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.

T. G., III: 2. 63.

—Transmitting Power of.

Hel. * *

Things base and vile, holding no quantity,

Love can transpoise to form and dignity.

M. N., I: 1. 324.

—Trifles.

Jul. * *

Alas, how love can trifle with itself!

T. G., IV: 2. 70.

—True, beyond Estimate.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than
in words,

Braggs of his substance, not of ornament:

They are but beggars that can count their
worth;

But my true love is grown to such excess,

I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.

R. J., II: 6. 1258.

—True, never Weary.

Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary

To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;

Much less shall she that hath Love's wings

to fly;

And when the flight is made to one so dear,

Of such divine perfection, as sir Proteus.

T. G., II: 7. 58.

—Turns Wit to Folly.

Pro. Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud

The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And writers say, as the most forward bud

Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.

T. G., I: 1. 47.

—Uncertainty of.

Pro. * *

O, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

T. G., I: 3. 51.

—Unlooked for.

Bene. Is 't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it, but that she loves him with an enraged affection; it is past the infinite of thought.

M. A., II: 3. 235.

—Unrequited.

Hel. Then, I confess,
Here on my knee, before high Heaven and you,

That before you, and next unto high Heaven.
I love your son:—

My friends were poor but honest; so 's my love:

Be not offended; for it hurts not him
That he is lov'd of me. I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit;
Nor would I have him till I do deserve him;
Yet never know how that desert should be.
I know I love in vain, strive against hope;
Yet, in this captious and intenable sieve,
I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose still: thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more.

A. W., I: 3. 501.

—Unsought.

Oli. * * Love sought is good, but given
unsought is better.

T. N., III: 1. 556.

—Vehement.

Ros. O, I know where you are:—Nay, 't is true: there was never anything so sudden, but the fight of two rams, and Caesar's thrasonical brag of—"I came, saw, and overcame." For your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they look'd; no sooner look'd, but they lov'd; no sooner lov'd, but they sigh'd; no sooner sigh'd, but they ask'd one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them.

A. Y., V: 2. 434.

—Waning.

Clo. * * I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

A. W., III: 1. 511.

—Wanton.

Biron. * *

As love is full of unbefitting strains;
All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain.

L. L., V: 2. 303.

—Wayward.

Jul. * *

Fie, fie! how wayward is this foolish love,
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,

And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!

T. G., II: 2. 49.

—Willing for any Test.

Tro Are there such? such are not we: Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare, till merit crown it: no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: we shall not name desert, before his birth; and, being born, his addition shall be humble.

T. C., III: 2. 1122.

—Women Cannot Fight for.

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,

You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!

Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex :
We cannot fight for love, as men may do :
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.

I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well.

M. N., II: 1. 328.

— **Wounds invisible.**

Sil. * *

Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

A. Y., III: 5. 427.

— **Youthful.**

Count. * *

It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth.

A. W., I: 3. 500.

LOVE-LETTER. — *Falstaff's.*

Mrs. Page. What; have I 'scap'd love-letters in the holiday time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see:

"Ask me no reason why I love you; for though Love use reason for his precisian, he admits him not for his counsellor: You are not young, no more am I; go to, then, there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I; Ha! ha! then there's more sympathy; you love sack, and so do I; Would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, mistress Page, (at the least, if the love of soldier can suffice,) that I love thee. I will not say, pity me, 't is not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me. By me,

Thine own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might,
For thee to fight.

John Falstaff."

M. W., II: 1. 95.

— **Mrs. Page's Opinion of Falstaff's.**

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of Page and Ford differs!—To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first, for I protest, mine never shall. I warrant he hath a thousand of these letters, (sure more,) writ with blank space for different names, and these are of the second edition: He will print them out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the press when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lie under mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste man.

M. W., II: 1. 95.

— **Torn, but worshipped.**

Jul. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!

O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!
Injurious wasps! to feed on such sweet honey!

And kill the bees, that yield it, with your stings!

I'll kiss each several paper for amends.

Look, here is writ—"kind Julia:"—unkind Julia!

As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain!
And here is writ—"love-wounded Proteus:"—

Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be throughly heal'd;

And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.
But twice, or thrice, was Proteus written down.

Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name: that some whirlwind bear

Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,

And throw it thence into the raging sea!

Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,—

"Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,
To the sweet Julia;" that I'll tear away,—

And yet I will not, sith so prettily

He couples it to his complaining names;

Thus will I fold them one upon another:

Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

T. G., I: 2. 50.

LOVE-MAKING. — **By Proxy.**

Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Sten. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Glostershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Sten. Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a 'squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, master Slender.

Slen. Now, good mistress Anne.

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? 'od's heartlings, that's a pretty jest, indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.

Anne. I mean, master Slender, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you. Your father, and my uncle, have made motions; if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole! They can tell you how things go better than I can; You may ask your father; here he comes.

M. W., III: 4. 107.

LOVER.—Admiration of a.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!

Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear:

Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So show a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.

The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,

And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.

Did my heart love till now? forswear it,
sight:

For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

R. J., I: 5. 1248.

—An accepted.

Lys. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,—

As well possess'd; my love is more than his;

My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,

If not with vantage, as Demetrius';

And, which is more than all these boasts can be,

I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia.

Why should not I then prosecute my right?

M. N., I: 1. 322.

—Characteristics of.

Cel. Was is not his: besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings.

A. Y., III: 4. 426.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shak'd; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes, I am sure, you are not prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek, which you have not: a blue eye, and sunken, which you have not: an unquestionable spirit, which you have not: a beard neglected, which you have not: (but I pardon you for that; for, simply, your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue:) Then your hose should be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbutton'd, your shoe untid'd, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements; as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

A. Y., III: 2. 424.

—His Arts.

Ege. * *

This hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child:
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,

And interchang'd love-tokens with my child;
Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung,

With feigning voices, verses of feigning love;

And stol'n the impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gauds, conceits,

Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats,—messengers

Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth:
With cunning hast thou filched my daughter's heart;

Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness.

M. N., I: 1. 321.

—Keen Sense of a.

Biron. * *

A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;

A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,

When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd:

Love's feeling is more soft and sensible,

Than are the tender horns of cockled snails:

Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste.

For valour, is not Love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
Subtle as sphynx; as sweet and musical,
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his
hair;

And when Love speaks, the voice of all the
gods

Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with Love's
sighs.

O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.

L. L., IV: 3. 290.

—Light of Step.

Fri. * * O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint;
A lover may bestride the gossamers
That idle in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

R. J., II: 6. 1258.

LOVERS.—Inseparable.

Bar. * *

Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves,
That could not live asunder day or night.

H. VI., 1 pt., II: 2. 873.

—Their Vows.

Lys. * * If thou lov'st me, then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow
night;

And in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do observance to a morn of May,
There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good Lysander!

I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow;
By his best arrow with the golden head;
By the simplicity of Venus' doves;
By that which knitteth souls, and prospers
loves;
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage
queen,

When the false Trojan under sail was seen;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever woman spoke;
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

M. N., I: 1. 323.

LOVING.—Vehement.

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs
of fire.

T. N., I: 5. 546.

—Violent.

Fri. These violent delights have violent
ends,
And in their triumph die; like fire and pow-
der,
Which, as they kiss, consume.

R. J., II: 6. 1257.

LOWLINESS.—No Barrier to Mirth.

Arth. * *

So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long.

K. J., IV: 1. 664.

LOYALTY.—Honored in Death.

Tit. * *

Lo, as the bark, that hath discharg'd her
fraught,

Returns with precious lading to the bay,
From whence at first she weigh'd her an-
chorage,

Cometh Adronicus, bound with laurel
boughs,

To re-salute his country with his tears.

Tit. And., I: 2. 1202.

—In Defeat.

Eno. * * Yet, he, that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
Does conquer him that did his master con-
quer,
And earns a place i' the story.

A. C., III: 11. 1565.

—Indignant.

York. * *

Com'st thou because the anointed king is
hence?

Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.

Were I but now the lord of such hot youth,
As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and my-
self,

Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars
of men,

From forth the rank of many thousand
French;
O, then, how quickly should this arm of
mine,
Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy fault!

R. II., II: 4. 698.

—**Sneered at.**

Suf. 'T is like, the commons, rude un-
polish'd hinds,
Could send such message to their sovereign;
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To show how quaint an orator you are:
But all the honour Salisbury hath won,
Is—that he was the lord ambassador.
Sent from a sort of tinkers to the king.

II. VI., 2 pt., III: 2. 929.

—**Stronger than other Ties.**

Duch. Why, York, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine
own?
Have we more sons? or are we like to
have?
Is not my teeming date drunk up with
time?
And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine
age,
And rob me of a happy mother's name?
Is he not like thee? Is he not thine own?
York. Thou fond mad woman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?
A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacra-
ment,
And interchangeably set down their hands,
To kill the king at Oxford.

* *
Duch. Hadst thou groan'd for him,
As I have done, thoud'st be more pitiful.
But now I know thy mind; thou dost sus-
pect,
That I have been disloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy son:
Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that
mind:

He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like to me, or any of my kin,
And yet I love him.

York. Make way, unruly woman.

Duch. * *
I'll not be long behind, though I be old,

I doubt not but to ride as fast as York:
And never will I rise up from the ground,
Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee: Away;
Begone.

R. II., V: 2. 713.

LUNGS.—Military.

Host. * * Bully sir John! speak from
thy lungs military.

M. W., IV 5. 114.

LURING.—To Shame.

Mrs. Ford. * * I think the best way
were to entertain him with hope, till the
wicked fire of lust have melted him in his
own grease.

M. W., II: 1. 95.

LUST.—A Fire.

Anne. * *
Fie on lust and luxury!
Lust is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in heart; whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.

M. W., V: 5. 119.

—**Excess of.**

Ros. The blood of youth burns not with
such excess,
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

L. L., V: 2. 294.

—**Kingly, the worst.**

Imo. * *
I could not miss my way: Will poor folks
lie,
That have afflictions on them; knowing 't is
A punishment, or trial? Yes; no wonder
When rich ones scarce tell true: To lapse
in fulness
Is sorer, than to lie for need; and falsehood
Is worse in kings, than beggars.

Cym., III: 6. 1612.

—**Overreaches Itself.**

Pand. * *
And falsehood falsehood cures; as fire cools
fire,
Within the scorched veins of one new
burn'd.

K. J., III: 1. 659.

Plays with what it Loathes.

Hel. * * But O, strange men!

That can such sweet use make of what they hate,

When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts

Defiles the pitchy night! so lust doth play

With what it loathes, for that which is away.

A. W., IV: 4. 523.

—Preys on Garbage.

Ghost. * *

So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,

Will sate itself in a celestial bed,

And prey on garbage.

H., I: 5. 1400.

LYING.—Universal.

Fal. * * Lord, lord, how this world is given to lying!

H. IV., 1 pt., V: 4. 761.

M

MADNESS.—A well-balanced.

King. What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

Queen. Mad as the sea, and wind, when both contend

Which is the mightier.

H. IV., IV: 1. 1421.

—Edgar's Advice. (See Insanity.)

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curled my hair; wore gloves in my cap; * * swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven. * * Wine loved I deeply; dice dearly; and in woman, out-paramoured the Turk: False of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand: Hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to women: Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend. — Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind: Says suum, mun, ha no nonny, dolphin my boy, my boy, sessa; let him trot by.

K. L., III: 4. 1465.

—Exposure a Sign of.

Gent. Contending with the fretful element:

Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curl'd waters 'bove the main,
That things might change, or cease: tears
his white hair;

Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,

Catch in their fury, and make nothing of:
Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn

The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.

This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,

The lion and the belly-pinched wolf

Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,

And bids what will take all.

K. L., III: 1. 1462.

—Flees Accountability.

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir; I have done you wrong;

But pardon it, as you are a gentleman.

This presence knows, and you must needs have heard,

How I am punish'd with a sore distraction.

What have I done,

That might your nature, honour, and exception,

Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.

Was 't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never, Hamlet:

If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,

And, when he's not himself, does wrong Laertes,

Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.

Who does it then? His madness: If 't be so, Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;

His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.
 Sir, in this audience,
 Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil
 Free me so far in your most generous
 thoughts,
 That I have shot my arrow o'er the house,
 And hurt my brother.

H., V: 3. 1435.

—Impending.

Isab. O, prince, I conjure thee, as thou
 believ'st
 There is another comfort than this world,
 That thou neglect me not with that opinion
 That I am touc'd with madness.

M. M., V: 1. 170.

—Limited.

Ham. * * But, sure, that sense
 Is apoplex'd: for madness would not err;
 Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd,
 But it reserv'd some quantity of choice.

H., II: 4. 1419.

—Mixed with Sense.

Duke. By mine honesty,
 If she be mad, as I believe no other,
 Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
 Such a dependency of thing on thing,
 As e'er I heard in madness.

M. M., V: 1. 170.

—Must be Watched.

King. It shall be so:
 Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd
 go.

H., III: 1. 1412.

—Partial.

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west:
 when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk
 from a hand-saw.

H., II: 2. 1407.

—Sad and merry.

Oli. Go call him hither.—I am as mad
 as he,
 If sad and merry madness equal be.

T. N., III: 4. 553.

—Test of.

Ham. Ecstasy!
 My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep
 time,
 And makes us healthful music: It is not
 madness,
 That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,
 And I the matter will re-word; which mad-
 ness would gambol from.

H., III: 4. 1420.

—To be Shunned.

Lear. * *
 O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;
 No more of that.

K. L., III: 4. 1465.

MAGIC.—Its Tricks, Bubbles.

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the
 water has,
 And these are of them.

M., I: 3. 1359.

—Lawful as Eating.

Leon. * *
 If this be magic, let it be an art
 Lawful as eating.

W. T., V: 3. 617.

MAGISTRATES.—Chosen by the People.

Marc. * *
 Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
 Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
 Send thee by me, their tribune, and their
 trust,
 This palliament of white and spotless hue;
 And name thee in election for the empire,
 With these our late-deceased emperor's
 sons:

Be *candidatus* then, and put it on,
 And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. And., I: 2. 1203.

—Should be free from Faults.

Duke. Not so, not so; his life is paral-
 lell'd
 Even with the stroke and line of his great
 justice;
 He doth with holy abstinence subdue

That in himself, which he spurs on his
pow'r

To qualify in others: were he meal'd with
that

Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
But this being so, he's just.

M. M., IV: 2. 165.

MAGNANIMITY.—False, its Pretences.

Bru. * *

Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide them.

J. C., II: 1. 1330.

—Its Forbearance.

Rich. * *

Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs;
Who having pinched a few, and made them
cry,

The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.
So far'd our father with his enemies;
So fled his enemies my warlike father.

H. VI., 3 pt., II: 1. 962.

—Of the Duke of Exeter.

Flu. * * As magnanimous as Agamemnon.

H. V., III: 6. 835.

—To a lying Knave.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double man: but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There is Percy; if your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

P. Hen. Why, Percy I killed myself, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou?—Lord, lord, how this world is given to lying!—I grant you I was down, and out of breath; and so was he: but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them, that should reward valour, bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

P. John. This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

P. Hen. This is the strangest fellow, brother John.——

Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:

For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

H. IV., 1 pt., V: 4. 761.

MAID.—Her Honor.

Mar. * * The honour of a maid is her name, and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

A. W., III: 5. 513.

MAIDEN.—Silent.

Bra. A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at herself.

O., I: 3. 1496.

Por. * *

(And yet a maiden hath no tongue but
thought.)

M. V., III: 2. 376.

MAIDENHOOD.—Death in.

Per. * * Pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids.

W. T., IV: 3. 602.

MAJESTY.—Borrowed.

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the
king of France,
In my behaviour, to the majesty,
The borrow'd majesty of England here.

Eli. A strange beginning:—borrow'd
majesty!

K. J., I: 1. 646.

—Far-reaching.

Ros. * * The cease of majesty
Dies not alone; but, like a gulf, doth draw
What's near it, with it; it is a massy wheel,
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser
things

Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when it
falls,

Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boist'rous ruin. Never alone
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

H., III: 3. 1417.

—Its Mockery.*K. Rich.* * *

Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood

With solemn reverence; throw away respect,

Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while:
I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,

Need friends:—Subjected thus,
How can you say to me—I am a king?

*R. II., III: 2. 702.***—Towers, when Excited.***Bast.* Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers,

When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!

*K. J., II: 2. 653.***MALARIA.—All-pervading.***Cal.* All the infections that the sun sucks up

From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him

By inch-meal a disease!

*T., II: 2. 19.***MALICE.—Daring.***Cran.* * * Men, that make

Envy, and crooked malice, nourishment,
Dare bite the best.

*H. VIII., V: 2. 1090.***—Disguised.***Sal.* * *

Where these two Christian armies might combine

The blood of malice in a vein of league.

*K. J., V: 2. 672.***MALIGNANCY.—Far-reaching.***Wol.* Please your highness, note

This dangerous conception in this point,
Not flattered by his wish, to your high person

His will is most malignant; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.

*H. VIII., I: 2. 1061.***MAN.—And Woman One.***1 Cit.* * *

Whose veins bound richer blood than lady Blanch?

Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dauphin every way complete;

If not complete, O say, he is not she;
And she again wants nothing, to name want,

If want it be not, that she is not he:

He is the half part of a blessed man,

Left to be finished by such as she;

And she a fair divided excellence,

Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.

O, two such silver currents, when they join

Do glorify the banks that bound them in:

And two such shores to two such streams made one,

Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,

To these two princes, if you marry them.

*K. J., II: 2. 634.***—Cleopatra's Idea of a perfect.***Cleo.* His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck

A sun, and moon; which kept their course,
and lighted

The little O, the earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature,—*Cleo.* His legs bestrid the ocean: his rear'd arm

Crested the world: his voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,

He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in 't; an autumn 't was,

That grew the more by reaping: His delights

Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above

The element they liv'd in: In his livery

Walk'd crowns, and crownets; realms and islands were

As plates dropp'd from his pocket.

*A. C., V: 2. 1578.***—Giddy.***Bene.* * * For man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion.*M. A., V: 4. 255.*

—Hamlet's Speech on.

Ham. * * What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form, and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust! man delights not me, nor woman neither; though, by your smiling, you seem to say so.

H., II: 2. 1406.

—His higher Constituents.

Cleo. * *

I am fire, and air; my other elements
I give to baser life.

A. C., V: 2. 1581.

—In Name only.

Por. God made him, and therefore let
him pass for a man.

M. V., I: 2. 364

—Low Type of.

Pro. * * Foolish wench!

To the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.

T., I: 2. 14.

—Twice a Child.

Ros. Happily, he's the second time come
to them; for, they say, an old man is twice
a child.

H. II., 2: 1407.

MANHOOD.—Failure of.

Beat. * * O that I were a man for
his sake! or that I had any friend would be
a man for my sake! But manhood is
melted into cursies, valour into compliment,
and men are only turned into tongue, and
trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Her-
cules that only tells a lie, and swears it. I
cannot be a man with wishing; therefore I
will die a woman with grieving.

M. A., IV: 1. 247.

MANLINESS.—True.

Agam. What Trojan is that same that
looks so heavy?

Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam, a
true knight;

Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of
word;

Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his
tongue;

Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd,
soon calm'd:

His heart and hand both open, and both
free;

For what he has, he gives, what thinks, he
shows;

Yet gives he not till judgment guide his
bounty,

Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath:
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;

For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, sub-
scribes

To tender objects; but he, in heat of action,
Is more vindictive than jealous love:

They call him Troilus; and on him erect

A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.

Thus says Æneas; one that knows the
youth

Even to his inches, and, with private soul,
Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.

T. C., IV: 5. 1132.

MANNERS.—Bad, Laughed at.

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see
a clown.

A. Y., V: 1. 433.

—Evil, Live in Brass.

Grif. Noble madam,

Men's evil manners live in brass; their virt-
ues

We write in water.

H. VIII., IV: 2. 1085.

—Good.

2 Serv. When good manners shall lie all
in one or two men's hands, and they un-
washed too, 't is a foul thing.

R. J., I: 5. 1248.

—Indicated by Shape.

Clif. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indi-
gested lump,

As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!

H. VI., 2 pt., V: 1. 943.

—Queenly.

Flo. * * Each your doing,

So singular in each particular,

Crowns what you are doing in the present
deeds,

That all your acts are queens.

W. T., IV. 3. 602.

MARPLOT.—Detected.*Biron.* * *

Some carry-tale, some please-man, some
slight zany,
Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight,
some Dick,—
That smiles his cheek in years, and knows
the trick
To make my lady laugh, when she's dis-
pos'd—
Told our intents before: which once dis-
clos'd,
The ladies did change favours; and then we,
Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of
she.

L. L., V: 2. 299.**MARRIAGE.—(See Wife; also, Vir-
ginity.) Acceptance of an Offer
of.**

Por. * * Her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.

M. V., III: 2. 378.

Tam. And here, in sight of heaven, to
Rome I swear,
If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Tit. And., I: 2. 1205.**—Buries Brotherhood.***Glo.* * *

But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

H. VI., 3 pt., IV: 1. 979.**—Cements Friendship.***Agr.* * *

By this marriage,
All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their
dangers,
Would then be nothing: truths would be
but tales,
Where now half tales be truths: her love to
both,
Would, each to other, and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke;
For 't is a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

A. C., II: 2. 1549.**—Clandestine, its Excuse.**

Fent. You do amaze her: Hear the
truth of it.

You would have married her most shame-
fully,
Where there was no proportion held in love.
The truth is, she and I, long since contracted,
Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us.
Th' offence is holy that she hath committed:
And this deceit loses the name of craft,
Of disobedience, or unduteous title;
Since therein she doth evitate and shun
A thousand irreligious cursed hours,
Which forced marriage would have brought
upon her.

M. W., V: 5. 120.**—Gives Possession.**

Fri. So smile the heavens upon this holy
act,

That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

Rom. Amen, amen! but come what sor-
row can,

It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

R. J., II: 6. 1257.**—Hasty.**

Glo. Now tell me, brother Clarence,
what think you

Of this new marriage with the lady Grey?
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?

* *

Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you
offended too?

Glo. Not I:

No; God forbid, that I should wish them
sever'd

Whom God hath join'd together: ay, and
't were pity,

To sunder them that yoke so well together.

H. VI., 3 pt., IV: 1. 978.**—Heedlessly, contracted.**

K. Hen. Marriage, uncle! alas! my
years are young;

And fitter is my study and my books,
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.

Yet, call the ambassadors; and, as you please,
So let them have their answers every one :
I shall be well content with any choice,
Tends to God's glory, and my country's weal.

H. VI., 1 pt., V : 1. 891.

—Honorable.

Marg. * * Is not marriage honourable in a beggar?

M. A., III : 4. 242.

—How confirmed.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony :
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I have travell'd but two hours.

T. N., V : I. 567.

—Impassioned Offer of.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora,
queen of Goths, —
That, like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs,
Dost overshadow the gallant'st dames of Rome,
If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,
Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee emperess of Rome.
Speak, queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?
And here I swear by all the Roman gods, —
Sith priest and holy water are so near,
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
In readiness for Hymeneus stand, —
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

Tit. And., I : 2. 1205.

—Imperfectly performed.

Jag. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a

good priest that can tell you what marriage is : this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

A. Y., III : 3. 426.

—Makes a Change.

Ros. * * Men are April when they woo, December when they wed : maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives.

A. Y., IV : 2. 430.

—Not a Thing of Clothes.

Pet. * *
To me she's married, not unto my clothes.

T. S., III : 2. 469.

—Not to be Despised.

Ros. * *
But, mistress, know yourself; down on your knees,
And thank Heaven, fasting, for a good man's love :
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can; you are not for all markets.

A. Y., III : 5. 427.

—Petrucio's mad.

Tra. * *
Signior Gremio! came you from the church?
Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.
Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?
Gre. A bridegroom, say you? 't is a groom indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.
Tra. Curster than she? why 't is impossible.
Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.
Tra. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.
Gre. Tut! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.
I'll tell you, sir Lucentio; When the priest
Should ask—if Katharine should be his wife,

"Ay, by gogs-wouns," quoth he; and
swore so loud

That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the
book:

And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,
This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such
a cuff,

That down fell priest and book, and book
and priest;

"Now take them up," quoth he, "if any
list."

Tra. What said the wench, when he
rose again?

Gre. Trembled and shook; for why, he
stamp'd and swore,

As if the vicar meant to cozen him.

But after many ceremonies done,

He calls for wine:—"A health!" quoth
he, as if

He had been aboard, carousing to his
mates

After a storm:—Quaff'd off the muscadel,
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;
Having no other reason,—

But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,
And seem'd to ask him sops as he was
drinking.

This done, he took the bride about the
neck,

And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous
smack,

That, at the parting, all the church did
echo.

And I, seeing this, came thence for very
shame;

And after me, I know, the route is coming:
Such a mad marriage never was before.

Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play.

T. S., III: 2. 469.

—Premature.

Par. * *

A young man married is a man that's
marr'd.

A. W., II: 3. 508.

Hor. My lord, I came to see your
father's funeral.

Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me,
fellow-student;

I think, it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard
upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral
baked meats

Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

H., I: 2. 1395.

—Second, not of Love.

P. Queen. The instances, that second
marriage move,

Are base respects of thrift, but none of
love:

A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

H., III: 2. 1414.

—Strangles Friendship.

Eno. * * But you shall find, the band
that seems to tie their friendship together,
will be the very strangler of their amity.

A. C., II: 6. 1555.

—When a Curse.

Oth. * * * O curse of marriage,

That we can call these delicate creatures
ours,

And not their appetites! I had rather be a
toad,

And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love.

* *

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks it-
self!—

I'll not believe it.

O., III: 3. 1513.

MARTLET.—Bravery of the.

Ar. * * The martlet

Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.

M. V., II: 9. 374.

MASTER.—(See Service.) Jew a hard One.

Laun. Well, well; but for mine own
part, as I have set up my rest to run away,
so I will not rest till I have run some
ground. My master's a very Jew. Give
him a present? give him a halter! I am
famish'd in his service: you may tell every
finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am

glad you are come: give me your present to one master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries; if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground. — O rare fortune! here comes the man; — to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

M. V., II: 2. 368.

—New, Need new Servants.

War. Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry:

O, that the living Harry had the temper Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen! How many nobles then should hold their places,

That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort!

H. IV., 2 pt., V: 2. 806.

MATRIMONY.—A Contract.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,

Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands, Attested by the holy close of lips, Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;

And all the ceremony of this compact Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:

T. W., V: 1. 566.

—An alarming Prospect.

Prin. * * A world-without-end bargain.

L. L., V: 2. 303.

Leon. Should all despair That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind

Would hang themselves.

W. T., I: 2. 583.

Dro. S. As from a bear a man would run for life, So fly I from her that would be my wife.

C. E., III: 2. 203.

—Desirable.

The. * *

But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd, Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn, Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

M. N., I: 1. 322.

MATTERS.—Great, Take Precedence.

Eno. I shall entreat him

To answer like himself: if Cæsar move him,

Let Antony look over Cæsar's head, And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter, Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard, I would not shave to-day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time

For private stomaching.

Eno. Every time

Serves for the matter that is then born in 't.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

A. C., II: 2. 1548.

MEALS.—Demand Quiet.

Abb. * *

Unquiet meals make ill digestions.

C. E., V: 1. 210.

MEANS.—Weak, God's Choice.

Hel. * *

It is not so with Him that all things knows, As 't is with us that square our guess by shows:

But most it is presumption in 'us, when The help of heaven we count the act of men.

A. W., II: 2. 504.

—Well-husbanded.

Laer. * *

And for my means I'll husband them so well, They shall go far with little.

H., IV: 5. 1425.

MEDDLING.—Ambitious.

Buck. The devil speed him! no man's pie is free'd

From his ambitious finger. What had he To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder, That such a keech can with his very bulk Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun, And keep it from the earth.

H. VIII., I: 1. 1057.

MEDICINE.—Cures and Kills.

Cym. * *

By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death

Will seize the doctor too.

Cym., V: 5. 1626.

MEDITATION.—What it Is.*Oh.* * *

Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy.

A. Y., IV, 3. 432.

MEDIUM.—Circumstances best.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are. And yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing. It is no small happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean; superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

M. V., I: 2. 363.

MEEKNESS.—Becomes a Churchman.

Cran. Ah, my good lord of Winchester, I thank you.

You are always my good friend; if your will pass,

I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,

You are so merciful: I see your end,

'T is my undoing: Love, and meekness, lord,

Become a churchman better than ambition; Win straying souls with modesty again,

Cast none away. That I shall clear myself, Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,

I make as little doubt, as you do conscience, In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,

But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

H. VIII., V: 2. 1090.

—Under Injures.

Macb. * * Do you find

Your patience so predominant in your nature,

That you can let this go? Are you so gospel'd,

To pray for this good man, and for his issue, Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,

And beggar'd yours for ever?

M., III: 3. 1369.

MEETING.—Fixing the Time of.

1 *Witch.* When shall we three meet again? In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

2 *Witch.* When the hurlyburly's done, When the battle's lost and won.

3 *Witch.* That will be ere set of sun.

M., I: 1. 1357.

MELANCHOLY.—(See Discontent.) Bottomless.

Bel. O, melancholy!

Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find

The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare

Might easiest harbour in?—Thou bless'd thing!

Jove knows what man thou might'st have made; but I,

Thou diedst, a most rare boy of melancholy!

Cym., IV: 2. 1617.

—Exhausts Companions.

Fal. * * 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat, or a lugged bear.

P. Hen. Or an old lion; or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

P. Hen. What sayest thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

H. IV., 1 pt., I: 2. 729.

—Fit for Funerals.

The. * *

Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth; Turn melancholy forth to funerals,

The pale companion is not for our pomp.

M. N., I: 1. 321.

—Incurable.

Per. Let none disturb us.—

Why should this change of thoughts,

The sad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy,

By me so us'd a guest is, not an hour,

In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,

(The tomb where grief should sleep,) can breed me quiet!

Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun them,

And danger, which I feared, is at Antioch,

Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here,

Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.
Then it is thus : the passions of the mind,
That have their first conception by mis-
dread,
Have after-nourishment and life by care :
And what was first but fear what might be
done,
Grows elder now, and cares it be not done.
And so with me.

P., I : 2. 1644.

—Of various Kinds.

Ros. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so ; I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure, worse than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why, then 't is good to be a post.

Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation ; nor the musician's, which is fantastical ; nor the courtier's, which is proud ; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious ; nor the lawyer's, which is politic ; nor the lady's, which is nice ; nor the lover's, which is all these : but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

A. Y., IV : 1. 423.

—Pride Mistaken for.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart : you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man : but, by my head, 't is pride.

T. C., II : 3. 1117.

—Singing a Sign of.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you ?

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing ; mend the ruff, and sing : ask questions, and sing ; pick his teeth, and sing : I knew a man that had this trick of melancholy hold a goodly manor for a song.

A. W., III : 2. 511.

—Sings to its Death.

P. Hen. * *

I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,
And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

K. J., V : 7. 676.

—The Nurse of Frenzy.

Serv. * *

And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy :
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

T. S., Ind. : 2. 454.

MEMORY.—Affected by Fatigue.

Lart. Marcius, his name ?

Cor. By Jupiter, forgot : —

I am weary ; yea, my memory is tir'd. —
Have we no wine here ?

Com. Go we to our tent :

The blood upon your visage dries : 't is time
It should be look'd to : come.

C., I : 9. 1159.

—An acute.

Hol. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple ; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions : these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of *pia mater*, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion : But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

L. L., IV : 2. 285.

—Destroyed by Drink.

Lady M. * *

Will I with wine and wassel so convince,
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume.

M., I : 7. 1363.

—Not eternal.

Cym. * *

She hath not yet forgot him : some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's yours.

Cym., II : 3. 1600.

—Painful.

Oth. * * O, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er the infectious house,
Boding to all.

O., IV: 1. 1518.

—Register of Gratitude.

Macb. Give me your favour:—
My dull brain was wrought with things forgotten.

Kind gentlemen, your pains are register'd
Where every day I turn the leaf to read
them.

M., I: 3. 1360.

—Sign of Scholarship.

Mrs. Page. He is a better scholar than
I thought he was.

Eva. He is a good sprag memory.

M. W., IV: 1. 110.

MEN.—Old, Described.

Ham. Slanders, sir; for the satirical
rogue says here, that old men have grey
beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their
eyes purging thick amber, and plum-tree
gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of
wit, together with most weak hams: All of
which, sir, though I most powerfully and
potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty
to have it thus set down; for yourself, sir,
shall be as old as I am, if, like a crab, you
could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madness, yet there's
method in it.

H., II: 2. 1405.

—Soon Lost to Sight.

Emil. 'Tis not a year or two shows us a
man:

They are all but stomachs, and we all but
food;

They eat us hungerly, and when they are full,
They belch us.—Look you,—Cassio, and
my husband.

O., III: 4. 1516.

—Their Supremacy.

Luc. * *

There's nothing situate under heaven's eye
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged
fowls,
Are their males' subjects, and at their con-
trols:

Men, more divine, the masters of all these,

Lords of the wide world, and wild wat'ry seas
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their
lords:

Then let your will attend on their accords.

C. E., II: 1. 195.

MENIAL.—An ambitious.

Old Ath. This fellow here, lord Timon,
this thy creature,

By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclined to
thrift;

And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd,
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well; what further?

Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no
kin else,

On whom I may confer what I have got:

The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a
bride,

And I have bred her at my dearest cost

In qualities of the best. This man of
thine

Attempts her love: I pr'ythee, noble lord,

Join with me to forbid him her resort;

Myself have spoke in vain.

T. A., I: 1. 1287.

MERCY.—Becomes every Station.

Isab. * * Well, believe this,

No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,

Not the king's crown, nor the deputed
sword,

The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's
robe

Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does. If he had been as you

And you as he, you would have slipp'd like
him,

But he, like you, would not have been so
stern.

M. M., II: 2. 152.

—Beyond the Reach of.

Paul. * * A thousand knees,

Ten thousand years together, naked, fast-
ing,

Upon a barren mountain, and still winter

In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

W. T., III: 2. 596.

—Devilish.

Isab. Yes, brother, you may live;
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you 'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.

Claud. Perpetual durance?

Isab. Ay, just, perpetual durance; a restraint,

Though all the world's vastidity you had,
To a determin'd scope.

Claud. But in what nature?

Isab. In such a one as (you consenting
to 't)

Would bark your honour from that trunk you
bear,

And leave you naked.

M. M., III: 1. 157.

—Emboldens Sin.

1 *Sen.* My lord, you have my voice to
it; the fault's

Bloody; 't is necessary he should die:

Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

T. A., III: 5. 1301.

—In Cruelty.

Oth. * *

I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;

I would not have thee linger in thy pain.

O., V: 2. 1529.

—Inspired by Heaven's, to us.

Isab. Alas! alas!

Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit
once:

And he, that might the vantage best have
took,

Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If he, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your
lips,

Like man new made.

M. M., II: 2. 152.

—Its Persistence.

Scroop. That's mercy, but too much security:

Let him be punish'd, sovereign; lest example

Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a
kind.

K. Hen. O, let us yet be merciful.

Cam. So may your highness, and yet
punish too.

Grey. Sir, you show great mercy, if you
give him life,

After the taste of much correction.

H. V., II: 2. 826.

—Lacking in.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark
what mercy his mother shall bring from him:
There is no more mercy in him, than there
is milk in a male tiger; that shall our poor
city find.

C., V: 4. 1191.

—Misconstrued.

West. * *

Here come I from our princely general,
To know your griefs; to tell you from his
grace,

That he will give you audience: and wherein
It shall appear that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them; every thing set off,
That might so much as think you enemies.

Mowb. But he hath forc'd us to compel
this offer;

And it proceeds from policy, not love.

West. Mowbray, you overween, to take
it so;

This offer comes from mercy, not from fear:
For, lo! within a ken, our army lies;
Upon mine honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battle is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best;
Then reason wills, our hearts should be as
good:—

Say you not then, our offer is compell'd.

H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 1. 796.

—Misplaced.

Prin. And, for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence:

I have an interest in your hates' proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a
bleeding;

But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the loss of mine:
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;
Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out
abuses,

Therefore use none : let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he 's found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body, and attend our will :
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

R. J., III : 1. 1260.

—Mistakes concerning.

Escal. It is but needful.
Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so ;
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe.

M. M., II : 1. 151.

—Nature Excels Man in.

Arth. No, in good sooth ; the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeserv'd extremes : See else yourself ;
There is no malice in this burning coal ;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strewed repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings,
Hubert :
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes ;
And, like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.
All things, that you should use to do me wrong,
Deny their office : only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire, and iron, extends,
Creatures of note, for mercy-lacking uses.

K. J., IV : 1. 665

—Nobility's true Badge.

Tam. * *

But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
For valiant doings in their country's cause ?
O ! if to fight for king and common-weal
Were piety in thine, it is in these.
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood :
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods ?
Draw near them then in being merciful :
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge ;
Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

Tit. And., I : 2. 1202.

—Not less to Man than Brutes.

Isab. To-morrow ? O, that 's sudden !
Spare him, spare him :
He 's not prepared for death ! Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of season : shall we serve heaven
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves ? Good, good my lord, bethink you :
Who is it that hath di'd for this offence ?
There 's many have committed it.

M. M., II : 2. 152.

—Not to be Asked of the Injured.

Men. We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.
Com. Who shall ask it ?
The tribunes cannot do 't for shame ; the people
Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the shepherds : for his best friends,
if they
Should say, "Be good to Rome," they charg'd him even
As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein show'd like enemies.
Men. 'T is true :
If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, "Beseech you, cease."

C., IV : 6. 1184.

—Relation to Justice.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd ;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath : it is twice bless'd ;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes :
'T is mightiest in the mighties ; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown ;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,

It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself:
And earthly power doth then show likest
God's,
When mercy seasons justice.

M. V., IV: 1. 384.

—**Sometimes a Vice.**

Tro. Brother, you have a vice of mercy
in you,

Which better fits a lion, than a man.

Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus?
chide me for it.

Tro. When many times the captive Gre-
cians fall,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair
sword,
You bid them rise, and live.

Hect. O, 't is fair play.

Tro. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

Hect. How now? how now?

Tro. For the love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit pity with our
mother;
And when we have our armours buckled
on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our
swords;
Spur them to lawful work, rein them from
ruth.

T. C., V: 3. 1139.

—**True.**

Isab. Ignomy in ransom, and free par-
don,
Are of two houses: lawful mercy is
Nothing akin to foul redemption.

M. M., II: 4. 155.

MERIT.—Does not Get its Reward.

Par. It is to be recovered: but that the
merit of service is seldom attributed to the
true and exact performer, I would have
that drum or another, or *hic jacet*.

A. W., III: 6. 515.

—**May Envenom.**

Adam. O, what a world is this, when
what is comely
Envenoms him that hears it.

A. Y., II: 3. 415.

—**Modest.**

D. Pedro. It is the witness still of excel-
lency,
To put a strange face on his own perfection.

M. A., II: 3. 235.

Jul. * *

They are but beggars that can count their
worth.

R. J., II: 6. 1258.

—**(See Dignity.) More powerful
than Ancestry.**

Nor. Surely, sir,
There's in him stuff that puts him to these
ends:

For, being not propp'd by ancestry, whose
grace

Chalks successors their way; nor call'd
upon

For high feats done to the crown; neither
allied

To eminent assistants; but, spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing-web,—O! give us
note!—

The force of his own merit makes his way
A gift that heaven gives for him, which
buys

A place next to the king.

H. VIII., I: 1. 1057.

MERMAID.—Her Music.

Obe. * *

My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou re-
member'st

Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their
spheres,

To hear the sea-maid's music.

M. N., II: 1. 327.

MERRINESS.—Cures Discontent.

Abbot. * *

I see your brows are full of discontent,
Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of
tears;

Come home with me to supper; I will lay
A plot shall show us all a merry day.

R. II., IV: 1. 711.

MESSENGER.—A poor.

Dol. Caesar, 't is his schoolmaster :
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers,
Not many moons gone by.

A. C., III : 10. 1564.

—A welcome.

Mess. * *

A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

M. V., II : 9. 374.

MESSENGERS.—Should be swift.

Jul. * * Love's heralds should be
thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's
beams,
Driving back shadows over lowering hills :
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw
love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid
wings.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey; and from nine till
twelve
Is three long hours, — yet she is not come.
Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,
She 'd be as swift in motion as a ball.

E. J., II : 5. 1256.

METTLE.—Lady Macbeth's.

Macb. Bring forth men-children only !
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood those
sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very
daggers,
That they have don 't ?

M., I : 7. 1363.

MIDNIGHT.—Appalling.

Ham. * *

'T is now the very witching time of night ;
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself
breathes out
Contagion to this world.

H., III : 2. 1416.

—Drowsy.

K. John. * * If the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound one unto the drowsy race of night.

K. J., III : 3. 661.

Hor. In the dead waist and middle of
the night.

H., I : 2. 1395.

—Urgent Business at.

Gar. * * Affairs that walk
(As, they say, spirits do) at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature, than the business
That seeks despatch by day.

H. VIII., V : 1. 1087.

MIGHTINESS.—Native, to be Feared.

Fr. King. Think we king Harry strong ;
And, princes, look, you strongly arm to
meet him.
The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us ;
And he is bred out of that bloody strain,
That haunted us in our familiar paths.

* *

This is a stem
Of that victorious stock ; and let us fear
The native mightiness and fate of him.

H. V., II : 4. 829.

MIND.—A fair.

Seb. * * She bore a mind that envy
could not but call fair.

T. N., II : 1. 547.

—Diseased.

Macb. How does your patient, doctor ?
Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keeps her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that :
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd ;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow ;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain ;
And with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous
grief,

Which weighs upon the heart ?

Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

Macb. Throw physic to the dogs, I 'll
none of it.

M., V : 3. 1383.

—Disturbed by Love.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there
been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's
dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep
sighs:

But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the furthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight
out,
And makes himself an artificial night:
Black and portentous must this humour
prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

R. J., I: 1. 1243.

—Its Sufferings.

Lear. * * We are not ourselves,
When nature, being oppress'd, commands
the mind
To suffer with the body: I'll forbear;
And am fallen out with my more headier will,
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit
For the sound man.

K. L., II: 4. 1459.

—Superior to Looks.

Pet. For 't is the mind that makes the
body rich.

T. S., IV: 3. 477.

Des. * *

I saw Othello's visage in his mind;
And to his honours, and his valiant parts,
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.

O., I: 3. 1498.

—Youthful.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as
your blood.

K. J., III: 4. 663.

MIRTH.—A good Garment.

Bass. No, that were pity;
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have
friends
That purpose merriment: But fare you well,
I have some business.

M. V., II: 2. 369.

—A Relief.

Ros. * * But a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal.

L. L., II: 1. 277.

Jes. I am sorry thou wilt leave my
father so;
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.

M. V., II: 3. 370.

—Assumed.

Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.

O., II: 1. 1501.

—(See Amusement.) Overpowering.

D. Pedro. * * For, from the crown
of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all
mirth.

M. A., III: 2. 239.

MISALLIANCE.—Contract void.

Clo. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base
wretch,
(One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold
dishes,
With scraps o' the court,) it is no contract,
none:
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,
(Yet who, than he, more mean?) to knit
their souls
(On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary) in self-figur'd knot;
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o' the crown; and must
not soil
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hiding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
A pantler, not so eminent.

Cym., II: 3. 1601.

—To be Made the best of.

Duke. * *
Good Brabantio,
Take up this mangled matter at the best:
Men do their broken weapons rather use,
Than their bare hands.

O., I: 3. 1497.

MISANTHROPY.—How its Victims Talk.

Ham. Man delights not me, nor woman
neither.

H., II : 2. 1406.

Buck. It will help me nothing,
To plead mine innocence; for that die is on
me,
Which makes my whitest part black.

H. VIII., I : 1. 1059.

Alcib. What art thou there?
Speak.

Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker
gnaw thy heart,
For showing me again the eyes of man!

Alcib. What is thy name? Is man so
hateful to thee,
That art thyself a man?

Tim. I am *misanthropos*, and hate man-
kind.
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee something.

T. A., IV : 3. 1305.

MISCHANCE.—Slave to Patience.

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage
for a while,
Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their
true descent;
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death: Meantime, for-
bear,
And let mischance be slave to patience.

R. J., V : 3. 1277.

MISCHIEF.—Love of.

Rom. * * O mischief! thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men.

R. J., V : 1. 1273.

Ant. Now let it work: Mischief, thou
art afoot.

J. C., III : 2. 1342.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand;
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee.
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!

Obe. Stand aside: the noise they make
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

Puck. Then will two at once woo one,—
That must needs be sport alone;
And those things do best please me,
That befall preposterously.

M. N., III : 2. 333.

—Not Mended by Grief.

Duke. * *

To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
What cannot be preserv'd when fortune
takes,

Patience her injury a mockery makes.
The robb'd, that smiles, steals something
from the thief;
He robs himself, that spends a bootless
grief.

O., I : 3. 1497.

MISCONCEPTION.—Deplored.

Hub. * * Brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent breaking from thy tongue
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine
ear.

K. J., V : 6. 675.

MISER.—Compared.

1 *Fish.* * * I can compare our rich
misers to nothing so fitly as a whale: he
plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry
before him, and at last devours them all at
a mouthful.

P., II : 1. 1649.

MISERY.—Abject.

Hot. Sick in the world's regard, wretch-
ed and low.

H. IV., 1 pt., IV : 3. 755.

Q. Kath. 'Would I had never trod this
English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows
your hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched
lady?
I am the most unhappy woman living.—
Alas? poor wenches, where are now your
fortunes?
Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no
pity,

No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me,
 Almost, no grave allow'd me:—Like the lily,
 That once was mistress of the field, and flourish'd,
 I'll hang my head, and perish.

H. VIII., III. 1. 1076.

—Beyond Aggravation.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
 Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.—

No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;
 Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.
 Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips;
 Or make some sign how I may do thee ease:
 Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,

And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain;

Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks
 How they are stain'd; like meadows, yet not dry

With miry slime left on them by a flood?
 And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,
 Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,

And make a brine-pit with our bitter tears?
 Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine?
 Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows

Pass the remainder of our hateful days?
 What shall we do? let us, that have our tongues,

Plot some device of further misery,
 To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

Tit. And., III. 1. 1215.

—Its Reproach.

K. Phi. O fair affliction, peace.

Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:—

O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!

Then with a passion would I shake the world;
 And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,
 Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
 Which scorns a modern invocation.

K. J., III. 4. 662.

—Its strange Bed-fellows.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind; yond same black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bumbard that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfulls.—What have we here,—a man or a fish? Dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of (not of the newest) Poor John; a strange fish! Were I in England now, (as once I was,) and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legg'd like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer,—this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunder-bolt. Alas! the storm is come again: my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout. Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

T., II. 2. 19.

—Mistaken for Madness.

Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Const. Thou art not holy to belie me so; I am not mad: this hair I tear, is mine; My name is Constance; I was Geoffrey's wife; Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost: I am not mad;—I would to heaven I were, For then, 't is like I should forget myself: O, if I could, what grief should I forget! Preach some philosophy to make me mad, And thou shalt be canoniz'd, cardinal; For, being not mad, but sensible of grief, My reasonable part produces reason How I may be deliver'd of these woes, And teaches me to kill or hang myself; If I were mad I should forget my son; Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he. I am not mad; too well, too well I feel The different plague of each calamity.

K. J., III. 4. 662.

—Willing.

Apem. * * Willing misery Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before:

The one is filling still, never complete;
The other, at high wish: Best state, contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst, content.
Thou should'st desire to die, being miserable.

T. A., IV: 3. 1308.

MISFORTUNE.—Deliverance from.

Gon. 'Beseech you, sir, be merry: you have cause

(So have we all) of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe
Is common: every day, some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe: but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us, then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

T., II. 1. 15.

—Demands Pity.

Duke. * *

But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enow to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courtsey.

M. V., IV: 1. 382

—Desertion in.

K. Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a king,
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee:—
Give sorrow leave a while to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I well remember
The favours of these men: Were they not mine?

Did they not sometime cry, all hail! to me?
So Judas did to Christ: but he, in twelve,
Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelve thousand, none.

God save the king!—Will no man say, amen?

Am I both priest and clerk? well then, amen.
God save the king! although I be not he;
And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.
To do what service am I sent for hither?

R. II., IV: 1. 709.

—Excuse for Desertion.

K. Rich. * *

All souls that will be safe, fly from my side;
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

R. II., III: 2. 701.

—Falls heavy on Some.

Bel. Then was I as a tree,
Whose boughs did bend with fruit; but, in one night,
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my yellow hangings.

Cym., III: 3. 1607.

Bel. And, besides, the king
Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life; aye, hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

Cym., IV: 4. 1621.

—Insulted.

York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well grac'd actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on Richard; no man cried, God save him;
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home:
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,
His face still combating with tears and smiles,

The badges of his grief and patience, —
That hath not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him.
But heaven hath a hand in these events;
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

R. II., V: 2. 712.

—**Its Seat the Ground.**

*Q. Mar. * **

Must strike her sail, and learn a while to serve,
Where kings command. I was, I must confess,
Great Albion's queen in former golden days:
But now mischance hath trod my title down,
And with dishonour laid me on the ground;
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
And to my humble seat conform myself.

H. VI., 2 pt., III: 3. 974.

—**Making the Best of.**

Gaunt. All places that the eye of heaven visits,

Are to a wise man ports and happy havens:
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not, the king did banish thee;
But thou the king: Woe doth the heavier sit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go, say—I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
And not—the king exil'd thee: or suppose,
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime,
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st:
Suppose the singing birds, musicians;
The grass whereon thou tread'st, the presence strew'd;

The flowers, fair ladies; and thy steps, no more

Than a delightful measure, or a dance:
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.

R. II., I: 3. 690.

—**Muddled by.**

*Par. * ** I am now, sir, muddled in Fortune's mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

A. W., V: 2. 525.

—**Sweeping.**

*Mowb. * **

We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff,

And good from bad find no partition.

H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 1. 796.

MISFORTUNES.—Clustered.

K. Phi. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,

A whole armado of convented sail
Is scatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowship.

Pand. Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.

K. Phi. What can go well, when we have run so ill?

Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?

And bloody England into England gone,
O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?

K. J., III: 4. 1261.

—**Great, Come to the Great.**

*Cor. * ** Common chances common men could bear;

That when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating.

C., IV: 1. 1177.

—**Too great for Talk.**

*Rom. * ** O give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book.

R. J., V: 3. 1275.

P. John. We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

War. We do remember; but our argument

Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

P. John. Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy!

Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!

H. IV., 2 pt., V; 2. 806.

MISGOVERNMENT.—Its Crisis.

Queen. * *

Uncle,
For heaven's sake, speak comfortable words.

York. Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts:

Comfort 's in heaven; and we are on the earth,

Where nothing lives but crosses, care, and grief.

Your husband he is gone to save far off,
Whilst others come to make him lose at home:

Here am I left to underprop his land;
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself:—

Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made;

Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

R. II., II: 2. 696.

MISREPRESENTATION.—Disproved

P. Hen. O heaven, they did me too much injury,

That ever said, I hearken'd for your death.

If it were so, I might have let alone

The insulting hand of Douglas over you;

Which would have been as speedy in your end,

As all the poisonous potions in the world,

And sav'd the treacherous labour of your son.

H. IV., 1 pt., V: 4. 760.

MISTAKE.—In Punishment.

Oth. * *

O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon just grounds

To this extremity.

O., V: 2. 1530.

MISTAKES.—Military.

Par. * * There was excellent command! to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers!

A. W., III: 6. 515.

MISTRUST.—Cowardly.

War. * * I hold it cowardice,

To rest mistrustful where a noble heart

Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love.

H. VI., 3 pt., IV: 2. 980.

—Kills its Victims.

Tit. * * O setting sun!

As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,

So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;

The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;

Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.

O hateful error, melancholy's child,

Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men

The things that are not? O error, soon conceiv'd,

Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,

But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee?

J. C., V: 3. 1350.

MISUNDERSTANDING.—Mutual.

Par. Friend, we understand not one another: I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning.

T. C., III: 1. 1119.

MITIGATIONS.—Of Villainy.

Ch. Just. Well, I am loath to gall a new-healed wound; your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gad's-hill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'erposting that action.

H. IV., 2 pt., I: 2. 777.

MOBS.—Cruelty of.

Cade. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou behavedst thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house: therefore thus will I reward thee,—The Lent shall be as long again as it is; and thou shalt have a licence to kill for a hundred lacking one. * * The bodies shall be dragged at my horse' heels, till I do come to London, where we will have the mayor's sword borne before us.

Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the gaols, and let out the prisoners.

H. VI., 2 pt., IV: 3. 936.

—Fitful.

Arr. I will not jump with common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.

M. V., II: 9. 374.

Clif. What say ye, countrymen? will ye
relent,

And yield to mercy, whilst 't is offer'd you;
Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths?

Who loves the king, and will embrace his
pardon,

Fling up his cap, and say—God save his
majesty!

Who hateth him, and honours not his father,
Henry the Fifth, that made all France to
quake,

Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.

All. God save the king! God save the
king!

Cade. What, Buckingham, and Clifford,
are ye so brave?—And you, base peasants,
do ye believe him? will you needs be hanged
with your pardons about your necks? Hath
my sword therefore broke through London
Gates, that you should leave me at the White
Hart in Southwark? I thought, you would
never have given out these arms, till you
had recovered your ancient freedom: but
you are all recreants, and dastards; and de-
light to live in slavery to the nobility. Let
them break your backs with burdens, take
your houses over your heads, ravish your
wives and daughters before your faces: For
me,—I will make shift for one; and so—
God's curse 'light upon you all.

All. We 'll follow Cade, we 'll follow
Cade.

Clif. Is Cade the son of Henry the Fifth,
That thus you do exclaim—you 'll go with
him?

Will he conduct you through the heart of
France,

And make the meanest of you earls and
dukes?

Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to;
Nor knows he how to live, but by the spoil,
Unless by robbing of your friends, and us.

Were 't not a shame, that whilst you live at
jar,

The fearful French, whom you late van-
quished,

Should make start o'er seas, and vanquish
you?

Methinks already, in this civil broil,
I see them lording it in London streets,

Crying—*Villageois!* unto all they meet.
Better ten thousand base-born Cades mis-
carry,

Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's
mercy.

To France, to France, and get what you
have lost;

Spare England, for it is your native coast:
Henry hath money, you are strong and
manly;

God on our side, doubt not of victory.

All. A Clifford! a Clifford! we 'll follow
the king, and Clifford.

H. VI., 2 pt., IV: 8. 939.

—Imitative.

K. Hen. * * Like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do.

H. VIII., II: 4. 1073.

—Mutable.

Cor. * * The mutable, rank-scented
many.

C., III: 1. 1169.

—Unchecked, dangerous.

K. Hen. How now, what news? why
com'st thou in such haste?

Mess. The rebels are in Southwark: Fly,
my lord!

Jack Cade proclaims himself lord Mortimer,
Descended from the duke of Clarence's
house;

And calls your grace usurper, openly,
And vows to crown himself in Westminster.

His army is a ragged multitude
Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless:
Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's
death

Hath given them heart and courage to pro-
ceed;

All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
They call—false caterpillars, and intend
their death.

H. VI., 2 pt., IV: 4. 936.

—Wavering.

Indu. * *

That the blunt monster with uncounted
heads,

The still discordant wavering multitude.

H. IV., Ind.: 773.

MOCKERY.—As bad as Death.

Hero. * * If I should speak,
 She would mock me into air; O, she would
 laugh me
 Out of myself, press me to death with
 wit.
 Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,
 Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly:
 It were a better death than die with
 mocks,
 Which is as bad as die with tickling.

M. A., III: 1. 238.

—Blasphemous.

Isab. You do blaspheme the good, in
 mocking me.

M. M., I: 4. 147.

MODERATION.—In Joy, discreet.

Oth. * *
 Let 's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
 Not to out-sport discretion.

O., II: 3. 1504.

—In popular Commotion.

Men. Be that you seem, truly your
 country's friend,
 And temperately proceed to what you
 would
 Thus violently redress.

Bru. Sir, those cold ways,
 That seem like prudent helps, are very
 poisonous
 Where the disease is violent: lay hands
 upon him,
 And bear him to the rock.

C., III: 1. 1171.

—The true Wisdom.

Pet. * *
 And where two raging fires meet together,
 They do consume the thing that feeds their
 fury:
 Though little fire grows great with little
 wind,
 Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and
 all.

T. S., II: 1. 463.

MODESTY.

Pet. * * Modest as the dove.

T. S., II: 1. 465.

—Chivalrous.

Ven. * *
 Better leave undone, than by our deed ac-
 quire
 Too high a fame, when him we serve 's away.

A. C., III: 1. 1557.

—Grieved by Praise.

Mar. Pray now, no more; my mother,
 Who has a charter to extol her blood,
 When she does praise me, grieves me. I
 have done,
 As you have done; that's what I can; in-
 duced
 As you have been; that's for my country:
 He that has but effected his good will,
 Hath overta'en mine act.

Com. You shall not be
 The grave of your deserving; Rome must
 know
 The value of her own: 't were a conceal-
 ment
 Worse than a theft, no less than a traduce-
 ment,

To hide your doings; and to silence that,
 Which, to the spire and top of praises
 vouch'd,
 Would seem but modest: Therefore, I be-
 seech you,

(In sign of what you are, not to reward
 What you have done,) before our army hear
 me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and
 they smart
 To hear themselves remember'd.

C., I: 9. 1158.

—How Excited.

Æne. Ay;
 I ask, that I might waken reverence,
 And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
 Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
 The youthful Phœbus.

T. C., I: 3. 1110.

—Its Deservings.

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to
 even your content, I wish might be found
 in the calendar of my past endeavours: for
 them we wound our modesty, and make
 foul the clearness of our deservings, when
 of ourselves we publish them.

A. W., I: 3. 499.

—Opposed to Noise.

Bass. Why, then you must.—But hear thee, Gratiano;
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;
Parts, that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults,
But where they are not known, why, there they show
Something too liberal:—pray thee take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit; lest, through thy wild behaviour,
I be misconster'd in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.

M. V., II: 2. 369.

—Parade distasteful to.

Glo. * *

I would rather hide me from my greatness,—
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,—
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.

R. III., III: 7. 1029.

MONEY.—But Dirt. (*See page 533.*)

Gui. Money, youth?

Arr. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt?

As 't is no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

Cym., III: 6. 1613.

—Costs Hearts.

Pom. * * Cæsar gets money, where
He loses hearts.

A. C., II: 1. 1547.

—Hides many Faults.

Anne. * *

O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year.

M. W., III: 4. 107.

—Its Power.

Fal. * * For they say, if money go
before, all ways do lie open.

M. W., II: 2. 99.

Gru. * * Nothing comes amiss, so
money comes withal.

T. S., I: 2. 458.

—Powerful.

Fal. Money is a good soldier sir, and
will on.

M. W., II: 2. 99.

MONSTER.—An intellectual.

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whose
nature

Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost!
And as, with age, his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers: I will plague them all.

T., IV: 1. 28.

—Desire to See a.

Trin. * * Were I in England now (as
once I was), and had but this fish painted,
not a holyday fool there but would give a
piece of silver: there would this monster
make a man; any strange beast there makes
a man: when they will not give a doit to
relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten
to see a dead Indian.

T., II: 2. 19.

—Fiendish Exultation of.

Glo. What, will the aspiring blood of
Lancaster

Sink in the ground? I thought it would
have mounted.

See, how my sword weeps for the poor king's
death!

O, may such purple tears be always shed
From those that wish the downfall of our
house!—

If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to hell; and say—I sent thee
thither,

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.—
Indeed, 't is true, that Henry told me of;
For I have often heard my mother say,
I came into the world with my legs forward:
Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?
The midwife wonder'd; and the women
cried,

“O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!”
And so I was; which plainly signified—
That I should snarl, and bite, and play the
dog.

Then, since the heavens have shap'd my
body so,

Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.

I have no brother, I am like no brother;
And this word — love, which greybeards call
divine,

Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me; I am myself alone.

H. VI., 3 pt., V: 6. 992.

—**His Soliloquy.**

Glo. Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
And all the clouds, that lower'd upon our
house,

In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.

Now are our brows bound with victorious
wreaths;

Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums changed to merry meet-
ings,

Our dreadful marches to delightful meas-
ures.

Grim-visaged war had smoothed his wrinkled
front;

And now, — instead of mounting barbed
steeds,

To fright the souls of fearful adversaries, —
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.

But I, — that am not shap'd for sportive
tricks,

Nor made to court an amorous looking-
glass;

I, that am rudely stamped, and want love's
majesty,

To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;

I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,

Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,

Deform'd, unfinished, sent before my time

Into this breathing world, scarce half made
up,

And that so lamely and unfashionable,

That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them; —

Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,

Have no delight to pass away the time;

Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,

And descant on mine own deformity;

And therefore, — since I cannot prove a
lover,

To entertain these fair well-spoken days, —

I am determin'd to prove a villain,

And hate the idle pleasures of these days.

Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,

By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,

To set my brother Clarence, and the king,
In deadly hate the one against the other:
And, if king Edward be as true and just,
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd
up;

About a prophecy, which says — that G
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul! here Clar-
ence comes.

R. III., I: 1. 1001.

MOON.—Emblem of Inconstancy.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I
swear,

That tips with silver all these fruit-tree
tops, —

Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the in-
constant moon,

That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;

Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,

And I'll believe thee.

R. J., II: 2. 1252.

—**Its Powers.**

Tita. * * *

Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,

Pale in her anger, washes all the air,

That rheumatic diseases do abound:

And thorough this distemperature, we see

The seasons alter.

M. N., II: 1. 326.

—**Spectator of Solemnities.**

Hip. * * * The moon, like to a silver
bow

Now bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

M. N., I: 1. 321.

**MOONISHNESS. — A Maiden's, as-
sumed.**

Ros. Yes, one; and in this manner. He
was to imagine me his love, his mistress;
and I set him every day to woo me: At
which time would I, being but a moonish
youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable,
longing, and liking; proud, fantastical,
apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full
of smiles; for every passion something,

and for no passion truly anything, as boys and women are, for the most part, cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cur'd him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in 't.

A. Y., III: 2. 424.

MOONSHINERS.—Falstaff's Friends.

Fal. * * * Gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon.

H. IV., 1 pt., I: 2. 728.

MOOR.—A Boar, when Chafed.

Aar. * * * If you brave the Moor,
The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.

Tit. And., IV: 2. 1222.

MORN.—Described.

Fri. The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the
frowning night,
Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks
of light;
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path-way, made by Titan's
wheels:
Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to
dry,
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours,
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced
flowers.

R. J., II: 3. 1253.

MORNING.—(See Daybreak; also, Modesty.) Its Signs.

Song * *

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks.

L. L., V: 2. 304.

Rich. See how the morning opes her
golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun.

H. VI., 3 pt., II: 1. 962.

Pro. * * * As the morning steals upon
the night,
Melting the darkness.

T., V: 1. 30.

Hor. * * * The moon in russet mantle
clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.

H., I: 1. 1393.

D. Pedro. Good morrow, masters; put
your torches out:
The wolves have prey'd: and, look, the
gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of gray.

M. A., V: 3. 254.

MOROSE.—Countenances of the.

Salar. * * *
And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they'll not show their teeth in way of
smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

M. V., I: 1. 362.

Men. * * * The tartness of his face
sours ripe grapes.

C., V: 4. 1191.

MOTHER.—(See Wishes.) Cruelty in, Admonishing.

Ham. * * * Soft; now to my mother.—
O, heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:
Let me be cruel, not unnatural:
I will speak daggers to her, but use none;
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites:
How in my words soever she be shent,
To give them seals never, my soul, consent.

H., III: 3. 1416.

—Denied to her Children.

Q. Eliz. * * *
Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the prince, and my young son of
York?

Brak. Right well, dear madam: By
your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them;
The king hath strictly charg'd the con-
trary.

Q. Eliz. The king! who's that?

Brak. I mean, the lord protector.

Q. Eliz. The Lord protect him from that kingly title!

Hath he set bounds between their love, and me?

I am their mother, who shall bar me from them?

Duch. I am their father's mother, I will see them.

Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother:

Them bring me to their sights; I 'll bear thy blame,

And take thy office from thee, on thy peril.

R. III., IV: 1. 1030.

—Her Intercession.

Vol. O, stand up bless'd!

Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,

I kneel before thee; and improperly Show duty, as mistaken all the while Between the child and parent.

Cor. What is this?

Your knees to me? to your corrected son? Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds

Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun;

Murd'ring impossibility, to make What cannot be, slight work.

C., V: 3. 1189.

—Honored.

Cor. * *

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mould

Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand

The grand-child to her blood.

* *

My mother bows;

As if Olympus to a molehill should

In supplication nod.

C., V: 3. 1188.

Love for her Son.

Const. * *

O lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!

My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!

My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure!

K. J., III: 4. 662.

MOTIVE.—Ambiguous.

Beyk. * * What pricks you on To take advantage of the absent time, And fright our native peace with self-born arms.

R. II., II: 3. 698.

MOTIVES.—Lesser, never Moved.

Dogb. * * The ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never answer a calf when it bleats.

M. A., III: 3. 241.

MOUNTAIN.—Life noble.

Bel. Now, for our mountain sport: Up to yon hill,

Your legs are young; I 'll tread these flats. Consider,

When you above perceive me like a crow, That it is place, which lessens, and sets off. And you may then revolve what tales I have told you,

Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war: This service is not service, so being done, But being so allow'd: To apprehend thus, Draws us a profit from all things we see: And often, to our comfort, shall we find The sharded beetle in a safer hold

Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life Is nobler, than attending for a check; Richer, than doing nothing for a babe; Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk: Such gain the cap of him, that makes them fine,

Yet keeps his book uncross'd: no life to ours.

Cym., III: 3. 1606.

MUNIFICENCE.—The Attribute of gods.

Sim. * *

Princes, in this, should live like gods above, Who freely give to every one that comes To honour them: and princes, not doing so, Are like to gnats, which make a sound, but kill'd

Are wonder'd at.

P., II: 3. 1652.

MURDER.—A fiendish.

K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel! am I happy in thy news?

Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge

Beget your happiness, be happy then,
For it is done.

K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead?

Tyr. I did, my lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath
buried them;

But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon, at
after supper,

When thou shalt tell the process of their
death.

Mean time, but think how I may do thee
good,

And be inheritor of thy desire.

R. III., IV: 3. 1033.

—A Robbery.

Bast. They found him dead, and cast
into the streets;

An empty casket, where the jewel of life
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en
away.

K. J., V: 1. 671.

—Artistically committed.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody,
Caius Cassius,

To cut the head off, and then hack the
limbs;

Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards:
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.

Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.

We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;

And in the spirit of men there is no blood:

O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,

Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle
friends,

Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;

Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,

Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:

And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,

Stir up their servants to an act of rage,

And after seem to chide them. This shall
make

Our purpose necessary, and not envious;

Which so appearing to the common eyes,

We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.

And for Mark Antony, think not of him;

For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,

When Cæsar's head is off.

J. C., II: 1. 1330.

—Atrocious.

Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? Have
you beheld,

Or have you read, or heard? or could you
think?

Or do you almost think, although you see,
That you do see? could thought, without this
object,

Form such another? This is the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest
shame,

The wildest savag'ry, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage,
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

Pem. All murders, past do stand excus'd
in this:

And this, so sole, and so unmatchable,

Shall give a holiness, a purity,

To the yet-unbegotten sin of time;

And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
Exampled by this heinous spectacle.

Bast. It is a damned and a bloody work;
The graceless action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.

K. J., IV: 3. 669.

—Cries for Vengeance.

Boling. * *

Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
Even from the tongueless caverns of the
earth,

To me, for justice, and rough chastisement.

R. II., I: 1. 685.

—Cruel, of a Child.

Clif. Chaplain, away! thy priesthood
saves thy life.

As for the brat of this accursed duke,

Whose father slew my father, — he shall die.

Tut. And I, my lord, will bear him com-
pany.

Clif. Soldiers, away with him.

Tut. Ah, Clifford! murder not this inno-
cent child,

Lest thou be hated both of God and man.

Clif. How now! is he dead already? Or,
is it fear,

That makes him close his eyes? — I'll open
them.

Rut. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the
wretch

That trembles under his devouring paws ;
And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey,
And so he comes, to rend, his limbs asunder. —

Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threat'ning look.
Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die : —
I am too mean a subject for thy wrath,
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.

Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy ; my
father's blood

Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words
should enter.

Rut. Then let my father's blood open it
again ;

He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives,
and thine,

Were not revenge sufficient for me ;
No, if I digged up thy forefathers' graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my
heart.

The sight of any of the house of York
Is as a fury to torment my soul ;
And till I root out their accursed line,
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.
Therefore —

Rut. O, let me pray before I take my
death : —

To thee I pray : Sweet Clifford, pity me !

Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point af-
fords.

Rut. I never did thee harm : Why wilt
thou slay me ?

Clif. Thy father hath.

Rut. But 't was ere I was born ;

Thou hast one son, for his sake pity me ;
Lest, in revenge thereof, — sith God is just, —
He be as miserably slain as I.

Ah, let me live in prison all my days ;
And when I give occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

Clif. No cause ?

Thy father slew my father ; therefore, die.

Rut. *Di faciant, laudis summa sit ista
tuæ !*

H. VI., 3d. pt., I : 3. 959.

K. John. * *

Hear me without thine ears, and make re-
ply

Without a tongue, using conceit alone,

Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of
words ;

Then, in despite of broad-eyed watchful
day,

I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts ;
But ah, I will not : — Yet I love thee well ;
And, by my troth, I think, thou lov'st me
well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me un-
dertake,

Though that my death were adjunct to my
act,

By heaven, I 'd do 't.

K. John. Do not I know, thou would'st ?
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine
eye

On yon young boy : I 'll tell thee what, my
friend,

He is a very serpent in my way ;
And, wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth
tread,

He lies before me : Dost thou understand
me ?

Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I will keep him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. John. Death.

Hub. My lord.

K. John. A grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

K. John. Enough.

I could be merry now : Hubert, I love thee,

K. J., III : 3. 661.

—Forbidden.

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have
slain men,

Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience,
To do no contriv'd murder ; I lack iniquity
Sometimes, to do me service : Nine or ten
times

I had thought to have yerk'd him here un-
der the ribs.

O., I : 2. 1493.

—Its certain Signs.

War. As surely as my soul intends to
live

With that dread King that took our state
upon him,

To free us from his Father's wrathful curse,
I do believe that violent hands were laid

Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.

Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!

What instance gives lord Warwick for his vow?

War. See, how the blood is settled in his face!

Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless,

Being all descended to the labouring heart;
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;

Which with the heart there cools and ne'er returneth

To blush and beautify the cheek again.

But, see, his face is black, and full of blood;
His eye-balls further out than when he liv'd,
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man:

His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd
with struggling;

His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd

And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdu'd.

Look on the sheets, his hair, you see, is sticking;

His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,

Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.

It cannot be, but he was murder'd here;

The least of all these signs were probable.

H. VII., 2 pt., III: 2. 928.

—Its Sacrilege.

Macb. Len. What's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!

Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence

The life o' the building.

M., II: 3. 1366.

—Mercenary Motives to.

Edm. Come hither, captain; hark.

Take thou this note; go, follow them to prison:

One step, I have advanc'd thee; if thou dost
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way

To noble fortunes: Know thou this,—that men

Are as the time is: to be tender-minded

Does not become a sword:—Thy great employment

Will not bear question; either say, thou 'lt do 't,

Or thrive by other means.

Off. I 'll do 't, my lord.

Edm. About it; and write happy, when thou hast done.

Mark,—I say, instantly; and carry it so,
As I have set it down.

Capt. I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats;

If it be man's work, I will do it.

K. L., V: 3. 1481.

—Of Banquo.

Macb. * * There's blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'T is Banquo's then.

Macb. 'T is better thee without, than he within.

Is he despatch'd?

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats: Yet he's good;

That did the like for Fleance; if thou didst it,

Thou art the nonpareil,

Mur. Most royal sir,

Fleance is 'scap'd.

Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect;

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;

As broad, and general, as the casing air;

But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd,
bound in

To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?

Mur. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,

With twenty trenched gashes on his head;

The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that:

There the grown serpent lies; the worm,
that's fled,

Hath nature that in time will venom breed,

No teeth for the present.

M., III: 4. 1371.

—Of Henry VI.

K. Hen. * *

Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words :
My breast can better brook thy dagger's
point,
Than can my ears that tragic history. —
But wherefore dost thou come? is 't for my
life?

Glo. Think'st thou, I am an executioner?*K. Hen.* A persecutor, I am sure, thou
art;

If murdering innocents be executing,
Why, then thou art an executioner.

Glo. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

K. Hen. Hadst thou been kill'd, when
first thou didst presume,
Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.
And thus I prophesy, that many a thousand,

Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear;
And many an old man's sigh, and many a
widow's,

And many an orphan's water-standing eye,—
Men for their sons', wives for their husbands' fate,

And orphans for their parents' timeless
death, —

Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;
The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook
down trees;

The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's
hope;

To wit, — an indigest deformed lump,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
Teeth hadst thou in thy head, when thou
wast born,

To signify, — thou cam'st to bite the world :
And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou cam'st —

Glo. I'll hear no more; — Die, prophet,
in thy speech;

For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

K. Hen. Ay, and for much more slaughter
after this.

O God! forgive my sins, and pardon thee!

H. VI., 3 pt., V: 6. 991.

—Of the King of Denmark.

Ham. Murder?*Ghost.* Murder most foul, as in the best
it is;

But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know it; that I, with
wings as swift

As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt;

And duller should'st thou be than the fat
weed

That rots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,

Would'st thou not stir in this. Now, Ham-
let, hear :

'T is given out, that sleeping in mine orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of
Denmark

Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abus'd : but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life,
Now wears his crown.

Ham. O my prophetic soul! my uncle!*H.*, I: 5. 1399.

—Premeditated.

Ant. * *

Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's
gold;

We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must
kill him :

It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
Because we bid it.

P., I: 1. 1644.

—Proposal to Commit.

K. Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a
friend of mine?*Tyr.* Please you; but I had rather kill
two deep enemies.*K. Rich.* Why, then thou hast it; two
deep enemies,

Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's dis-
turbers,

Are they that I would have thee deal upon :
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me have open means to come
to them.

And soon I'll rid you from the fear of
them.

K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet music.

Hark, come thither, Tyrrel;

Go, by this token;— Rise, and lend thine ear :

There is no more but so :— Say, it is done, And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.

Tyr. I will despatch it straight.

R. III., IV : 2. 1032.

— Revealed for Revenge.

Pem. O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty?

The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,

Doth lay it open, to urge on revenge.

Big. Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,

Found it too precious-princely for a grave.

K. J., IV : 3. 669.

— Traitorous.

War. It is reported, mighty sovereign, That good duke Humphrey traitorously is murder'd

By Suffolk and the cardinal Beaufort's means.

The commons, like an angry hive of bees, That want their leader, scatter up and down, And care not who they sting in his revenge. Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny, Until they hear the order of his death.

K. Hen. That he is dead, good Warwick, 't is too true;

But how he died, God knows, not Henry : Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,

And comment then upon his sudden death.

H. VI., 2 pt., III : 2. 927.

— Under doubtful Impulse.

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed :

And yet he has given me satisfying reasons : 'T is but a man gone :— forth, my sword ; he dies.

O., V : 1. 1526.

— Villainous to Know of.

Pom. Ah, this thou should'st have done, And not have spoken on 't ! In me, 't is villany ;

In thee, it had been good service. Thou must know

'T is not my profit that does lead mine honour ;

Mine honour, it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue

Hath so betray'd thine act : Being done unknown,

I should have found it afterwards well done ;

But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

A. C., II : 7. 1556.

— Will out.

Macb. It will have blood ; they say, blood will have blood ;

Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak ;

Augurs, and understood relations, have By magot-pies and coughts, and rooks, brought forth

The secret'st man of blood.

M., III : 4. 1373.

MURDERED.—Avenging Ghosts.

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,

Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal ; Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd

Too terrible for the ear : the times have been,

That, when the brains were out, the man would die,

And there an end : but now, they rise again,

With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,

And push us from our stools : This is more strange

Than such a murder is.

M., III : 4. 1372.

— Wounds of the, Bleed.

Glo. Stay you, that bear the corse, and set it down.

Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,

To stop devoted charitable deeds?

Glo. Villains, set down the corse ; or, by Saint Paul,

I'll make a corse of him that disobey's.

1 *Gent.* My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

Glo. Unmannered dog! stand thou when
I command:

Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,
Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my
foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy bold-
ness.

Anne. What, do you tremble? are you
all afraid?

Alas, I blame you not; for you are mortal,
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil. —
Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!
Thou had'st but power over his mortal body,
His soul thou canst not have; therefore, be
gone.

Glo. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so
curst.

Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence,
and trouble us not;
For thou hast made the happy earth thy
hell,
Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deep ex-
claims.

If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries: —
O, gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed
afresh!

Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;
For 't is thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood
dwells;

Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural. —
O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his
death!

O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge
his death!

Either, heaven, with lightning strike the
murderer dead,

Or, earth, gape open wide, and eat him
quick;

As thou dost swallow up this good king's
blood,

Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!

Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for
curses.

Anne. Villain, thou know'st no law of
God nor man;

No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of
pity.

R. III., I: 2. 1003.

MURDERER.—Mother of a.

Duch. O ill-dispersing wind of misery!
O my accurs'd womb, the bed of death;
A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,
Whose unavoided eye is murderous!

R. III., IV: 1. 1031.

—Offered imperial Honors.

Cit. Live, Brutus, live! live!

1 *Cit.* Bring him with triumph home un-
to his house.

2 *Cit.* Give him a statue with his ances-
tors.

3 *Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

4 *Cit.* Cæsar's better parts
Shall now be crown'd in Brutus.

1 *Cit.* We'll bring him to his house
with shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen, —

2 *Cit.* Peace; silence! Brutus speaks.

1 *Cit.* Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart
alone,

And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his
speech

Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark
Antony,

By our permission, is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

J. C., III: 2. 1339.

—Sought for.

Boling. Call forth Bagot: —

Now Bagot, freely speak thy mind;

What thou dost know of noble Gloster's
death;

Who wrought it with the king, and who
perform'd

The bloody office of his timeless end.

R. II., IV: 1. 707.

MURDERERS.—Of heretical Kings.

Pand. * * *

And blessed shall he be, that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretic;
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonized, and worshipp'd as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.

K. J., III: 1. 658.

MURDERESS.—Confession of a.

Cym. O most delicate fiend!
 Who is't can read a woman?—Is there more?
Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did
 confess, she had
 For you a mortal mineral; which, being
 took,
 Should by the minute feed on life, and,
 ling'ring,
 By inches waste you: In which time she
 purpos'd,
 By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
 O'ercome you with her show; yes, and in
 time,
 (When she had fitted you with her craft,) to
 work
 Her son into the adoption of the crown.
 But failing of her end by his strange ab-
 sence,
 Grew shameless-desperate; open'd, in de-
 spite
 Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented
 The evils she hatch'd were not effected: so,
 Despairing, died.

Cym., V: 5. 1626.

MURMURING.—Threatened.

Pro. If thou murmur'st, I will rend an
 oak,
 And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
 Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

T., I: 2. 11.

MUSIC.—(See Love.) Bottom's Ear for.

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in
 music: let us have the tongs and the bones.

M. N., IV: 1. 338.

—Its Power.

Ari. * * Then I beat my tabor,
 At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd
 their ears,
 Advanc'd their eyelids, lifted up their noses,
 As they smelt music.

T., IV: 1. 28.

Lor. * *

Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn;
 With sweetest touches pierce your mistress'
 ear,
 And draw her home with music.

Jes. I am never merry when I hear
 sweet music.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are at-
 tentive:

For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
 Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
 Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neigh-
 ing loud,

Which is the hot condition of their blood;
 If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
 Or any air of music touch their ears,
 You shall perceive them make a mutual
 stand,

Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
 By the sweet power of music: Therefore,
 the poet

Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones,
 and floods,—

Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of
 rage,

But music for the time doth change his na-
 ture;

The man that hath no music in himself,
 Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet
 sounds,

Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
 And his affections dark as Erebus:
 Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the
 music.

M. V., V: 1. 389.

Pro. * *

For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets'
 sinews,

Whose golden touch could soften steel and
 stones,

Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
 Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.

T. G., III: 2. 64.

Duke. 'T is good: though music oft hath
 such a charm,

To make bad good, and good provoke to
 * harm.

M. M., IV: 1. 163.

—Miserable.

K. Rich. * * How sour sweet music is,
 when time is broke, and no proportion kept.

R. II., V: 5. 716.

Suf. * *

Their music, frightful as the serpent's hiss.

II. VT., 2 pt., III: 2. 930.

Cal. Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
 Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight,
 and hurt not.
 Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
 Will hum about mine ears, and sometimes voices,
 That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
 Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
 The clouds, methought, would open, and show riches,
 Ready to drop upon me, that when I wak'd,
 I cry'd to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.

T., III: 2. 24.

—Ravishes the Soul.

Bene. Now, "Divine air!" now is his soul ravished!—Is it not strange that sheep's guts should hale souls out of men's bodies?—Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.
 * * An he had been a dog that should have howl'd thus, they would have hang'd him: and I pray God his bad voice bode no mischief! I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

M. A., II: 3. 235.

—Relation to Love.

Duke. * *

How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat
 Where Love is thrond.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly.

T. N., II: 4. 550.

—Shut out.

Shy. What! are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica;
 Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
 And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife,
 Clamber not you up to the casements then,
 Nor thrust your head into the public street,
 To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces:

But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements;
 Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
 My sober house. —

M. V., II: 5. 371.

K. Hen. I pray you take me up, and bear me hence
 Into some other chamber: softly, 'pray.
 Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;
 Unless some dull and favourable hand
 Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

War. Call for the music in the other room.

K. Hen. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

Cla. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

War. Less noise, less noise.

H., IV., 2 pt., IV: 4. 801.

—Suitable for Defeat or Success.

Por. * *

Let music sound, while he doth make his choice;

Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,

Fading in music: that the comparison
 May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream

And watery death-bed for him. He may win;

And what is music then? then music is
 Even as the flourish when true subjects bow

To a new-crowned monarch: such it is,
 As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,

That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,

And summon him to marriage.

M. V., III: 2. 377.

—When discordant.

K. Rich. Music do I hear?

Ha, ha! keep time:—How sour sweet music is,

When time is broke, and no proportion kept!

R. II., V: 5. 716.

MUTABILITY.—Of human Nature.*Apem.* * *

We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves;

And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,
Upon whose age we void it up again,
With poisonous spite, and envy.

* * Those, that dance before me now,
Would one day stamp upon me : It has been
done ;

Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

T. A., I: 2. 1291.**MYSTERIES.—Abound.***Ham.* * *

There are more things in heaven and earth,
Horatio,

Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

H., I: 5. 1401.**—Solved, when Known.**

Duke. * * Put not yourself into amazement how these things should be ; all difficulties are but easy when they are known.

M. M., IV: 2. 166.

N

NAIADS.—Summoned.

Iris. You nymphs call'd Naiads, of the
winding brooks,

With your seg'd'd crowns, and ever harmless looks,

Leave your crisp channels, and on this
green land

Answer your summons.

T., IV: 1. 97.**NAME.—A hated.**

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou 'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No ; though thou call 'st thyself a hotter name

Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name 's Macbeth.

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not
pronounce a title

More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant ;
with my sword

I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

M., V: 7. 1384.**—Good, precious.**

Iago. Good name, in man, and woman,
dear my lord,

Is the immediate jewel of their souls :

Who steals my purse, steals trash ; 't is
something, nothing ;

'T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to
thousands ;

But he, that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,

And makes me poor indeed.

O., III: 3. 1511.**—Despised.**

Rom. As if that name,

Shot from the deadly level of a gun,

Did murder her ; as that name's cursed hand

Murder'd her kinsman.—O tell me, friar,
tell me,

In what vile part of this anatomy

Doth my name lodge ! tell me, that I may
sack

The hateful mansion.

R. J., III: 3. 1263.**—Heroic, honorable Achieved.**

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight

Within Corioli' gates : where he hath won,
With fame, a name to Caius Marcius ; these

In honour follows, Coriolanus :—

Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus !

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus !

* *

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes : I
could weep,

And I could laugh ; I am light, and heavy :
Welcome :

A curse begin at very root of his heart,
That is not glad to see thee!

* *

Cor. Know, good mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way,
Than sway with them in theirs.

C., II: 1. 1161.

—**Inspiration in a great.**

K. Rich. I had forgot myself: Am I not king?

Awake, thou sluggard majesty! thou sleep'st.
I'st not the king's name forty thousand names?
Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes
At thy great glory. — Look not to the ground,
Ye favourites of a king: are we not high?
High be our thoughts: I know my uncle York
Hath power enough to serve our turn.

R. II., III: 2. 701.

—**Knowledge of Desired.**

Fer. * * I do beseech you,
(Chiefly, that I might set it in my prayers,)
What is your name?

T., III: 1. 22.

—**What is in a**

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou, Romeo?

Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

Jul. 'T is but thy name that is my enemy;
Thou art thyself though, not a Montague.
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title: — Romeo, doff thy name;
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

R. J., II: 2. 1251.

NATIONALITY.—No Man's Business.

Mac. Of my nation? What ish my nation?
What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation, ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal.

H. V., III: 2. 833.

NATIVITY.—A rough.

Per. Now, mild may be thy life!
For a more blust'rous birth had never babe:

Quiet and gentle thy conditions!

For thou 'rt the rudeliest welcomed to this world,

That e'er was prince's child. Happy what follows!

Thou hast as chiding a nativity,

As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,

To herald thee from the womb: even at the first,

Thy loss is more than thy portage quit,

With all thou canst find here.—Now the good gods

Throw their best eyes upon it!

P., III: 1. 1655.

NATURE.—Base, dangerous.

Ham. * *

'T is dangerous, when the baser nature comes

Between the pass and fell incensed points

Of mighty opposites.

H., V: 2. 1433.

—**Bounteous in Supply.**

Tim. * *

Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots;

Within this mile break forth a hundred springs;

The oaks bear mast, the briers scarlet hips;

The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush

Lays her full mess before you? Want? why want?

T. A., IV: 3. 1310.

—**Cannot be Destroyed.**

Boling. Then, England's ground, farewell; sweet soil, adieu;

My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!

Where-e'er I wander, boast of this I can,—

Though banish'd, yet a trueborn Englishman.

R. II., I: 3. 691.

—(See Grafting.) Cannot be Improved.

King. * *

Labouring art can never ransom Nature
From her inaidable estate.

A. W., II: 1. 503.

—Impartial.

Per. * *

The self-same sun that shines upon his court
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike.

W. T., IV: 3. 606.

—Its Voices.

Bel. * *

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature.

Cym., III: 3. 1607.

Cor. * *

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd
mould

Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her
hand

The grandchild to her blood. But, out, af-
fection!

All bond and privilege of nature, break!

Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate.—

What is that curt'sy worth? or those doves'
eyes,

Which can make gods forsworn?—I melt,
and am not

Of stronger earth than others. My mother
bows;

As if Olympus to a molehill should

In supplication nod: and my young boy

Hath an aspect of intercession, which

Great nature cries, "Deny not."—Let the
Voices

Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never
Be such a goslin to obey instinct; but
stand,

As if a man were author of himself,

And knew no other kin.

C., V: 3. 1188.

—Makes the World akin.

Ulyss. * *

One touch of nature makes the whole
world kin——

That all, with one consent, praise new-born
gawds,

Though they are made and moulded of
things past;

More laud give to dust, that is a little gilt.

T. C., III: 3. 1125.

—Shocked.

Len. The night has been unruly: Where
we lay,

Our chimneys were blown down: and, as
they say,

Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams
of death;

And prophecying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to the woeful time. The ob-
scure bird

Clamour'd the livelong night: some say, the
earth

Was feverous, and did shake.

M., II: 3. 1366.

—Will out.

Shal. Bodykins, master Page, though I
now be old, and of the peace, if I see a
sword out, my finger itches to make one:
though we are justices, and doctors, and
churchmen, master Page, we have some
salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of
women, master Page.

M. W., II: 3. 101.

NAVY.—Foams the Ocean.

Pom. * * And that is it

Hath made me rig my navy: at whose bur-
then

The anger'd ocean foams; with which I
meant

To scourge the ingratitude that spiteful
Rome

Cast on my nobler father.

A. C., II: 6. 1554.

NEATNESS.—No Guarantee.

2 *Lord.* I will never trust a man again,
for keeping his sword clean: nor believe he
can have everything in him, by wearing his
apparel neatly

A. W., IV: 3. 520.

NECESSITIES.—Make vile things possible.

Lear. * * Where is this straw, my fel-
low?

The art of our necessities is strange,
And can make vile things precious.

K. L., III: 2. 1464.

NECESSITY.—A Teacher.

Gaunt. All places that the eye of heaven visits,
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens:
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
There is no virtue like necessity.

R. II., I: 4. 690.

—Cannot Compel.

Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismissed?

No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity o' the air;
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—
Necessity's sharp pinch!—Return with her?
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took

Our youngest born, I could as well be brought

To kneel his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg

To keep base life afoot:—Return with her?

Persuade me rather to be slave and sump-ter

To this detested groom.

K. L., II: 4. 1461.

—Defies Oaths.

Biron. Necessity will make us all forsworn

Three thousand times within this three years' space:

For every man with his affects is born;

Not by might master'd, but by special grace.

If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,—

I am forsworn on mere necessity.

L. L., I: 1. 273.

—Its Influence.

Blanch. The lady Constance speaks not from her faith,

But from her need.

K. J., III: 1. 659

—Made a Virtue.

2 *Out.* * *

To make a virtue of necessity,
And live, as we do, in this wilderness?

T. G., IV: 1. 65.

—Must Rule us.

Bast. * *

In at the window, or else o'er the hatch:
Who dares not stir by day, must walk by night.

K. J., I: 1. 648.

—Villainy Charged to.

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world! that, when we are sick in fortune, (often the surfeit of our own behaviour,) we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity; fools, by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers, by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on.

K. L., I: 2. 1448.

NEED.—Nature's Giving beyond.

Lear. O, reason not the need: our basest beggars

Are in the poorest thing superfluous:

Allow not nature more than nature needs,

Man's life is cheap as beast's: thou art a lady;

If only to go warm were gorgeous,

Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,

Which scarcely keeps thee warm.

K. L., II: 4. 1461.

NEEDLEWORK.—Marina's Employment.

Gow. * *

Be't when she weav'd the sleided silk

With fingers, long, small, white as milk;

Or when she would with sharp needl wound

The cambric, which she made more sound

By hurting it.

P. IV: Ind., 1659.

—Perfection in.

Gow. * * With her needl composes

Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch,

or berry;

That even her art sisters the natural roses;

Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry.

P., V: 1. 1666.

NEGLECT.—Criminal.

K. Hen. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke,
 Ill-spirited Worcester! did we not send grace,
 Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
 And would'st thou turn our offers contrary?
 Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust?
 Three knights upon our party slain to-day,
 A noble earl, and many a creature else,
 Had been alive this hour,
 If, like a Christian, thou hadst truly borne
 Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

H. IV., 1 pt., V: 5. 762.

—Its Consequences.

Fab. * * You are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion, where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either of valour or policy.

T. N., III: 2. 556.

—Self.

Dau. Turn head, and stop pursuit: for coward dogs
 Most spend their mouths, when what they seem to threaten,
 Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,
 Take up the English short; and let them know
 Of what a monarchy you are the head:
 Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
 As self-neglecting.

H. V., II: 4. 830.

—Undeserved

Achil. I do believe it — for they pass'd by me,
 As misers do by beggars; neither give to me
 Good word, nor look: What are my deeds forgot.

T. C., III: 3. 1125.

NEGLIGENCE.—Attempts Excuse.

Cam. My gracious lord,
 I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful;
 In every one of these no man is free,
 But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
 Amongst the infinite doings of the world,
 Sometime puts forth:

W. T., I: 2. 584.

—No Excuse for.

Leon. * * Or else thou must be counted
 A servant grafted in my serious trust,
 And therein negligent.

W. T., I: 2. 584.

—Willful

Cam. * * In your affairs, my lord,
 If ever I were wilful-negligent,
 It was my folly; if industriously
 I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
 Not weighing well the end.

W. T., I: 2. 584.

NEGRO.—Admired.

Pro. * * Black men are pearls in
 beauteous ladies' eyes.

T. G., V: 2. 70.

NEIGHBORS.—Bad, an Irritation.

K. Hen. We do not mean the coursing
 snatchers only,
 But fear the main intendment of the Scot,
 Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us;
 For you shall read, that my great grandfather
 Never went with his forces into France,
 But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom
 Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
 With ample and brim fulness of his force;
 Galling the gleaned land with hot essays;
 Girding with grievous siege, castles and towns;
 That England, being empty of defence,
 Hath shook, and trembled at the ill neighbourhood.

H. V., I: 1. 822.

NEWS.—Abundant.

Peto. * *
 And there are twenty weak and wearied posts,
 Come from the north: and, as I came along,
 I met, and overtook, a dozen captains,
 Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns.

H. IV., 2 pt., II: 4. 789.

—All-absorbing.

Hub. Old men, and beldams, in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously :

Young Arthur's death is common in their
mouths :

And when they talk of him, they shake their
heads,

And whisper one another in the ear ;
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's
wrist ;

While he that hears makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with roll-
ing eyes.

I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
And whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's
news ;

Who, with his shears and measure in his
hand,

Standing on slippers, (which his nimble
haste

Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,) *Told*

Of a many thousand warlike French,

That were embattled and rank'd in Kent :

Another lean unwash'd artificer

Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

K. J., IV : 2. 667.

—Anxiety for

North. What news, lord Bardolph? ev-
ery minute now

Should be the father of some stratagem :
The times are wild ; contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him.

H. IV., 2 pt., I : 1. 774.

—Bad.

Hub. O, my sweet sir, news fitting to
the night, —

Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

Bast. Show me the very wound of this
ill news :

I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.

K. J., V : 6. 675.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will ;

But there's no goodness in thy face : If
Antony

Be free, and healthful, — why so tart a
favour

To trumpet such good tidings? If not well,
Thou shouldst come like a fury crown'd
with snakes,

Not like a formal man.

A. C., II : 5. 1552.

—Bad, an Irritation.

K. Rich. Out on ye, owls ! nothing but
songs of death?

There, take thou that, till thou bring better
news.

3 Mess. The news I have to tell your
majesty,

Is, — that, by sudden floods and fall of
waters,

Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scat-
ter'd ;

And he himself wander'd away alone,

No man knows whither.

K. Rich. O, I cry you mercy :
There is my purse, to cure that blow of
thine.

R. III., IV : 4. 1040.

—Bad, Anything rather than.

Mess. He is married, madam.

Cleo. The gods confound thee ! dost thou
hold there still?

Mess. Should I lie, madam?

Cleo. O, I would, thou didst ;

So half my Egypt were submerg'd, and
made

A cistern for scal'd snakes !

A. C., II : 5. 1553.

—Bad, Bearer of, Hated.

Const. * *

Fellow, be gone ; I cannot brook thy sight ;
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

Sal. What other harm have I, good
lady, done,

But spoke the harm that is by others done?

Const. Which harm within itself so hei-
nous is,

As it makes harmful all that speak of it

K. J., III : 1. 657.

—Bad, Causes Deafness.

Val. My ears are stopp'd, and cannot
hear good news,

So much of bad already hath possess'd
them.

T. G., III : 1. 61.

—Bad, dangerous to Tell.

Tro. * * Hec tor is gone!
Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?
Let him, that will a screech-owl aye be call'd,
Go in to Troy, and say there—Hec tor 's
dead :

There is a word will Priam turn to stone ;
Make wells and Niobes of the maids and
wives,
Cold statues of the youth ; and, in a word,
Scare Troy out of itself.

T. C., V : 11. 1148.

—Bad, Effect on the Teller.

Mess. The nature of bad news infects
the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool, or coward.— On :
Things, that are past, are done, with me. —
'T is thus :
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie
death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.

A. C., I : 2 1542.

—Bad, its Midwife.

Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife
to my woe,
And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir :
Now hath my soul brought forth her prod-
igy ;
And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.

R. II., II : 2. 696.

—Bad, of a Dart.

Mes. Seek him, Titinius : whilst I go to
meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears : I may say, thrusting it ;
For piercing steel, and darts envenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,
As tidings of this sight.

J. C., V : 3 1350.

—Bad, should Tell Itself.

Cleo. * *
Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news : Give to a gracious
message
An host of tongues ; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves, when they be felt.

A. C., II : 5. 1553.

—Baleful, Wounds.

War. How now, fair lords? What fare?
what news abroad?

Rich. Great lord of Warwick, if we
should recount
Our baleful news, and, at each word's deliv-
erance,

Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told,
The words would add more anguish than
the wounds.

O valiant lord, the duke of York is slain.

H. VI., 3 pt., II : 1. 963.

—Bearers Dismissed.

Const. * *

Tell me, thou fellow, is not France for-
sworn?
Envenom him with words ; or get thee
gone,
And leave those woes alone, which I alone,
Am bound to under-bear.

K. J., III : 1. 657.

—Bringer of bad.

North * *

Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office ; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd knolling a departing friend.

H. IV., 2 pt., I : 1. 775.

—Bringer of bad, Hated.

Jul. What devil art thou, that dost tor-
ment me thus ?
This torture should be roar'd in dismal
hell.

Hath Romeo slain himself ? say thou but *I*,
And that bare vowel, *I*, shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice :
I am not *I*, if there be such an *I* ;
Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer,
I.

If he be slain, say — *I* ; or if not, no :
Brief sounds determine of my weal, or
woe.

R. J., III : 2. 1261.

—Distasteful.

Cleo. * *

Horrible villain ! or I'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me ; I'll unhair thy head ;

Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd
in brine,
Smarting in ling'ring pickle.

* *

Mess. * * He 's married, madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long.

A. C., II: 5. 1552.

—Effect of bad.

Fal. * * Thy father's beard is turned
white with the news; you may buy land now
as cheap as stinking mackerel.

H. IV., 1 pt., II: 4. 742.

—Good.

Sic. What 's the news?

Mess. Good news, good news;—The la-
dies have prevail'd,

The Volces are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone:
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

C., V: 4. 1191.

—Good, gladly Heard.

Nor. O, fear him not;
His spell in that is out: the king hath found
Matter against him, that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he 's set-
tled,

Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Sur. Sir,
I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

H. VIII., III: 2. 1076.

—Haste in Bearing.

Tra. * * After him, came, spurring
hard,

A gentleman, almost spent with speed,
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied
horse:

He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him
I did demand, what news from Shrewsbury.
He told me, that rebellion had bad luck,
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold;
With that, he gave his able horse the head,
And, bending forward, struck his armed
heels

Against the panting sides of his poor jade
Up to the rowel-head: and, starting so,
He seem'd in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer question.

H. IV., 2 pt., I: 1. 774.

—III.

K. John. * *

Now, what says the world
To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

K. J., IV: 2. 667.

—Impossibility of Believing.

Const. Gone to be married! gone to
swear a peace!

False blood to false blood join'd! Gone to
be friends!

Shall Lewis have Blanch? and Blanch those
provinces?

It is not so; thou hast misspoke, misheard;
Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again:

It cannot be; thou dost but say, 't is so;
I trust, I may not trust thee; for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man:
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;
I have a king's oath to the contrary.

Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,
For I am sick, and capable of fears;
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of
fears;

A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;

A woman, naturally born to fears;

And though thou now confess, thou didst
but jest,

With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
What means that hand upon that breast of
thine?

Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er its bounds?
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true, as, I believe, you think
them false,

That give you cause to prove my saying true.

K. J., III: 1. 656.

—Indefinite.

K. Rich. My mind is chang'd. — Stanley,
what news with you?

Stan. None good, my liege, to please
you with the hearing;

Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.

K. Rich. Heyday, a riddle! neither good
nor bad!

What need'st thou run so many miles about,
When thou may'st tell thy tale the nearest
way?

Once more, what news?

Stan. Richmond is on the seas.

K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the
seas on him!

White-liver'd runagate.

R. III., IV : 4. 1039.

—Told merrily.

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse,—O lord!
why look'st thou sad?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;
If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet
news

By playing it to me with so sour a face.

R. J., II : 5. 1257.

—Varied and discordant.

Oxf. I like it well, that our fair queen
and mistress

Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns
at his.

Prince. Nay, mark, how Lewis stamps
as he were nettled:

I hope, all's for the best.

K. Lew. Warwick, what are thy news?
and yours, fair queen?

Q. Mar. Mine, such as fill my heart
with unhop'd joys.

War. Mine, full of sorrow and heart's
discontent.

H. VI., 3 pt., III : 3. 976.

—Villainous.

Fal. * * There's villainous news
abroad.

H. VI., 1 pt., II : 4. 741.

—Wonderful.

2 *Gen.* * * Such a deal of wonder is
broken out within this hour, that ballad-
makers cannot be able to express it.

W. T., V : 2. 614.

NIGGARDLINESS.—Diabolical.

Aber. * *

Peep through each part of him: Whence
has he that?

If not from hell, the devil is a niggard;

H. VIII., I : 1. 1057.

NIGHT.—A Moonlight.

Lys. * *

To-morrow night, when Phœbe doth behold
Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,
(A time that lovers' flights doth still con-
ceal.)

M. N., I : 1. 323.

—(See Rest.)

Lor. * *

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this
bank!

Here we will sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness, and the
night,

Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Sit, Jessica. Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patens of bright gold.

There's not the smallest orb which thou be-
hold'st,

But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubin:
Such harmony is in immortal souls:

But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.—

M. V., V : 1. 388.

Lor. The moon shines bright:—In such
a night as this,

When the sweet wind did gently kiss the
trees,

And they did make no noise,—in such a
night,

Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

Jes. In such a night,

Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew;
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.

Lor. In such a night,

Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and wav'd her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jes. In such a night,
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.

Lor. In such a night,

Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew;
And with an unthrift love did run from Ven-
ice,

As far as Belmont.

Jes. In such a night,
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her
well;

Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. In such a night,
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jes. I would out-night you, did no body
come:

But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

M. V., V: 1. 388.

—A perfect.

Jul. * * Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black.

R. J., III: 2. 1260.

Hor. * *
In the dead waist and middle of the night.

H., I: 2. 1395.

Por. This night methinks is but the day-
light sick;

It looks a little paler: 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

M. V., V: 1. 389.

—A witching Time.

Ham. * *
'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself
breathes out
Contagion to this world.

H. III., II: 2. 1416.

—Darkness of.

Lady M. * * Come, thick night,
And pale thee in the dunnest smoke of
hell.

M., I: 5. 1361.

Macb. * * Come, feeling night,
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
Which keeps me pale!—Light thickens;
and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and
drowse;
Whiles night's black agents to their prey do
rouse.

M., III: 2. 1370.

—Eternal.

K. Rich. * * Bid him bring his power
Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night.

R. III., V: 3. 1043.

—Its Coverture.

War. * *
That as Ulysses, and stout Diomede,
With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus'
tents,
And brought from thence the Thracian fatal
steeds;
So we, well cover'd with the night's black
mantle,
At unawares may beat down Edward
And seize himself.

H. VI., 3 pt., IV: 2. 980.

—Loves Opportunity.

Jul. * *
Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-
brow'd night,
Give me my Romeo: and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.

R. J., III: 2. 1261.

—Puck's Description of

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf howls the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud
Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide:
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house:
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

M. N., V: 1. 345.

—The Time for Villainy.

Cap. The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day

Is crept into the bosom of the sea;
And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades

That drag the tragic melancholy night;
Who, with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings

Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws

Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.

H. VI., 2 pt., IV: 1. 932.

—Time to Call up Spirits.

Boling. Patience, good lady; wizards know their times:

Deep night, dark night, the silence of the night,

The time of night when Troy was set on fire;
The time when screech-owls cry, and bandogs howl,

And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves,

That time best fits the work we have in hand.

H. VI., 2 pt., I: 4. 914.

—When tedious.

Chos. The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,

And the third hour of drowsy morning name.

Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,

The confident and over-lusty French,

Do the low-rated English play at dice;

And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,

Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp

So tediously away.

H. V., IV: Chorus. 839.

NIGHTINGALE.—Made a Confidant.

Val. * *

And to the nightingale's complaining notes

Tune my distresses, and record my woes.

T. G., V: 4. 71.

NO.—In Love, Yes.

Jul. * *

Since maids, in modesty, say "No" to that
Which they would have the profferer construe "Ay."

Fie, fie! how wayward is this foolish love,
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod.

T. G., I: 2. 49.

NOBILITY.—True, cannot Falter.

Post. * *

With their own nobleness, (which could have turn'd

A distaff to a lance) gilded pale looks.

Cym., V: 3. 1622.

1 Pat. This man has marr'd his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world:

He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,

Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's his mouth:

What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent:

And, being angry, does forget that ever

He heard the name of death.

C., III: 1. 1172.

—True, exempt from Fear.

Bast. It lies as slightly on the back of him,

As great Alcides' shoes upon an ass.

K. J., II: 1. 651.

1 Gent. My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair.

Suf. Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,

Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.

Far be it, we should honor such as these

With humble suit: no, rather let my head

Stoop to the block, than these knees bow to any,

Save to the God of heaven, and to my king;

And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,

Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.

True nobility is exempt from fear:—

More can I bear, than you dare execute.

Cap. Hail him away, and let him talk no more.

Suf. Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can,

That this my death may never be forgot!—

Great men oft die by vile bezonians:

A Roman sworder and banditto slave,

Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand

Stabbed Julius Cæsar; savage islanders,

Pompey the Great: and Suffolk dies by pirates.

H. VI., 2 pt., IV: 1. 933.

NOBLE.—The, never Confounded.

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder
from a tabor,
More than I know the sound of Marcius'
tongue
From every meaner man.

C., I: 6. 1156.

—The, Worth a Sacrifice.

Arv. Poor sick Fidele!
I'll willingly to him: to gain his colour,
I'd let a parish of such Cloten's blood,
And praise myself for charity.

Cym., IV: 2. 1616.

NOMINATION.—To high Position.

Trib. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you: and this
suit I make
That you create your emperor's eldest
son,

Lord Saturnine; whose virtues will, I
hope,

Reflect on Rome, as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this commonweal:
Then, if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say, "Long live our em-
peror!"

Marc. With voices and applause of every
sort,

Patricians, and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus Rome's great emperor;
And say, "Long live our emperor, Satur-
nine!"

Tit. And., I: 2. 1204.

NOSE.—A red one Ridiculed.

Boy. * * Good Bardolph, put thy face
between his sheets, and do the office of a
warming-pan.

H. V., II: 1. 825.

—A Remarkable one.

Dro. S. O, sir, upon her nose, all o'er
embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sap-
phires, declining their rich aspect to the hot
breath of Spain; who sent whole armadoes
of carracks to be ballast at her nose.

C. E., III: 2. 202.

—Why in the middle of the Face

Fool. * * Thou canst tell, why one's
nose stands i' the middle of his face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep his eyes on either
side his nose; that what a man cannot
smell out, he may spy into.

K. L., I: 5. 1453.

NOTHING.—A great Deal of.

Bass. * *

Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing.

M. V., I: 1. 362.

—Its Value.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiser man; for
many a man's tongue shakes out his master's
undoing. To say nothing, to do nothing, to
know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be
a great part of your title: which is within a
very little of nothing.

A. W., II: 4. 509.

NOVELTY.—In Request.

Duke. * * Novelty is only in request;
and as it is as dangerous to be aged in any
kind of course, as it is virtuous to be con-
stant in any undertaking.

M. M., III: 2. 162.

Ulyss. * * All, with one consent,
praise new-born gauds,
Though they are made and moulded of things
past.

T. C., III: 3. 1125.

NUMBERS.—Odd, Divinity in

Fal. Prithee, no more prattling:—go.
I'll hold: This is the third time; I hope,
good luck lies in odd numbers. Away, go;
they say there is divinity in odd numbers,
either in nativity, chance, or death.

M. W., V: 1. 117.

NUN.—Her Life.

The. * * Question your desires,
Know of your youth, examine well your
blood,

Whether, if you yield not to your father's
choice,

You can endure the livery of a nun;
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless
moon.

Thrice blessed they that master so their
blood,

To undergo such maiden pilgrimage.

M. N., I: 1. 322.

O

OAK.—Gnarled.

Isab. * * * The unwedgeable and gnarled oak.

M. M., II: 2. 152.

OATH.—A mouth-filling One.

Hot. * *

Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath; and leave "In
sooth,"

And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,
To velvet guards, and Sunday-citizens.

H., IV., 1 pt., III: 1. 747.

—A Plea.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath
in heaven:

Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?

No, not for Venice.

M. F., IV: 1. 385.

—An Outlaw's.

3 *Out.* By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's
fat friar.

T. G., IV: 1. 65.

—Binding.

K. Hen. What think you, captain Fluellen? is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a craven and a villain else,
an 't please your majesty, in my conscience.

K. Hen. It may be, his enemy is a gentleman of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a gentleman as the tevil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath: if he be perjured, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain, and a Jack-sauce, as ever his plack shoe trod upon Got's ground and his earth, in my conscience la.

K. Hen. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.

Will. So I will, my liege, as I live.

H. V., IV: 7. 849.

—Exchanged for Paradise.

Long. * * * What fool is not so wise,
To lose an oath, to win a paradise!

L. L., IV: 3. 287.

—Loud, not alarming.

Pist. An oath of mickle might: and fury
shall abate.

H. V., II: 1. 825.

Sir To. * * * For it comes to pass oft,
that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him.

T. N., III: 4. 559.

—Made binding by Religion.

Luc. Who should I swear by? thou believ'st no god;

That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?

Aar. What if I do not? as, indeed, I do not:

Yet,—for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee, called conscience;

With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,—
Therefore I urge thy oath:—For that I know,

An idiot holds his bauble for a god,
And keeps the oath, which by that god he swears;

To that I'll urge him:—Therefore, thou shalt vow

By that same god, what god soe'er it be,
That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,—
To save my boy, to nourish and bring him up;

Or else I will discover nought to thee.

Tit. And., V: 1. 1226.

—Villainous Excuses for Disregarding.

York. I took an oath, that he should quietly reign.

Edw. But, for a kingdom, any oath may
be broken :

I 'd break a thousand oaths, to reign one
year.

Rich. An oath is of no moment, being
not took

Before a true and lawful magistrate,
That hath authority over him that swears :
Henry had none, but did usurp the place ;
Then, seeing 't was he that made you to de-
pose,

Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.

H. VI., 3 pt., I : 2. 958.

OATHS.—Idle.

Biron. I 'll lay my head to any good
man's hat,
These oaths and laws will prove an idle
scorn.

L. L., I : 2. 274.

Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and pee-
vish vows :

They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

T. C., V : 3. 1139.

—Melt before Temptation.

Pro. Look thou be true : do not give
dalliance

Too much the rein : the strongest oaths are
straw

To the fire i' the blood : be more abstemi-
ous,

Or else, good night your vow !

T., IV : 1. 26.

—Neutralized.

Hel. * *

Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing
weigh :

Your vows to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.

M. N., III : 2. 334.

—Numerous.

Pro. * *

Eye, fye, unreverend tongue ! to call her
bad,

Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd,
With twenty thousand soul-confirming
oaths.

T. G., II : 6. 58.

—Of Deceitful.

Jul. That is the least, Lucetta, of my
fear :

A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And instances of infinite of love,
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

Luc. All these are servants to deceitful
men.

T. G., II : 7. 59.

—Sinful may be Broken.

Sal. It is great sin, to swear unto a sin ;
But greater sin, to keep a sinful oath.

Who can be bound by any solemn vow

To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,

To force a spotless virgin's chastity,

To reave the orphan of his patrimony,

To wring the widow from her custom'd
right ;

And have no other reason for this wrong,
But that he was bound by a solemn oath ?

H. VI., 2 pt., V : 1. 944.

—Worthless.

Touch. * * If you swear by that that
is not, you are not forsworn : no more was
this knight, swearing by his honour, for he
never had any.

A. Y., I : 2. 400.

Pist. * *

Trust none ;

For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-
cakes,

And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck ;

Therefore, *caveto* be thy counsellor.

H. V., II : 3. 829.

OBEDIENCE.—Compelled.

Gar. Which reformation must be sud-
den too,

My noble lords : for those, that tame wild
horses,

Pace them not in their hands to make them
gentle ;

But stop their mouths with stubborn bits,
and spur them,

Till they obey the manage.

H. VIII., V : 2. 1090.

OBLIVION.—Deep.

Buck. * *

In the swallowing gulf

Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.

R. III., III : 7. 1028.

Glo. * *

And all the clouds, that lower'd upon our
house,
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.

R. III., I: 1. 1001.

—Of good Deeds.

Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his
back,

Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-siz'd monster of ingratitude:
Those scraps are good deeds past, which are
devour'd

As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done.

T. C., III: 3. 1125.

OBSCURITY.—Its Happiness.

Grif. * *

His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little.

H. VIII., IV: 2. 1085.

OBSTACLES.—Must be Removed.

K. Edw. Brave followers, yonder stands
the thorny wood,

Which, by the heavens' assistance, and your
strength,

Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.

H. VI., 3 pt., V: 4. 989.

Macb. The prince of Cumberland!—That
is a step

On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap,
For in my way it lies.

M., I: 4. 1300.

Buck. Now, my lord, what shall we do if
we perceive

Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?

Glo. Chop off his head, man;—somewhat
we will do:—

And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and all the mov-
ables

Whereof the king my brother was possess'd.

R. III., III: 1. 1022.

K. Edw. Once more we sit in England's
royal throne,

Repurchas'd with the blood of enemies.

What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,
Have we mow'd down, in tops of all their
pride.

H. VI., 3 pt., V: 7. 992.

West. But there's a saying, very old and
true,—

“If that you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin:”

For once the eagle England being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely
eggs;

Playing the mouse, in absence of the cat,
To spoil and havoc more than she can eat.

H. V., I: 2. 822.

OCCUPATION.—Othello's, gone.

O. * *

O now, for ever,

Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell con-
tent!

Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!

Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill
trump,

The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,

The royal banner; and all quality,

Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious
war!

And O, you mortal engines, whose rude
throats

The immortal Jove's dread clamours coun-
terfeit,

Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

O., III: 3. 1514.

OCEAN.—Its Girdle.

K. Hen. * *

The beachy girdle of the ocean,
Too wide for Neptune's hips.

H. IV., 2 pt., III: 2. 790.

ODDITY.—In Dress.

Por. * * How oddly he is suited! I
think he bought his doublet in Italy, his
round hose in France, his bonnet in Ger-
many, and his behaviour everywhere.

M. V., I: 2. 364.

OFFENCE.—Improperly Charged.

Gon. * * How have I offended?
All's not offence that indiscretion finds,
And dotage terms so.

K. L., II: 4. 1461.

—To be Punished.

King. * *

Where the offence is let the great ax fall.

H., IV: 5. 1426.

OFFENCES.—In Ignorance.

Will. All offences, my liege, come from the heart: never came any from mine, that might offend your majesty.

K. Hen. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

Will. Your majesty came not like yourself: you appeared to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you, take it for your own fault, and not mine: for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

K. Hen. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,
And give it to this fellow.—Keep it, fellow:
And wear it for an honour in thy cap,
Till I do challenge it.

H. V., IV: 8. 850.

—To be Overlooked.

Cas. * *

In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his
comment.

J. C., IV: 3. 1344.

OFFENDERS.—No Right to Judge.

Por. To offend, and judge, are distinct
offices,
And of opposed natures.

M. V., II: 9. 374.

OFFER.—Any, for ordinary People.

Ros. * *

I see no more in you than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work.

* *

'T is such fools as you
That make the world full of ill-favour'd
children:

'T is not her glass, but you, that flatters
her;

And out of you she sees herself more
proper

Than any of her lineaments can show her.

But, mistress, know yourself; down on
your knees,

And thank Heaven, fasting, for a good man's
love:

For I must tell you friendly in your ear,

Sell when you can: you are not for all
markets:

Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer.

A. Y., III: 5. 427.

OLIVE.—Sign of Peace.

Cas. The time of universal peace is
near:

Prove this a prosperous day, the three-
nook'd world

Shall bear the olive freely.

A. C., IV: 6. 1570.

OMEN.—An Evil.

Cas. Messala,

This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand,
Messala:

Be thou my witness, that, against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compelled to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know, that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion: now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.

Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign
Two mighty eagles fell; and there they
perch'd,

Gorging and feeding from our soldier's
hands;

Who to Phillipi here consorted us;

This morning are they fled away, and gone:
And in their steads do ravens, crows, and
kites,

Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on
us,

As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

J. C., V: 1. 1349.

OMENS.—Fearful.

Cap. * *

The bay-trees in our country are all with-
er'd,

And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the
earth,

And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful
change;

Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and
leap.

R. II., II: 4. 699.

OMISSION.—Its Danger.*Patr.* * *

Omission to do what is necessary
Seals a commission to a blank of danger.

T. C., III: 3. 1126.**OMNIPOTENCE.—Its Ministers.***Hel.* * *

He that of greatest works is finisher
Oft does them by the weakest minister:
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes.

A. W., II: 1. 503.**ONCE.—Bad as a Million.**

Post. Spare your arithmetic: never
count the turns; Once, and a million!

Cym., II: 4. 1603.**OPINION.—A Fool.**

Sim. Opinion's but a fool, that makes
us scan

The outward habit by the inward man.

P., II: 2. 1651.**—A Sovereign.**

Duke. * * Yet opinion, a sovereign
mistress of effects, throws a more safer voice
on you.

O., I: 3. 1497.**—Adhered to.**

Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the side where still I am.

H. VI., 2 pt., II: 4. 875.

Ther. * * A plague of opinion! a man
may wear on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

T. C., III: 3. 1126.**—Anxiety Concerning.**

Jaq. Provided that you weed your bet-
ter judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them.

A. Y., II: 7. 418.*Gra.* * *

I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fish not with this melancholy bait,
For this fool gudgeon, this opinion.

M. V., I: 1. 362.**—(See Ingratitude.) Public.**

Nest. * * As Ulysses says, opinion
crowns

With an imperial voice.

T. C., I: 3. 1109.**OPPORTUNITY.—Easily Supplied.***Sic.* This, as you say, suggested

At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall touch the people, (which time shall
not want,

If he be put upon 't; and that's as easy,
As to set dogs on sheep,) will be his fire
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

C., II: 1. 1162.**—For wrong Doing Everywhere.**

Aut. * * Every lane's end, every
shop, church, session, hanging, yields a
careful man work.

W. T., IV: 3. 608.**—Like the Tide.***Bru.* * *

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fort-
une;

Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries,
On such a full sea are we now afloat:
And we must take the current when it
serves,

Or lose our ventures.

J. C., IV: 3. 1346.**—Plead as an Excuse.***K. John.* * *

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,
Makes ill deeds done! Hadest not thou been
by,

A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted, and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind:
But, taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,
Apt, liable, to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub. My lord, —

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head,
or made a pause,

When I spake darkly what I purposed;
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
As bid me tell my tale in express words;
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me
break off,
And those thy fears might have wrought
fears in me:
But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And didst in signs again parley with sin,
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And, consequently, thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile
to name.—
Out of my sight, and never see me more!

K. J., IV: 2. 668.

—Should be Improved.

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out;
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.
H. VI., 3 pt., 1V: 8. 985.

—Wisely Selected.

Stan. Take all the swift advantage of
the hours.
R. III., IV: 1. 1031.

Men. I'll undertake it:
I think, he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts
me.
He was not taken well; he had not din'd:
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have
stuff'd
These pipes and these conveyances of our
blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts; therefore I'll
watch him
Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I'll set upon him.
Bru. You know the very road into his
kindness,
And cannot lose your way.
C., V: 1. 1186.

OPPRESSION.—Offensive.

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'er-
charg'd,
And duty in his service perishing.
M. N., V: 1. 342.

—Proved.

Dro. E. I am an ass, indeed; you may
prove it by my long ears. I have served
him from the hour of my nativity to this in-
stant, and have nothing at his hands for
my service but blows: when I am cold, he
heats me with beating; when I am warm, he
cools me with beating; I am wak'd with it,
when I sleep; rais'd with it, when I sit;
driven out of doors with it, when I go from
home; welcom'd home with it, when I re-
turn: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a
beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when
he hath lam'd me, I shall beg with it from
door to door.

C. E., IV: 2. 207.

—Resented.

Fal. * * The camomile, the more it
is trodden on, the faster it grows.

H. IV., 1 pt., II: 4. 742.

Q. Kath. * * These exactions,
Whereof my sovereign would have note,
they are
Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear
them,
The back is sacrifice to the load.

H. VIII., I: 2. 1060.

—Resistance to.

Clif. * *
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?
Not his, that spoils her young before her
face.
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal
sting?
Not he, that sets his foot upon her back.
The smallest worm will turn, being trodden
on;
And doves will peck, in safeguard of their
brood.

H. VI., 3 pt., II: 2. 964.

ORDER.—Taught by the Bees.

Cant. For so work the honey bees;
Creatures, that, by a rule in nature, teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.

H. V., I: 21. 822.

ORIGIN.—Despising our.

Alb. O Goneril!
You are not worth the dust which the rude
wind

Blows in your face.—I fear your disposition :

That nature, which contemns its origin,
Cannot be border'd certain in itself;
She that herself will sliver and disbranch
From her material sap, perforce must wither,
And come to deadly use.

K. L., IV : 2. 1472.

ORNAMENT.—Deceptive.

*Bass. * * **

The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
* * *
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea.

M. V., III : 2. 377.

*Val. * * **

Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's
mind.

T. G., III : 1. 60

ORPHEUS.—Power of his Music.

*Q. Kath. * * **

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops, that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing :
To his music, plants, and flowers,
Ever sprung ; as sun, and showers,
There had been a lasting spring.
Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art ;
Killing care, and grief of heart,
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

H. VIII., III : 4. 1074.

OSTENTATION.—A Maggot.

*Biron. * * **

O! never will I trust to speeches penn'd,
Nor to the motion of a schoolboy's tongue ;
Nor never come in visor to my friend ;
Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's
song :

Taffata phrases, silken terms precise,
Three-pil'd hyperboles, spruce affectation,
Figures pedantical ; these summer-flies
Have blown me full of maggot ostentation.

L. L., V : 2. 298.

—Leads Captive.

*La Cap. * * **

That book in many's eyes doth share the
glory
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story :

R. J., I : 3. 1246.

OUTLAW.—Wretched.

*Hot. * * ** Sick in the world's regard,
wretched and low,

A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home.

H. IV., 1 pt., IV : 3. 755.

OUTLAWS.—Their friendship.

3 *Out.* By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's
fat friar,

This fellow were a king for our wild faction !

1 *Out.* We'll have him ; sirs, a word.

Speed. Master, be one of them ; it's an
honourable kind of thievery.

Val. Peace, villain !

2 *Out.* Tell us this : Have you anything
to take to ?

Val. Nothing but my fortune.

3 *Out.* Know, then, that some of us are
gentlemen,

Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth,
Thrust from the company of awful men :
Myself was from Verona banished,
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and near allied unto the duke.

2 *Out.* And I from Mantua, for a gentle-
man,

Whom, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.

1 *Out.* And I, for such like petty crimes
as these.

But to the purpose, — for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawless
lives,

And, partly, seeing you are beautified
With goodly shape ; and by your own report
A linguist ; and a man of such perfection,
As we do in our quality much want.

2 *Out.* Indeed, because you are a ban-
ish'd man,

Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you :
Are you content to be our general ?

To make a virtue of necessity,

And live, as we do, in this wilderness ?

3 *Out.* What say'st thou? wilt thou be
of our consort ?

Say, ay, and be the captain of us all :

We'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,
Love thee as our commander, and our king.

1 *Out.* But if thou scorn our courtesies,
thou diest.

2 *Out.* Thou shalt not live to brag what
we have offer'd.

Val. I take your offer, and will live with you,
Provided that you do no outrages
On silly women, or poor passengers.

3 *Out.* No, we detest such vile base practices.
Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our crews,
And show thee all the treasure we have got;
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose.

T. G., IV: 1. 65.

OVERREACHING.—Punished.

Laer. Why, as a woodcock to my own springe, Osric;
I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

R., V: 2. 1436.

Glo.

But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,
The king was slyly finger'd from the deck!

H. VI., 3 pt, V: 1. 987.

Ham. * *

I have shot my arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother.

H., V: 2. 1435.

OVERTHROW.—Sudden.

Sal. * *

I see thy glory, like a shooting star,
Fall to the base earth from the firmament!

R. II., II: 4. 699.

OVERTURES.—Dishonorable, Presented.

K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,
I speak no more than what my soul intends;
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.

L. Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto:

I know, I am too mean to be your queen:
And yet too good to be your concubine.

H. VI., 3 pt., III: 2. 973.

P

PAIN.—Lessened by Another's Anguish.

Ben. Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be help by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's languish:

Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.

R. J., I: 2. 1245.

—Quickens Intellect.

K. Hen. 'T is good for men to love their present pains,
Upon example; so the spirit is eased:
And, when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move
With casted slough and fresh legerity.

H. V., IV: 1. 840.

—Soon Forgotten.

York. Old Salisbury, who can report of him;

That winter lion, who, in rage, forgets
Aged contusions and all brush of time;
And, like a gallant in the bloom of youth,
Repairs him with occasion?

H. VI., 2 pt., V: 3. 945.

PAINTING.—Admirable.

Poet. Admirable: How this grace
Speaks his own standing; what a mental power

This eye shoots forth! how big imagination
Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture

One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch: Is't good?

Poet. I'll say of it,
It tutors nature: artificial strife
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

T. A., I: 1. 1286.

—Appreciated.

Tim. Painting is welcome.
The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside: These pencil'd figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work;
And you shall find, I like it.

T. A., I: 1. 1288.

PARAGON.—A Male.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men, like a descended god:
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking of a false report; which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment
In the election of a sir so rare.

Cym., I: 7. 1597.

—The Object of Love.

Rom. * *
One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match, since the world begun.

R. J., I: 2. 1245.

PARASITE.—His Employment.

Tra. O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his greyhound,
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

T. S., V: 2. 482.

Pro. * * He was
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on 't.

T., I: 2. 9.

—Reproached.

Ant. I found you as a morsel, cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher: nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's.

A. C., III: 11. 1566.

—Shortens Time.

Pol. * *
He makes a July's day short as December.

W. T., I: 2. 683.

PARDON.—Kingly.

Duch. Nay, do not say—stand up;
But, pardon, first; and afterwards, stand up.
An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon—should be the first word of thy speech.

I never long'd to hear a word till now;
Say—pardon, king; let pity teach thee how:
The word is short, but not so short as sweet;

No word like, pardon, for kings' mouths so meet.

York. Speak it in French, king; say
“*pardonnez moy.*”

Duch. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy?

Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,
That sett'st the word itself against the word!—

Speak, pardon, as 't is current in our land;
The chopping French we do not understand.
Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there:

Or, in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear;

That, hearing how our plants and prayers do pierce,

Pity may move thee, pardon to rehearse.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. I do not sue to stand,
Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

Boling. I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.

Duch. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!

Yet I am sick for fear: speak it again;
Twice saying pardon, doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon strong.

Boling. With all my heart

I pardon him.

Duch. A god on earth thou art.
R. II., V: 3. 715.

—Prayed, for Enemies.

Glo. * *
God pardon them that are the cause thereof!

Riv. A virtuous and a christian-like conclusion,

To pray for them that have done scath to us.

R. III., I: 4. 1010.

PARENTAGE.—Sorrow at.*Jes. * **

Alack, what heinous sin is it in me,
To be asham'd to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners :

*M. V., II: 3. 370.***PARENTS.—Blessed by Children.***Lor. * **

If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake :
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she do it under this excuse,—
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.

*M. V., II: 4. 370.***PARTING.—Hasty.***Mor. * **

Portia, adieu! I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part.

*M. V., II: 7. 373.**Pro. * **

Julia, farewell!—What! gone without a
word?
Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;
For truth hath better deeds than words to
grace it.

T. G., II: 2. 54

Jul. Farewell!—God knows when we
shall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my
veins,
That almost, almost freezes up the heat of
life.

*R. J., IV: 3. 1270.***—Sorrowful.***Q. Mar. * ** Even thus two friends
condemn'd

Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand
leaves,
Loather a hundred times to part than die

*H. VI., 2 pt., III: 2. 930.***PASSION.—Destroys Itself.**

*K. Hen. * ** Give him line and scope :
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themselves with working.

*H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 4. 800.***—Ties the Tongue.**

Orl. What passion hangs these weights
upon my tongue?

*A. Y., I: 2. 412.***—Woman's, Feigned.**

Oth. Ay; you did wish, that I would
make her turn :

Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again; and she can weep, sir,
weep :

And she 's obedient, as you say, —obedient,
Very obedient:—Proceed you in your tears.
Concerning this, sir,—O well-painted pas-
sion!

*O., IV: 1. 1521.***PASSIONS.—Bad, Mistake Tools.***K. John. * **

Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.

*K. J., IV: 2. 668.***PAST.—Without Remedy.**

*Mac. * ** Things without remedy,
Should be without regard: what 's done, is
done.

*M., III: 2. 1370.***PATCHING.—Only Mends.**

*Clo. * ** Anything that 's mended is
but patched: virtue that transgresses is
but patched with sin; and sin that amends
is but patched with virtue.

*T. N., I: 5. 544.***PATIENCE.—A Nurse.**

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst
not help,
And study help for that which thou la-
ment'st.

Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.

*T. G., III: 1. 62.***—Becomes Despair.**

Duch. Call it not patience, Gaunt, it is
despair.

R. II., I: 2. 637.

—Cowardice Mistaken for.

Duch. * *

That which in mean men we entitle — patience,
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.

R. II., I: 2. 687.

—Deeply Wronged.

Leon. * * Men

Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it,

Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptial medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ach with air, and agony with words:
No, no; 't is all men's office to speak patience

To those that wring under the load of sorrow:

But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
To be so moral, when he shall endure
The like himself: therefore give me no counsel:

My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

M. A., V: 1. 249.

—Essential to Success.

Pan. * * He, that will have a cake
out of the wheat, must needs tarry the grinding.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you must
tarry the bolting.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the bolting; but you must
tarry the leavening.

Tro. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening; but here's
yet in the word—hereafter, the kneading,
the making of the cake, the heating of the
oven, and the baking; nay, you must stay
the cooling too, or you may chance to burn
your lips.

Tro. Patience herself, what goddess e'er
she be, doth lesser blench at sufferance than
I do.

T. C., I: 1. 1102.

—How Exhausted.

Wor. In faith, my lord, you are too wil-
ful-blame;
And since your coming hither have done
enough

To put him quite beside his patience.

You must needs learn, lord, to amend this
fault:

Though sometimes it shows greatness, cour-
age, blood,

(And that's the dearest grace it renders
you,)

Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain:
The least of which, haunting a nobleman,
Loseth men's hearts; and leaves behind a
stain

Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

H. IV., 1 pt., III: 1. 746.

—Invoked.

Isab.

And is this all?

Then, oh, you blessed ministers above,
Keep me in patience; and, with ripened
time,

Unfold the evil which is here wrapp'd up
In countenance!

M. M., V: 1. 171.

—Looking like.

Per. * * Yet thou dost look

Like Patience, gazing on kings' graves, and
smiling

Extremity out of act.

P., V: 1. 1668.

—Noted.

Gui.

I do note,

That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs together.

Cym., IV: 2. 1615.

—Opposed to Fury.

Ant. * * I do oppose

My patience to his fury; and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

M. V., IV: 1. 382.

—Plods.

Nym. * * It must be as it may;
though patience be a tired mare, yet she
will plod.

H. V., II: 1. 825.

—Poor without it.

Iago. How poor are they, that have not patience!—
 What wound did ever heal, but by degrees?
 Thou know'st, we work by wit, and not by witchcraft;
 And wit depends on dilatory time.
 Does 't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,
 And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd Cassio:
 Though other things grow fair against the sun,
 Yet fruits, that blossom first, will first be ripe.

O., II: 3. 1508.

—Recommended.

Queen. * * O gentle son,
 Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
 Sprinkle cool patience.

H., III: 4. 1419.

—Smiling at Grief.

Vio. * *
 She sat, like Patience on a monument,
 Smiling at grief.

T. N., II: 4. 551.

PATRIOTISM.—A Mother's.

Vol. * * Had I a dozen sons,—each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius,—I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

C., I: 3. 1153.

—National

Mar. * *
 And help to set a head on headless Rome.

T. A., I: 2. 1203.

Vol. * *

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's.

H. VIII., III: 2. 1082.

PATRIOTS.—Their Grief.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
 Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
 For goodness dares not check thee! wear thou thy wrongs.

Mal. * *

I think, our country sinks beneath the yoke;

It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
 Is added to her wounds. I think, withal,
 There would be hands uplifted in my right;
 And here, from gracious England, have I of-

fer
 Of goodly thousands: But, for all this,
 When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
 Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor coun-
 try

Shall have more vices than it had before:
 More suffer, and more sundry ways than
 ever,
 By him that shall succeed.

M., IV: 3. 1378.

PEACE.—A Comma between Amities.

Ham. * *

As peace should still her wheaten garland
 wear,
 And stand a comma 'tween their amities.

H. V., 2. 1433.

—A Ground of Joy.

P. John. The word of peace is render'd:
 Hark, how they shout!

Mowb. This had been cheerful, after vic-
 tory.

Arch. A peace is of the nature of a con-
 quest;

For then both parties nobly are subdued,
 And neither party loser.

H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 2. 798.

—Cause of Effeminacy.

2 Serv. Why, then we shall have a stir-
 ring world again. This peace is nothing, but
 to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed bal-
 lad-makers.

1 Serv. Let me have war, say I; it ex-
 ceeds peace, as far as day does night; it's
 sprightly, waking, audible, and full of vent.
 Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; muddled,
 deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bas-
 tard children, than wars a destroyer of men.

C., IV: 5. 1182.

—Conditions of Lasting.

Arch. 'Tis very true:—
 And therefore be assur'd, my good lord mar-
 shal,

If we do now make our atonement well,
 Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
 Grow stronger for the breaking.

H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 1. 797.

— Conduct becoming.

K. Hen. * *

In peace, there 's nothing so becomes a man,
As modest stillness, and humility.

H. V., III: 1. 831.

— Commanded.

May. Nought rests for me, in this tumultuous strife,

But to make open proclamation:—

Come, officer; as loud as e'er thou canst.

Off. "All manner of men, assembled here
in arms this day, against God's peace and the
king's, we charge and command you, in his
highness' name, to repair to your several
dwelling-places; and not to wear, handle, or
use, any sword, weapon, or dagger, hence-
forward, upon pain of death."

H. VI., 1 pt., I: 3. 869.

— Effeminate.

York. * *

Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?

H. VI., 1 pt., V: 4. 896.

— From above.

Sooth.

The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace.

Cym., V: 5. 1632.

— Hatred of.

Mal. * *

Had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

M., IV: 3. 1379.

— Impossible.

Pand. * *

France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the
tongue,
A cased lion by the mortal paw,
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou
dost hold.

K. J., III: 1. 659.

— Its fat Ribs.

K. John. * * The fat ribs of peace.*K. J., III: 3. 661.*

— Its gentle Eyes.

Bast. And snarlth in the gentle eyes of peace.*K. J., IV: 3. 670.*

— Love's Reviver.

Claud. * *

But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts

Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
Saying, — I lik'd her ere I went to wars.

M. A., I: 2. 228.

— Perpetual.

Richm. * *

In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends.

To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

R. III., V: 2. 1042.

— Scatters Armies.

Hast. My lord, our army is dispers'd already:

Like youthful steers unyoked, they take their courses

East, west, north, south; or, like a school broke up,

Each hurries toward his home, and sporting-place.

H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 2. 798.

— Soldiers never Pray for.

1 Gent. * * There 's not a soldier of us
all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat,
doth relish the petition well that prays for
peace.

M. M., I: 2. 144.

— Time to Prepare for War.

Dau. My most redoubted father,
It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe:
For peace itself should not so dull a king-
dom,

(Though war, nor no known quarrel, were in question,)

But that defences, musters, preparations,
Should be maintain'd, assembled, and col-
lected,

As were a war in expectation.

Therefore, I say, 't is meet we all go forth,

To view the sick and feeble parts of France :
And let us do it with no show of fear ;
No, with no more, than if we heard that
England
Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance.

H. V., II : 4. 829.

— Universal.

*West. * **

There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,
But peace puts forth her olive everywhere.

H. IV., 2pt., IV : 4. 801.

PEACEMAKERS.—Blessed.

Old M. God's benison go with you : and
with those
That would make good of bad, and friends
of foes.

M., II : 4. 1368.

PEDANTRY.—A Scholastic.

Mar. Like a pedant that keeps
a school i' the church.

T. N., III : 2. 557.

— Catechetical.

Boyet.

By heaven, that thou art fair is most infallible ;
true, that thou art beauteous : truth itself, that thou
art lovely. More fairer than fair, beautiful than
beauteous, truer than truth itself, have commiseration
on thy heroical vassal ! The magnanimous and
most illustrious king *Cophetua* set eye on the pernicious
and indubitate beggar *Penelophon* ; and he it
was that might rightly say, *veni, vidi, vici* ; which
to annotanize in the vulgar (O base and obscure vulgar !)
videlicet, he came, saw, and overcame : he came, one ;
saw, two ; overcame, three. Who came ? the king ;
Why did he come ? to see ; Why did he see ? to overcome :
To whom came he ? to the beggar ; What saw he ?
the beggar : Who overcame he ? the beggar : The
conclusion is victory : On whose side ? the king's :
the captive is enrich'd ; On whose side ? the beggar's :
The catastrophe is a nuptial ; On whose side ? the
king's ? — no, on both in one, or one in both. I am
the king ; for so stands the comparison : thou the
beggar ; for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I
command thy love ? I may : Shall I enforce thy love ?
I could : Shall I entreat thy love ? I will : What
shalt thou exchange for rags ? robes ; For tittles,
titles ; For thyself ? me. Thus, expecting thy reply,
I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture,
and my heart on thy every part.

Thine, in the dearest design of industry,
DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

L. L., IV : 1. 283.

— Described by a Pedant.

Hol. *Novi hominem tanquam te* : His
humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory,
his tongue fled, his eye ambitious, his gait
majestical, and his general behaviour vain,
ridiculous, and thrasonical. He is too
picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as
it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his
verbosity finer than the staple of his argument.
I abhor such fanatical fantasms, such insociable
and point-devise companions ; such rackers of
orthography, as to speak, dout, fine, when he
should say, doubt ; det, when he should pronounce
debt ; — d, e, b, t ; not d, e, t : — he clepeth
a calf, cauf ; half, hauf ; neighbor, *vocatur*,
nebour ; neigh abbreviated, ne. This is
abominable (which he would call abominable) :
it insinuateth me of insanie ; *Ne intelligis, domine ?*
to make frantic, lunatic.

Nath. *Laus Deo ! bone intelligo.*

Hol. *Bone ?* — bone for bene : Priscian
a little scratch'd ; 't will serve.

L. L., V : 1. 291.

— Love's big Words.

*Holt. * **

He 'll speak like an *Anthropophaginian* unto thee.

M. W., IV : 5. 114.

PEDLER.—A Versatile.

Serv. He hath ribands of all the colours
i' the rainbow ; points, more than all the
lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle,
though they come to him by the gross ; inkles,
caddisses, cambrics, lawns ; why, he sings 'em
over, as they were gods or goddesses ; you
would think a smock were a she-angel : he
so chants to the sleeve-hand, and the work
about the square on 't.

W. T., IV : 3. 603.

PEEVISHNESS.—Protest against.

Gra. Let me play the fool :

With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles
come ;

And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm
within,

Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster ?
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the
jaundice

By being peevish ?

M. V., I : 1. 362.

PENALTIES.—Held in Terror.

Duke. Now, as fond fathers,

Having bound up the threatening twigs of
birch,

Only to stick it in their children's sight,

For terror, not to use, in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd than fear'd; so our
decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;
And liberty plucks justice by the nose;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

M. M., I: 4. 6.

— **Slumbering.**

Duke. We have strict statutes, and most
biting laws,
(The needful bits and curbs to headstrong
steeds,)
Which for this fourteen years we have let
sleep;
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey.

M. M., I: 3. 146.

PEOPLE.—The.

Cor. * * The beast
With many heads butts me away.

C., IV: 1. 1177.

PERCEPTION.—Unrecognized.

Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what
sights you see;
I see things too, although you judge I wink.

T. G., I: 2. 50.

PERFECTION.—In Woman.

Ant. * *
The senate-house of planets all did sit,
To knit in her their best perfections.

P., I: 1. 1642.

— **Of Manhood.**

Ant. * *
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand
up,
And say to all the world, "This was a
man!"

J. C., V: 5. 1352.

Iach. * * The love I bear him
Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made
you,
Unlike all others, chaffless.

Cym., I: 7. 1597.

— **Out of Defect.**

Eno. I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the public street:
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and
panted,
That she did make defect, perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

A. C., II: 2. 1550.

PERFIDY.—Its Punishment.

Men. * * You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you
cast
Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head,
Which will not prove a whip; as many
coxcombs,
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'T is no
matter;
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserv'd it.

C., IV: 6. 1184.

PERIL.—Extreme.

Lucy. * *
Who now is girdled with a waist of iron,
And hemm'd about with grim destruction.

H. VI., 1 pt., IV: 3. 887.

— **Revealed.**

Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous;
As full of peril and advent'rous spirit,
As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,
On the unsteadiest footing of a spear.

H. IV., 1 pt., I: 3. 732.

PERILS.—Great.

Ant. * * Brutus and Cassius,
Are levying powers: we must straight make
head:
Therefore, let our alliance be combin'd,
Our best friends made, and our best means
stretch'd out;
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answered.

J. C., IV: 1. 1343.

PERJURER.—Deliverance by a.

Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me!
O, heaven be judge how I love Valentine,
Whose life 's as tender to me as my soul;
And full as much (for more there cannot
be)

I do detest false perjur'd Proteus:
Therefore be gone, solicit me no more.

T. G., V: 4. 71.

PERJURY.—Punished.

Biron. Thus pour the stars down plagues
for perjury.

L. L., V: 2. 298.

PERMISSION.—Equal to Command.

Duke. * *

Sith 't was my fault to give the people
scope,

'T would be my tyranny to strike and gall
them

For what I bid them do: For we bid this be
done,

When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not the punishment.

M. M., I: 3. 146.

PERPLEXITY.—Caused by Enemies.

K. Hen. Thus stands my state, 'twixt
Cade and York distress'd;

Like to a ship, that, having scap'd a tem-
pest,

Is straightway calm'd and boarded with a
pirate.

H. VI., 2 pt., IV: 9. 940.

PERSEVERANCE.—Commended.

Queen. * *

Prefer you to his daughter: Frame your-
self

To orderly solicits; and be friended
With aptness of the season: make denials
Increase your services: so seem, as if

You were inspir'd to do those duties which
You tender to her; that you in all obey
her,

Save when command to your dismissal
tends,

And therein you are senseless.

Cym., II: 3. 1600.

—Defies Repulse.

Ant. * *

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolv'd t' effect.

T., III: 3. 24.

—Ends in Success.

Mess. * *

But Hercules himself must yield to odds;
And many strokes, though with a little
ax,

Hew down and fell the hardest timber'd
oak.

H. VI., 3 pt., II: 1. 962.

PERSISTENCE.—A Woman's.

Lady. * *

I will have more, or scold it out of him.

Said I for this, the girl was like him? I'll
Have more, or else unsay 't. Now, while 't is
hot.

I'll put it to the issue.

H. VIII., V: 1. 1089.

—Demands a Time.

Des. But shall 't be shortly?

Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you.

Des. Shall 't be to-night at supper?

Oth. No, not to-night.

Des. To-morrow dinner then?

Oth. I shall not dine at home;

I meet the captains at the citadel.

Des. Why then, to-morrow night; or
Tuesday morn;

Or Tuesday noon, or night; or Wednesday
morn.

* * When shall he come?

Tell me, Othello. I wonder in my soul,

What you could ask me, that I should
deny,

Or stand so mammering on.

O., III: 3. 1510.

—In one Idea.

Ham. "O Jephthah, judge of Israel,"—
what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What a treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why—"One fair daughter, and no
more,

The which he loved passing well."

Pol. Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?

Pol. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter, that I love passing well.

H., II: 2. 1407.

—In Seeking Audience.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him he shall not speak with me.

Mal. H' as been told so; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, or be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

T. N., I: 5. 545.

—In Wrong.

Hect. * * Thus to persist
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy.

T. C., II: 2. 1115.

PERSONALITY.—Identified by Mark.

Iach. * * On her left breast,
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I' the bottom of a cowslip.

Cym., II: 2. 1599.

—Its dwelling place.

Rom. * * O tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion.

R. J., III: 3. 1263.

—Lost in the Mass.

Ant. S. * *
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop;
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself.

C. E., I: 2. 194.

PERSUASION.—Power of.

Claud. * * Bid herself assay him;
I have great hope in that: for in her youth

There is a prone and speechless dialect,
Such as moves men; beside, she hath prosperous art
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.

M. M., I: 2. 146.

PESTILENCE.—Sure Death.

Scar. * * Like the token'd pestilence,
Where death is sure.

A. C., III: 8. 1563.

PETARD.—Hoisting its Engineer.

Ham. * *
For 't is the sport, to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petar.

H., III: 4. 1420.

PETITIONS.—For Justice.

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these?
Was ever seen
An emperor of Rome thus overborne,
Troubled, confronted thus; and, for the extent
Of regal justice, us'd in such contempt?
My lords, you know, as do the mightyful gods,
However these disturbers of our peace
Buzz in the people's ears, there nought hath pass'd,
But even with law, against the wilful sons
Of old Andronicus.

* *
And now he writes to heaven for his redress:
See, here 's to Jove, and this to Mercury;
This to Apollo; this to the god of war:
Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!

What 's this, but libelling against the senate,
And blazoning our injustice everywhere?
A goodly humor, is it not, my lords?
As who would say, in Rome no justice were.

Tit. And., IV: 4. 1223.

PHARISEEISM.—In Governments.

Claud. * * But this new governor
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties,
Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung
by the wall

So long, that nineteen zodiacs have gone round,
And none of them been worn; and, for a name,
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me; — 'tis surely, for a name.

M. M., I: 3. 146.

PHILOSOPHER.—Tooth-ache Conquers.

Leon. * *

For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the tooth-ach patiently.

M. A., V: 1. 249.

PHILOSOPHY.—Adversity's Milk.

Fri. Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy.

R. J., III: 3. 1263.

—Natural.

Touch. * * * Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

Cor. No more, but that I know, the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends: That the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn: That good pasture makes fat sheep, and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun: That he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art, may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Touch. Such a one is a natural philosopher.

A. Y., III: 2. 421.

—Never Dreams.

Ham. * *

There are more things in heaven and earth,
Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy.

H., I: 5. 1406.

PHYSIC.—Rejected.

Macb. Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.

M., V: 3. 1383.

—Source of Wretchedness.

Lear. * * * Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel.

K. L., III: 4. 1465.

PICTURES.—Perfect.

2 Serv. Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight
Adonis, painted by a running brook;
And Cytherea all in sedges hid,
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath

Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll show thee Io, as she was a maid;

And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,
As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 Serv. Or Daphne, roaming through a thorny wood;

Scratching her legs that one shall swear she bleeds;

And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

T. S.: Ind.; 2. 453.

PIETY.—Blackens Evil.

Leon. * * * How he glisters
Through my rust! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

W. T., III: 2. 595.

PIRATES.—Famous.

Mess. * *

Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them; which they ear
and wound

With keels of every kind.

A. C., I: 4. 1545.

PITLESSNESS.—An Adversary's.

Duke. I am sorry for thee: thou art come to answer

A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

M. V., IV: 1. 382.

PITY.—A Hindrance to Crime.

Hub. * *

How now, foolish rheum,
Turning spiteous torture out of door!
I must be brief; let resolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.

K. J., IV: 1. 664.

—(See Forbearance.) **A new-born Babe.**

Macb. * * *

And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast.

M., I : 7. 1362.

—**A Weakness.**

Leon. * * *

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms!

W. T., I : 2. 582.

—**Advised.**

Duke. * * * Stand at her doors,

And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall
grow,

Till thou have audience.

T. N., I : 4. 543.

—**Drives out Pity.**

Bru. O Antony! beg not your death of
us,

Though now we must appear bloody and
cruel,

As, by our hands, and this our present act,
You see we do; yet see you but our hands,
And this the bleeding business they have
done:

Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity,)
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your
part,

To you our swords have leaden points, Mark
Antony:

Our arms in strength of malice, and our
hearts,

Of brother's temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and rever-
ence.

J. C., III : 1. 1337.

—**Excited by Beauty.**

Oth. * * * Yet I'll not shed her blood;
Nor scar that whiter skin, of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.

O., V : 2. 1528.

—**Excited by Shipwreck.**

Mir. * * * O, I have suffered

With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,

Who had no doubt some noble creature in
her,

Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls! they
perish'd.

Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or ere
It should the good ship so have swallow'd,
and

The freighting souls within her.

T., I : 2. 8.

—**Grows passionate.**

Auf. * * * O, let me twine

Mine arm about that body, where against
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scar'd the moon with splinters.

C., IV : 5. 1181.

—**Implored.**

Puc. Look on thy country * *

As looks the mother on her lovely babe,
When death doth close his tender dying eyes.

H. VI., 1 pt., III : 3. 883.

—**Invoked.**

Imo. * * * But if there be

Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!

Cym., IV : 2. 1618.

—**Invoked of Stones.**

Q. Eliz. Stay yet; look back, with me,
unto the Tower. —

Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes,
Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls!
Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!
Rude ragged nurse! old sullen play-fellow
For tender princes, use my babies well!
So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell.

R. III., IV : 1. 1031.

—**Shown in Justice.**

Isab. Yet show some pity.

Ang. I show it most of all, when I show
justice;

For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall;
And do him right, that, answering one foul
wrong,

Lives not to act another.

M. M., II : 2. 152.

—The Virtue of the Law.

Ald. * * Pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.

T. A., III: 5. 1301.

—Threatened.

Oli. Tell him he shall not speak with me.

Mal. H' as been told so; and he says,
he 'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post,
or be the supporter to a bench, but he 'll
speak with you.

T. N., I: 5. 545.

PLAGIARISM.—Of Pedants.

Moth. They have been at a great feast
of langauges, and stol'n the scraps.

* *

Cost. O, they have liv'd long on the
alms-basket of words!

L. L., V: 1. 292.

Biron. This fellow picks up wit, as pigeons peas,
And utters it again when Jove doth please.
He is wit's peddler, and retails his wares
At wakes, and wassails, meetings, markets,
fairs.

L. L., V: 2. 297.

PLAGUE.—Quickly Caught.

Oli. * *

Even so quickly, may one catch the plague.

T. N., I: 5. 547.

PLAUSIBILITY.—Its deceptive Power.

Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he
will:

For I can smooth, and fill his aged ear
With golden promises; that were his heart
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet should both ear and heart obey my
tongue.

Tit. And., IV: 4. 1225.

PLEASURE.—Its Minimum.

Bene. You take pleasure, then, in the
message?

Beat. Yea, just so much as you may
take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw
withal. You have no stomach, signior?
fare you well.

M. A., II: 2. 237.

—Like a Barber's Chair.

Clo. It is like a barber's chair that fits
all.

A. W., II: 2. 504.

—Shortens Time.

Iago. * *

Pleasure and action, make the hours seem
short.

O., II: 3. 1508.

PLODDING.—Tiresome.

Biron. * *

Why, universal plodding prisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries;
As motion, and long-during action, tires
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.

L. L., IV: 3. 290.

POET.—His Powers.

The. * *

And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's
pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy
nothing
A local habitation and a name.

M. N., V: 1. 341

POETRY.—Insincerity of.

Touch. No, truly; for the truest poetry
is the most feigning; and lovers are given
to poetry; and what they swear in poetry,
may be said, as lovers, they do feign.

A. Y., III: 3. 425.

—Love-sick.

Duke. Ay, much is the force of heaven-
bred poesy.

Pro. ' Say that upon the altar of her
beauty

You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your
heart:

Write till your ink be dry; and with your
tears

Moist it again; and frame some feeling line,
That may discover such integrity:

For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets'
sinews,

Whose golden touch could soften steel and
stones,

Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans

Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on
sands.

After your dire lamenting elegies,
Visit by night your lady's chamber-win-
dow

With some sweet consort: to their instru-
ments

Tune a deploring dump, the night's dead
silence

Will well become such sweet complaining
grievance.

This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

T. G., III. 2. 64.

—Spirit of, Invoked.

Arm. * * Assist me, some extempo-
ral god of rhyme, for I am sure, I shall turn
sonneteer. Devise, wit! write, pen! for I
am for whole volumes in folio.

L. L., I. 2. 276.

—Spontaneity of True.

Poet. A thing slipp'd idly from me.
Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes
From whence 't is nourish'd: The fire i'
the flint

Shows not, till it be struck; our gentle
flame

Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chases.

T. A., I. 1. 1286.

—That Sets the Teeth on Edge.

Hot. Marry, and I'm glad of it with all
my heart;

I had rather be a kitten, and cry—mew,
Than one of these same metre ballad-mon-
gers:

I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on an axletree;
And that would set my teeth nothing on
edge.

Nothing so much as mincing poetry;

'T is like the forc'd gait of a shuffling
nag.

H. IV., 1 pt., III. 1. 745.

POISON.—Instant and Fatal.

Rom. Come hither, man.—I see that
thou art poor;

Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have

A dram of poison; such soon-speeding geer
As will disperse itself through all the
veins.

That the life-weary taker may fall dead;
And that the trunk may be discharg'd of
breath

As violently, as hasty powder fir'd

Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

R. J., V. 1. 1274.

—Obtained by Pretences.

Queen. Despatch.—

Now, master doctor; have you brought
those drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your highness; ay: here
they are, madam;

But I beseech your grace, (without offence;
My conscience bids me ask;) wherefore
you have

Commanded of me these most poisonous
compounds,

Which are the movers of a languishing
death;

But, though slow, deadly?

Queen. I do wonder, doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a question: Have I
not been

Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me
how

To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea,
so,

That our great king himself doth woo me
oft

For my confections? Having thus far pro-
ceeded,

(Unless thou think'st me devilish,) is 't not
meet

That I did amplify my judgment in
Other conclusions? I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures
as

We count not worth the hanging, (but none
human,)

To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their act, and by them gather
Their several virtues, and effects.

Cor. Your highness

Shall from this practice but make hard
your heart:

Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious.

Cym., I. 6. 1594.

—Stealthy.*Ghost.* * *

The leperous distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man.
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses
through

The natural gates and alleys of the body;
And, with a sudden vigour, it doth posset
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it
mine;

And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome
crust,
All my smooth body.

H., I: 5. 1400.**POISONER.—A would-be.***Cor.* I do not like her. She doth think,
she has

Strange lingering poisons: I do know her
spirit,

And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature: Those she
has,

Will stupify and dull the sense awhile:
Which first, perchance, she 'll prove on cats,
and dogs;

Then afterward up higher; but there is
No danger in what show of death it makes,
More than the locking up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect.

Cym., I: 6. 1595.**POLICY.—Above Conscience.**

1 *Stran.* * * But I perceive,
Men most learn now with pity to dispense:
For policy sits above conscience.

T. A., III: 2. 1298.**POLITICIAN.—A Dissembler.**

Lear. * * Get thee glass eyes;
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not.

K. L., IV: 6. 1476.**POMP.—Earthy.***Nor.* * *

All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods.
* *

Their dwarfish pages were
As cherubims, all gilt.

H. VIII., I: 1. 1057.**POOR.—Have strong Breaths.**

1 *Cit.* * * They say poor suitors have
strong breaths; they shall know we have
strong arms too.

Cor., I: 1. 1149.**POPULACE.—A poor Dependence.**

Ant. * * Our slippery people
(Whose love is never link'd to the deserver,
Till his deserts are past.)

A. C., I: 2. 1543.

Arch. Let us on;
And publish the occasion of our arms.
The commonwealth is sick of their own
choice,

Their over greedy love hath surfeited:—
A habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he, that buildeth on the vulgar heart.

H. IV., 2 pt., I: 3. 779.**—Has no Knowledge.**

Vol. I would, he had?—'T was you in-
cens'd the rabble:

Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.

C., IV: 2. 1178.**POPULARITY.—How Obtained.**

K. Rich. He is our cousin, cousin; but
't is doubt,

When time shall call him home from ban-
ishment.

Whether our kinsman come to see his
friends.

Ourselves, and Bushy, Bagot here, and
Green,

Observ'd his courtship to the common peo-
ple:—

How he did seem to dive into their hearts,
With humble and familiar courtesy;
What reverence he did throw away on
slaves;

Wooing poor craftsmen, with the craft of
smiles,

And patient underbearing of his fortune,
As 't were, to banish their affects with
him.

Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;
A brace of draymen bid—God speed him
well,

And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With—"Thanks, my countrymen, my lov-
ing friends;"—

As were our England in reversion his,
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

R. II., I: 4. 691.

POPULATION.—Tends to Poverty.

Lawn. Truly, the more to blame he: we
were Christians enow before: e'en as many
as could well live, one by another. This
making of Christians will raise the price of
hogs; if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we
shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals
for money.

M. V., III: 5. 381.

PORTENTS.—Admonitory

3 *Cit.* When clouds are seen, wise men
put on their cloaks;
When great leaves fall, then winter is at
hand;

When the sun sets, who doth not look for
night?

Untimely storms make men expect a dearth:
All may be well; but, if God sort it so,
'T is more than we deserve, or I expect.

2 *Cit.* Truly, the hearts of men are full
of fear:

You cannot reason almost with a man
That looks not heavily, and full of dread.

3 *Cit.* Before the days of change, still is
it so:

By a divine instinct, men's minds mistrust
Ensuing danger; as, by proof, we see
The water swell before a boist'rous storm.
But leave it all to God.

R. III., II: 3. 1018.

—Braving Them.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens
menace so?

Cas. Those, that have known the earth
so full of faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the
streets,

Submitting me unto the perilous night;

And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,

Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone:

And, when the cross blue lightning seem'd
to open

The breast of heaven, I did present myself

Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much
tempt the heavens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

J. C., I: 3. 1327.

—Foolish to Notice.

Glend. I cannot blame him: at my na-
tivity,

The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets; and, at my birth,
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shak'd like a coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have done
At the same season, if your mother's cat
had

But kitten'd, though yourself had ne'er been
born.

Glend. I say, the earth did shake when
I was born.

Hot. And I say, the earth was not of my
mind,

If you suppose, as fearing you it shook.

Glend. The heavens were all on fire, the
earth did tremble.

H. IV., 1 pt., III: 1. 744.

—Interpreted.

Cas. * *

Why all these fires, why all these gliding
ghosts,

Why birds, and beasts, from quality and
kind;

Why old men fools, and children calculate;

Why all these things change, from their or-
dinance,

Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,
To monstrous quality; why, you shall find,
That heaven hath infus'd them with these
spirits,

To make them instruments of fear, and warn-
ing,

Unto some monstrous state. Now could I,
Casca,

Name to thee a man most like this dreadful
night;

That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and
roars

As doth the lion in the Capitol:

A man no mightier than thyself or me,

In personal action; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'T is Cæsar that you mean: Is it
not, Cassius?

Cas. Let it be who it is.

J. C., I: 3. 1327.

—Of approaching Danger.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one
within,

Besides the things that we have heard and
seen,

Recounts most horrid sights seen by the
watch.

A lioness hath whelped in the streets:

And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their
dead:

Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of
war,

Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:

The noise of battle hurtled in the air,

Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;

And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the
streets.

O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

J. C., II: 2. 1333.

—Of Evil.

K. Rich. * *

Tell the clock there. — Give me a calen-
dar. —

Who saw the sun to-day?

Rat. Not I, my lord.

K. Rich.

Then he disdains to shine; for, by the book,
He should have brav'd the east an hour
ago:

A black day will it be to somebody. —

Ratcliff, —

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day;
The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.
I would, these dewy tears were from the
ground.

Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me,
More than to Richmond? for the self-same
heaven,

That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him.

R. III., V: 3. 1045.

—Of Misfortune.

Cap. 'T is thought, the king is dead; we
will not stay.

The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd,
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the
earth,

And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful
change;

Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and
leap, —

The one, in fear to lose what they enjoy,

The other, to enjoy by rage and war;

These signs forerun the death or fall of
kings.

R. II., II: 4. 699.

—The Teaching of heavenly.

Edw. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three
suns?

Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a
perfect sun;

Not separated with the racking clouds,

But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.

See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to
kiss,

As if they vow'd some league inviolable:

Now are they but one lamp, one light, one
sun.

In this the heaven figures some event.

Edw. 'T is wondrous strange, the like yet
never heard of.

I think, it cites us, brother, to the field;

That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,

Each one already blazing by our meeds,

Should, notwithstanding, join our lights to-
gether,

And over-shine the earth, as this the
world.

Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I
bear

Upon my target three fair shining suns.

H. VI., 3 pt., II: 1. 962.

—Their Significance.

Cl. The river have thrice flow'd, no ebb
between:

And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,

Say, it did so, a little time before

That our great grandsire, Edward, sick'd and
died.

H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 4. 801.

Casca. * * O Cicero,

I have seen tempests, when the scolding
winds

Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and
foam,

To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds :
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven;
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you anything more won-
derful ?

Casca. A common slave (you know him
well by sight,)

Held up his left hand, which did flame, and
burn

Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.

Besides, (I have not since put up my sword,)
Against the Capitol I met a lion,

Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me : And there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear; who swore,
they saw

Men, all in fire, walk up and down the
streets.

And, yesterday, the bird of night did sit,
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Hooting, and shrieking. When these prodig-
ies

Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
" These are their reasons, — They are natu-
ral; "

For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

J. C., I: 3. 1326.

PORTRAIT — Lover's Devotion to a

Pro. Madam, if your heart be so obdu-
rate,

Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your cham-
ber;

To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and
weep :

For, since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow,
And to your shadow will I make true love.

T. G., IV: 2. 67.

—The Eloquence of a perfect

Bass. * *

Fair Portia's counterfeit ? What demi-god
Hath come so near creation ? Move these
eyes ?

Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion ? Here are sever'd lips,
Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends. Here, in
her hairs,

The painter plays the spider; and hath woven
A golden mesh t' entrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: But her
eyes, —

How could he see to do them? having made
one,

Methinks it should have power to steal both
his,

And leave itself unfurnish'd.

M. V., III: 2. 377.

POSITION.—Demands Respect.

Duke. Respect to your great place! and
let the devil

Be sometime honour'd for his burning
throne!

M. M., V: 1. 173.

—Gives Importance.

Q. Mar. * *

Small curs are not regarded, when they
grin;

But great men tremble, when the lion
roars;

And Humphrey is no little man in England.

H. VI., 2 pt., III: 1. 922.

—Subordinate, inevitable.

Dogh. * * Well said, i' faith, neigh-
bour Verges: — well, God's a good man; and
two men ride of a horse, one must ride be-
hind.

M. A., III: 5. 243.

POSSESSED.—With five Fiends.

Edg. * * Five fiends have been in
poor Tom at once; of lust, as *Obidicut*;
Hobbididance, prince of dumbness; *Mahu*,
of stealing; *Modo*, of murder; and *Flibber-
tigibbet*, of moppin and mowing; who since
possesses chamber-maids and waiting-women.

K. L., IV: 1. 1471.

POSSESSION —Belongs to Power.

K. Rich. Well you deserve:—they well
deserve to have,
That know the strong'st and surest way to
get.

R. II., III: 3. 705.

—Not always of Right.

Eli. Your strong possession, much more
than your right;
Or else it must go wrong with you, and me;
So much my conscience whispers in your
ear;
Which none but heaven, and you, and I,
shall hear.

K. J., I: 1. 646.

POVERTY. —Contented, is Rich.

Iago. Poor and content is rich, and rich
enough:
But riches, fineless, is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor:—
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe de-
fend
From jealousy!

O., III: 3. 1511.

—Diminishes Power.

Phry. Thy lips rot oft!
Tim. I will not kiss thee; then the rot
returns
To thine own lips again.
Alcib. How came the noble Timon to
this change?
Tim. As the moon does, by wanting
light to give:
But then renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no suns to borrow of.

T. A., IV: 3. 1306.

—Honest, Enriched.

Tim. The man is honest.
Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon:
His honesty rewards him in itself,
It must not bear my daughter.
Tim. Does she love him?
Old Ath. She is young, and apt:
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity's in youth.

* *

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd
me long;

To build his fortune, I will strain a little,
For 't is a bond in men. Give him thy
daughter:

What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

T. A., I: 1. 1283.

—Incentive to Crime.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have; but
Mantua's law
Is death, to any he that utters them.
Rom. Art thou so bare, and full of
wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back;
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's
law;

The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take
this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, con-
sents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy
will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you
will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the
strength
Of twenty men, it would despatch you
straight.

R. J., V: 1. 1274.

—Its Distractions.

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad soul:
and she says, up and down the town, that
her eldest son is like you: she hath been in
good case, and the truth is, poverty hath
distracted her. But for these foolish officers,
I beseech you, I may have redress against
them.

H. IV., 2 pt., II: 1. 781.

—Its Plea.

Val. Then know, that I have little wealth
to lose;
A man I am, cross'd with adversity;
My riches are these poor habiliments,
Of which if you should here disfurnish
me,
You take the sum and substance that I
have.

T. G., IV: 1. 65.

—Not desirable.

Clo. No, madam, 't is not so well that I am poor; though many of the rich are damn'd.

A. W., I: 3. 499.

—Revenge Itself in Words.

1 *Var. Serv.* How! what does his cashier'd worship mutter?

2 *Var. Serv.* No matter what; he's poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head in? such may rail against great buildings

T. A., III: 4. 1300.

—Walks alone.

Serv. As we do turn our backs From our companion thrown into his grave, So his familiars to his buried fortunes Sink all away; leave their false vows with him, Like empty purses pick'd: and his poor self, A dedicated beggar to the air, With his disease of all shunn'd poverty, Walks like contempt, alone.

T. A., IV: 2. 1304.

POWER.—Disarmed.

Hast. * *

So that his power, like a fangless lion, May offer, but not hold.

H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 1. 797.

—Its Tyranny.

York. * *

Whose smile and frown, like to Achille's spear, Is able with the change to kill and cure.

H. VI., 2 pt., V: 1. 943.

—Magnanimously Retained.

Bast. * *

That hand, which had the strength, even at your door,

To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch:

To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells: To crouch in litter of your stable planks; To lie, like pawns, lock'd up in chests and trunks.

K. J., V: 2. 673.

—Personified.

Cas. * * Now could I, Casca, Name to thee a man most like this dreadful night; That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and wars As doth the lion in the Capitol.

J. C., I. 3. 1327.

—Prematurely Grasped.

Prin. Hen. * * My gracious lord! my father!—

This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep, That from this golden rigo hath divorc'd So many English kings. Thy due, from me, Is tears, and heavy sorrows of the blood; Which nature, love, and filial tenderness, Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously: My due, from thee, is this imperial crown; Which, as immediate from thy place and blood, Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits,— Which heaven shall guard: and put the world's whole strength Into one giant arm, it shall not force This lineal honour from me: This from thee Will I to mine leave, as 't is left to me.

H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 4. 802.

—Talked of.

Cap. * * (As, you know What great ones do,—the less will prattle of.)

T. N., I: 2. 541.

—Tyrannical Use of.

Isab. * * O, it is excellent To have a giant's strength: but it is tyrannous To use it like a giant.

M. M., II: 2. 152.

—Waxing.

Pom. * *

My power's a crescent, and my any wrong hope Says it will come to the full.

A. C., II: 1. 1547.

—With Ignorance.

Isab. * * But man, proud man! Dress'd in a little brief authority,— Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,

His glassy essence, — like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high
heaven;
As make the angels weep: who, with our
spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

M. M., II: 2. 152.

PRAISE. — Common, inadequate.

Biron. * *

O, but for my love, day would turn to
night!

Of all complexions, the cull'd sovereignty
Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek;
Where several worthies make one dignity;
Where nothing wants, that want itself
doth seek.

Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues;
Fie, painted rhetoric! O, she needs it not:
To things of sale a seller's praise belongs;
She passes praise; then praise too short
doth blot.

L. L., IV: 3. 289.

—Envenoms Enemies.

Adam. * *

Your praise has come too swiftly home be-
fore you.

Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?

No more do yours; your virtues, gentle
master,

Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.

O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it.

A. Y., II: 3. 415.

—Equivocal.

Bene. Why, i' faith, methinks she's too
low for a high praise, too brown for a fair
praise, and too little for a gréat praise: on-
ly this commendation I can afford her,—
that were she other than she is, she were
unhandsome; and being no other but as she
is, I do not like her.

M. A., I: 1. 227.

—Fattens.

Her. What? have I twice said well?
when was't before?

I prithee, tell me: Cram's with praise, and
makes's

As fat as tame things.

W. T., I: 2. 582.

—Fulsome, Rebuked.

Alex. They say he is a very man *per se*,
And stands alone.

Cres. So do all men; unless they are
drunk, sick, or have no legs.

T. C., I: 2. 1104

—Illimitable.

Cant. * *

And make your chronicle as rich with praise,
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
With sunken wreck and sumless treasures.

H. V., I: 2. 822.

—Ironical.

Clo. Marry, sir, they praise me, and
make an ass of me; now my foes tell me
plainly I am an ass, so that by my foes, sir,
I profit in the knowledge of myself.

T. N., V: 1. 565.

—Most in mere Mention.

Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say,—
Cæsar;—go no further.

A. C., III: 2. 1558.

—Outstripped.

Pro. * *

O, Ferdinand,

Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all
praise,

And make it halt behind her.

T., IV: 1. 26.

—Verbal.

Ber. His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts than on his
tomb;

So in approof lives not his epitaph,
As in your royal speech.

A. W., I: 2. 498.

—Withheld.

Her. * * One good deed dying tongue-
less

Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages: You may ride's
With one soft kiss, a thousand furlongs, ere
With spur we heat an acre.

W. T., I: 2. 582

PRAISES. — A Debt.

Gow. * * Marina gets
All praises, which are paid as debts,
And not as given.

P., IV: 2. 1659.

— **Withheld.**

Ulyss. * * I will not praise thy wisdom,

Which like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines

Thy spacious and dilated parts.

T. C., II: 3. 1118.

PRAYER.—(See Denial.) A Fault.

Quick. * * An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate: his worst fault is that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way; but nobody but has his fault.

M. W., I: 4. 93.

— **A King's.**

K. Hen. O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts!

Possess them not with fear; take from them now

The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers

Pluck their hearts from them!—Not to-day, O Lord,

O not to-day, think not upon the fault

My father made in compassing the crown!

I Richard's body have interred new;

And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears, Than from it issued forced drops of blood.

Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay, Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up

Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built

Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests

Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do:

Though all that I can do, is nothing worth; Since that my penitence comes after all, Imploring pardon.

H. F., IV: 1. 843.

— **Distracted by Desire.**

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and pray

To several subjects. Heaven hath my empty words; ———

Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,

Anchors on Isabel. Heaven in my mouth, As if I did but only chew his name; And in my heart, the strong and swelling evil

Of my conception.

M. M., II: 4. 154.

— **More than Words.**

King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:

Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go.

H., III: 3. 1418.

— **Richmond's.**

Richm. * *

O Thou! whose captain I account myself, Look on my forces with a gracious eye;

Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,

That they may crush down with a heavy fall

The usurping helmets of our adversaries!

Make us thy ministers of chastisement,

That we may praise thee in thy victory!

To thee I do commend my watchful soul,

Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes;

Sleeping, and waking, O, defend me still!

R. III., V: 3. 1043.

PRAYERS.—Intersessory.

Isab. Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,

Or stones, whose rates are either rich or poor

As fancy values them; but with true prayers That shall be up at heaven, and enter

there,

Ere sunrise: prayers from preserved souls,

From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate

To nothing temporal.

M. M., II: 2. 153.

— **Of Some, a Curse.**

Glo. The church! where is it? Had not churchmen pray'd,

His thread of life had not so soon decay'd:

None do you like but an effeminate prince,

Whom, like a school-boy, you may overawe.

H. VI., 1 pt., I: 1. 864.

PREACHER.—Should be pure.*Duke.* * *

He who the sword of heaven will bear
Should be as holy as severe;

M. N., III: 2. 162.**PRECEPT.—And bad Example.***Clar.* Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul,

To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,
That thou wilt war with God by murdering
me?

R. III., I: 4. 1013.**—Contradicted by Practice.***Oph.* But, good my brother,

Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to
heaven,

Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless liber-
tine,

Himself the primrose path of dalliance
treads,

And reck's not his own read.

H., I: 3. 1397.**PRECOCITY.—Extraordinary.**

Mess. * * He hath borne himself be-
yond the promise of his age: doing, in the
figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion.

M. A., I: 1. 225.**—In cutting Teeth.***York.* Marry, they say, my uncle grew so fast,

That he could gnaw a crust at two hours
old;

'T was full two years ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting
jest.

Q. Eliz. A parlous boy: Go to, you are too shrewd.*Arch.* Good madam, be not angry with the child.*Q. Eliz.* Pitchers have ears.*R. III.*, II: 4. 1019.**—In Theft.***Cres.* Is he so young a man and so old a lifter?*T. C.*, I: 2. 1105.**PRECURSORS.—Of fierce Events.***Hor.* A mote it is, to trouble the mind's eye.

In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted
dead

Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.

* *

As, stars with trains of fire and dews of
blood,

Disasters in the sun; and the moist star,
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire
stands,

Was sick almost to dooms-day with eclipse.
And even the like precurse of fierce events,

As harbingers preceding still the fates,
And prologue to the omen coming on,—

Have heaven and earth together demonstra-
ted

Unto our climatures and countrymen.

H., I: 1. 1392.**—Of War.***Mar.* Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows.

Why this same strict and most observant
watch

So nightly toils the subject of the land?

And why such daily cast of brazen can-
non,

And foreign mart for implements of war;
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose
sore task

Does not divide the Sunday from the
week:

What might be toward, that this sweaty
haste

Doth make the night joint-labourer with the
day;

Who is 't. that can inform me?

H., I: 1. 1392.**PREFERMENT.—Not by Gradation.***Iago.* But there 's no remedy, 't is the curse o' service;

Preferment goes by letter, and affection,
Not by the old gradation, where each sec-
ond

Stood heir to the first.

O., I: 1. 1491.

PREMEDITATION.—An Unfairness.

Win. Com'st thou with deep premeditated lines,
With written pamphlets studiously devis'd,
Humphrey of Gloster? if thou canst accuse,

Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention suddenly;
As I with sudden and extemporal speech
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

H. VI., 1 pt., III: 1. 878.

PREMONITION.—Of coming Evil.

York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

Glo. Why, what would you fear?

York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost,
My grandam told me, he was murder'd there.

Prince. I fear no uncles dead.

Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. An if they live, I hope, I need not fear.

But come, my lord, and, with a heavy heart,

Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

R. III., III: 1. 1021.

PREPARATION.—Suitable.

Bap. * *

But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,

That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

T. S., II: 1. 463.

PREPARATIONS.—Needful to Success.

North. I knew of this before; but, to speak truth,

This present grief had wip'd it from my mind.

Go in with me; and counsel every man

The aptest way for safety, and revenge:

Get posts, and letters, and make friends with speed;

Never so few, and never yet more need.

H. IV., 2 pt., I: 1. 776.

PRESENT.—The most Reliable.

Ulyss. * *

The present eye praises the present object.

T. C., III: 3. 1125.

PRESENTIMENT.—Of Evil.

K. Rich. Give me a bowl of wine:

I have not that alacrity of spirit,

Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.

—So, set it down.—Is ink and paper ready?

R. III., V: 3. 1043.

PRESUMPTION.—Threatened.

Mrs. Ford. Go to, then: we'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watery pumpkin; we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

M. W., III: 3. 104.

PRETENSION.—A disgraceful Failure.

Cost. O, sir, you have overthrown Alisander the conqueror! You will be scrap'd out of the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds his poll-ax sitting on a close stool, will be given to Ajax; he will be the ninth Worthy. A conqueror, and afear'd to speak! run away for shame, Alisander. There, an't shall please you; a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dashed! He is a marvellous good neighbour, in sooth; and a very good bowler: but, for Alisander, alas! you see how 't is;—a little o'erparted:—But there are Worthies a coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

L. L., V: 2. 300.

—Easily Tested.

Fal. * * But, Hal, I pr'ythee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God, thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir; but I marked him not: and yet he talked very wisely; but I regarded him not: and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

P. Hen. Thou did'st well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O thou hast damnable iteration; and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal,—God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the

Lord, an I do not, I am a villain; I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

P. Hen. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.

P. Hen. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying, to purse-taking.

H. IV., 1 pt., I: 2. 729.

—False.

*Ham. * ** A king
Of shreds and patches.

H., III: 4. 1419.

PRICE.—The World a great.

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emil. The world is a huge thing: 't is a great price

For a small vice.

O., IV: 3. 1525.

PRIDE.—A Mother's.

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing; or express yourself in a more comfortable sort: If my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would show most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb; when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way; when, for a day of king's entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding; I,—considering how honour would become such a person; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir,—was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter,—I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam? how then?

C., I: 3. 1153.

—Condemned.

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stored with all.

Sic. Especially, in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

*Men. * ** You talk of pride: O, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O, that you could!

Bru. What then, sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, (alias, fools,) as any in Rome.

C., II: 1. 1160.

—Flows as the Sea.

Jag. Why, who cries out on pride, That can therein tax any private party? Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea, Till that the wearer's very means do ebb? What woman in the city do I name, When that I say, The city-woman bears The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders? Who can come in, and say that I mean her, When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?

A. Y., II: 7. 418.

—From Hell.

Aber. I cannot tell What heaven hath given him, let some graver eye Pierce into that; but I can see his pride Peep through each part of him: Whence has he that? If not from hell, the devil is a niggard; Or has given all before, and he begins A new hell in himself.

H. VIII., I: 1. 1057.

—Hateful.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.

T. C., II: 3. 1117.

—How Fed.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

Agam. Your mind 's the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues the fairer. He that is proud, eats up himself: pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.

T. C., II: 3. 1117.

Cleo. See, Cæsar! O, behold, How pomp is follow'd.

A. C., V: 2. 1579.

—Infects Others.

Ulyss. * * The seeded pride
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank Achilles, must or now be cropp'd,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To overbulk us all.

T. C., I: 3. 1111.

—Inordinate and Incurable.

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,
He makes important: Possess'd he is with greatness;
And speaks not to himself, but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,
That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,
And batters down himself: What should I say?
He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it
Cry—"No recovery."

T. C., II: 3. 1117.

—Its own Mirror.

Ulyss. * * Pride hath no other glass
To show itself, but pride; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

T. C., III: 3. 1123.

—Rebuking Pride.

Dro. S. Fly pride, says the peacock.

C. E., IV: 2. 206.

—Simple, rustic.

Cor. * * The greatest of my pride is,
to see my ewes graze, and my lambs suck.

A. Y., III: 2. 421.

Oli. O world, how apt the poor are to be proud.

T. N., III: 1. 555.

—The Feeding of it.

Ajax. I'll knead him, I will make him supple: —

Nest. He's not yet thorough warm: force him with praises:
Pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.

T. C., II: 3. 1118.

—Voluntary.

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.

L. L., II: 1. 277.

—Wounded by Neglect.

Achil. What mean these fellows? Know they not Achilles?

* *

What, am I poor of late?
'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too: What the declin'd is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings, but to the summer;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour; but honour for those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
Which, when they fall, as being slippery standers,
The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,
Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall.

T. C., III: 3. 1124.

—Yielding to.

Ulyss. * * Shall the proud lord,
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam;
And never suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts,—save such as do revolve
And ruminate himself,—shall he be worshipp'd
Of that we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
As amply titled as Achilles is,
By going to Achilles:
That were to enlard his fat-already pride;
And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion.
This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid;
And say in thunder—"Achilles, go to him."

T. C., II: 3. 1118.

PRINCES.—Not Respected.*Sim. * **

As jewels lose their glory, if neglected,
So princes their renown, if not respected.

*P., II: 2. 1650.***PRISON.—The World a.**

*Ham. * ** What have you, my good
friends, deserved at the hands of fortune,
that she sends you to prison hither?

Guil. Prison, my lord!*Ham.* Denmark's a prison.*Ros.* Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one; in which there are
many confines, wards, and dungeons; Den-
mark being one of the worst.

Ros. We think not so, my lord.

Ham. Why, then 't is none to you; for
there is nothing either good or bad, but
thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

Ros. Why, then your ambition makes it
one; 't is too narrow for your mind.

*H., II: 1. 1406.***PRISONERS.—Treatment of.**

Tal. With scoffs, and scorns, and con-
tumelious taunts.

In open market-place produc'd they me,
To be a public spectacle to all;
Here, said they, is the terror of the
French,

The scare-crow that affrights our children
so.

Then broke I from the officers that led
me;

And with my nails digg'd stones out of the
ground,

To hurl at the beholders of my shame.

My grisly countenance made others fly;
None durst come near for fear of sudden
death.

In iron walls they deem'd me not secure;
So great fear of my name 'mongst them
was spread,

That they suppos'd I could rend bars of
steel,

And spurn in pieces posts of adamant:

Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had,

That walk'd about me every minute-while;

And if I did but stir out of my bed,

Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

*H. VI., 1 pt., I: 4. 870.***PRIVATIONS.—Past.***Cæs. . Antony,*

Leave thy lascivious wassals. When thou
once

Wast beaten from Modena, where thou
slew'st

Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel

Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st
against,

Though daintily brought up, with patience
more

Than savages could suffer: Thou didst drink

The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle

Which beasts would cough at: thy palate
then did deign

The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;

Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture
sheets,

The barks of trees thou browsed'st; on the
Alps,

It is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh,

Which some did die to look on: And all this
(It wounds thine honour, that I speak it
now,)

Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

*A. C., I: 4. 1545.***PROCRASTINATION.—Dangerous.***Alen. * ** Delays have dangerous ends.*H. VI., 1 pt., III: 2. 881.***—In Paying Debts.**

*Host. * ** A hundred mark is a long
score for a poor lone woman to bear: and I
have borne, and borne, and borne; and have
been fubbed off, and fubbed off, and fubbed
off, from this day to that day, that it is a
shame to be thought on. There is no hon-
esty in such dealing.

*H. IV., 2 pt., II: 1. 780.**Macb. * **

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to-day
To the last syllable of recorded time.

*M., V: 5. 1383.***—To be Avoided.***Pain.* True;

When the day serves, before black-corner'd
night,

Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd
light.

King. * * *

Let 's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
Th' inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals, ere we can effect them.

A. W., V: 3. 526.

PRODIGAL.—Course and End.

Gru. * * *

How like a younker, or a prodigal,
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
How like a prodigal doth she return;
With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet
wind.

M. V., II: 6. 371.

—Irremediable.

Luc. Serv. * * * A prodigal course
Is like the sun's; but not, like his, recover-
able.

T. A., III: 4. 1299.

PRODIGALITY.—Assumed.

Ely. The strawberry grows underneath
the nettle,
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen
best,
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality;
And so the prince obscur'd his contempla-
tion
Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
Unseen, yet crescive in his faculty.

H. V., I: 1. 820.

—Its Excess.

Flav. * * * Our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of wine.

T. A., II: 2. 1296.

—Makes Days short.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but the days are waxed
shorter with him:
You must consider, that a prodigal course
Is like the sun's; but not, like his, recover-
able.
I fear, 't is deepest winter in lord Timon's
purse;
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.

T. A., III: 2. 1299.

PROFANITY.—Aggravates Sin.

Luc. * * *

Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.

C. E., III: 2. 201.

—Woman's.

Hot. * * * 'Heart, you swear like a
comfit-maker's wife.

H. IV., 1 pt., III: 2. 747.

PROFFERS.—Deserve Reward.

King. * * *

Proffers not took reap thanks for their re-
ward.

A. W., II: 1. 504.

**PROGNOSTICATION.—In Harmony
with Fear.**

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! be-
ware Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife. — Dismiss me: —
Enough.

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good
caution,
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright.

M., IV: 1. 1375.

—Misleading.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!
Macb. Had I three ears, I 'd hear thee.
App. Be bloody, bold,
And resolute: laugh to scorn the power of
man,
For none of woman born shall harm
Macbeth.

Macb. Then live, Macduff: What need
I fear of thee?
But yet I 'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not
live;

That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder. — What is
this,

That rises like the issue of a king;
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speak not.

App. Be lion-mettled, proud; and take
no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers
are:

Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until

Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him.

Macb. That will never be;
Who can impress the forest; bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? sweet bode-
ments! good!

Rebellion's head, rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Mac-
beth

Shall live the lease of nature, pay his
breath

To time, and mortal custom.

M., IV: 1. 1375.

PROMISE.—Puzzling.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells
me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more be-
lieved,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our
ear,
And break it to our hope.

M., V: 7. 1385.

PROMISES.—In Time of Peril.

Lew. Well; keep good quarter and good
care to-night;
The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow.

K. J., V: 5. 675.

—Maidens Cautioned against.

Mar. * * Beware of them, Diana;
their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens,
and all these engines of lust, are not the
things they go under: many a maid hath
been seduced by them; and the misery is,
example, that so terrible shows in the wreck
of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade
succession, but that they are limed with the
twigs that threaten them.

A. W., III: 5. 514.

—Needful in Danger.

K. John. * *
Then pause not; for the present time 's so
sick,
That present medicine must be minister'd,
Or overthrow incurable ensues.

K. J., V: 1. 671.

—Speedily Performed.

Char. * *

Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,
That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the
next.

H. VI., 1 pt., I: 6. 871.

PROOF.—Indisputable.

Buck. * * By intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
We see each grain of gravel.

H. VIII., I: 1. 1058.

PROPHECY.—A Fool's.

Fool. * *

I'll speak a prophecy ere I go:
When priests are more in word than matter;
When brewers mar their malt with water;
When nobles are their tailors' tutors;
No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors;
When every case in law is right;
No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;
When slanders do not live in tongues;
Nor cutpurses come not to throngs;
When usurers tell their gold i' the field;
And bawds and whores do churches build;
Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion.
Then comes the time, who lives to see 't,
That going shall be us'd with feet.

K. L., III: 2. 1464.

—Fulfilled.

K. John. Is this Ascension-day? Did
not the prophet
Say, that, before Ascension-day at noon,
My crown I should give off? Even so I have:
I did suppose, it should be on constraint;
But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

K. J., V: 1. 671.

—Of Elizabeth's Greatness.

Cran. * *

This royal infant, (heaven still move about
her!)
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand bless-
ings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness: She
shall be
(But few now living can behold that good-
ness.)
A pattern to all princes living with her,

And all that shall succeed : Sheba was never
More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,
Than this pure soul shall be : all princely
graces,

That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her : truth shall
nurse her,

Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel
her :

She shall be lov'd, and fear'd : Her own
shall bless her :

Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow : Good
grows with her :

In her days, every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine, what he plants ; and
sing

The merry songs of peace to all his neigh-
bours :

God shall be truly known ; and those about
her

From her shall read the perfect ways of hon-
our,

And by those claim their greatness, not by
blood.

Nor shall this peace sleep with her : But as
when

The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,
Her ashes new create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself ;
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
(When heaven shall call her from this cloud
of darkness,)

Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she
was,

And so stand fix'd : Peace, plenty, love,
truth, terror,

That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him ;
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall
shine,

His honour and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations : He shall
flourish,

And, like a mountain cedar, reach his
branches

To all the plains about him :—Our chil-
dren's children

Shall see this, and bless heaven.

H. VIII., V : 3. 1094.

—Of Evil.

*Bast. * **

And here 's a prophet that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I
found

With many hundreds treading on his heels ;
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding
rhymes,

That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
Your highness should deliver up your crown.

K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore
didst thou so ?

Peter. Foreknowing that the truth will fall
out so.

K. John. Hubert, away with him ; im-
prison him.

And on that day, at noon, whereon, he says,
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd :
Deliver him to safety, and return,
For I must use thee.

K. J., IV : 2. 667.

—Of future Greatness.

Ban. Were such things here, as we do
speak about ?

Or have we eaten of the insane root,
That takes the reason prisoner ?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Macb. And thane of Cawdor too ; went it
not so ?

Ban. To the self-same tune, and words.

M., I : 3. 1359.

—Of Greatness.

K. Hen. Come hither, England's hope :
If secret powers

Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad will prove our country's
bliss.

His looks are full of peaceful majesty ;
His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a sceptre ; and himself
Likely, in time, to bless a regal throne.
Make much of him, my lords ; for this is he,
Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

H. VI., 3 pt., IV : 6. 983.

PROSPERITY.—Dangerous.

Bru. It is the bright day, that brings forth
the adder :

And that craves wary walking.

J. C., II : 1. 1329.

—Promised.

Lew. * *

Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand
as deep
Into the purse of rich prosperity,
As Lewis himself.

K. J., V : 2. 672.

—The Bond of Love.

Cam. * * Besides, you know,

Prosperity 's the very bond of love;
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart
together

Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true:

I think affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.

W. T., IV : 3. 607.

—Wicked, Ends tragically.

Q. Mar. So, now prosperity begins to mellow,

And drop into the rotten mouth of death.

Here in these confines slyly have I lurk'd,

To watch the waning of mine enemies.

A dire induction am I witness to,

And will to France; hoping, the consequence

Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.

Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret! who comes here?

R. III., IV : 4. 1034.

PROTESTATION.—Loud.

Ant. * * O, that I were

Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar

The horned herd! for I have savage cause;

And to proclaim it civilly, were like

A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank

For being yare about him.—Is he whipp'd?

A. C., III : 11. 1567.

—Not to be Trusted.

Cleo. * * Though you in swearing shake the throned gods.*A. C.*, I : 3. 1544.

—Of Love.

Ros. * * Pray you, no more of this; 't is like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.*A. Y.*, V : 2. 435.

PROTESTATIONS.—Of Love, easily Broken.

Sil. There, hold.

I will not look upon your master's lines:

I know they are studied with protestations,

And full of new-found oaths, which he will break

As easily as I do tear his paper.

T. G., IV : 2. 69.

PROVERBS.—Patch Grief.

Leon. * * Patch grief with proverbs.*M. A.*, V : 1. 249.*Rom.* * *

For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phase.

R. J., I : 4. 1247.

—Sage Saws.

Sir To. Come hither, knight: come hither, Fabian; we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.*T. N.*, III : 4. 562.

PROVIDENCE.—Appealed to.

Gaunt. * *

But since correction lieth in those hands,

Which made the fault that we cannot correct,

Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven;

Who when he sees the hours ripe on earth,

Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

R. II., I : 2. 686.

—Just.

Claud. * *

The word of heaven—on whom it will, it will;

On whom it will not, so; yet still 't is just.

M. M., I : 2. 145.

—Special.

Ham. * *

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,

Rough-hew them how we will.

H., V : 2. 1433.*Ham.* Not a whit, we defy augury; there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 't is not to come: if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all: Since no man, of aught he leaves, knows, what is 't to leave betimes?*H.*, V : 2. 1435.

—Special Invoked.

Adam. He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age.

A. Y., II: 3. 415.

PROVOCATION.—Of Tyranny.

*Oli. * **

Have you not set mine honour at the
stake,
And baited it with all th' unmuzzled
thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think?

T. N., III: 1. 555.

PRUDENCE.—Dictating Delay.

Const. Stay for an answer to your em-
bassy,
Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with
blood:
My lord Chatillon may from England
bring
That right in peace, which here we urge in
war;
And then we shall repent each drop of
blood,
That hot rash haste so indiscreetly shed.

K. J., II: 1. 650.

—Enjoined.

*Shy. * **

Do as I bid you: Shut doors after you:
Fast bind, fast find:
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind.

M. V., II: 5. 371.

—In Trading.

*Ulyss. * **

Let us, like merchants, show our foulest
wares,
And think, perchance, they 'll sell; if not,
The lustre of the better shall exceed,
By showing the worst first.

T. C., I: 3. 1111.

—Shelters Itself.

Por. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical
To walk unbraced, and suck up the hu-
mours
Of the dank morning?

J. C., II: 1. 1331.

—The best Policy.

Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-
mouth'd, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him; there-
fore, best
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's
book
Out-worths a noble's blood.

H. VIII., I: 1. 1058.

PRUNING.—Gives Life.

*Gard. * ** All superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live.

R. II., III: 4. 706.

PUNISHMENT.—Itself Punished.

*Ant. * ** Bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly.

A. C., IV: 12. 1575.

—Misery of Deserved.

Duch. Art thou gone too? All comfort
go with thee!
For none abides with me: my joy is—death;
Death, at whose name I oft have been
afear'd,

Because I wish'd this world's eternity.—
Stanley, I pr'ythee, go, and take me hence;
I care not whither, for I beg no favour,
Only convey me where thou art commanded.

H. VI., 2 pt., II: 4. 921.

—Proper Order in.

Duke. Whipp'd first, sir, and hang'd
after.
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city.

M. M., V: 1. 176.

PURGATORY.—Its Horrors.

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And, for the day, confin'd to lasting fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of na-
ture,
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am
forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word

Would harrow up thy soul ; freeze thy young blood ;

Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres ;

Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine ;

But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood. — List, list, O list !

If thou didst ever thy dear father love,—
Ham. O God !

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

H., I : 5. 1399.

PURITY.—Demands Sincerity.

Lucio. * *

I hold you as a thing ensky'd and sainted ;
By your renouncement, an immortal spirit ;
And to be talked with in sincerity,
As with a saint.

M. M., I : 4. 147.

—Whiter than Snow.

Jul. * *

For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.

R. J., III : 2. 1261.

PURPOSE.—A Weak.

Duke. * * A purpose

More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends

Of burning youth.

M. M., I : 3. 146.

All-encompassing.

Cant. * *

As many several ways meet in one town ;
As many fresh streams run in one self sea ;
As many lines close in the dial's centre ;
So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defeat.

H. V., I : 2. 823.

—Evil Overcome.

Hub. Well, see to live ; I will not touch thine eyes

For all the treasure that thine uncle owes :
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

K. J., IV : 1. 665.

—Macbeth's Infirmary of.

Macb.

I'll go no more :

I am afraid to think what I have done ;

Look on 't again, I dare not.

Lady M.

Infirmary of purpose !

Give me the daggers : The sleeping, and the dead,

Are but as pictures : 't is the eye of childhood,

That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,

For it must seem their guilt.

M., II : 2. 1365.

—Not to be Disclosed.

Buck. Well then, no more but this : Go, gentle Catesby,

And, as it were far off, sound thou lord Hastings,

How he doth stand affected to our purpose ;
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower
To sit about the coronation.

If thou dost find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons :
If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too ; and so break off the talk,
And give us notice of his inclination :
For we to-morrow hold divided councils,
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.

R. III., III : 1. 1022

—Not to be Disguised.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,

Whose grossness little characters sum up :

And, in the publication, make no strain.

T. C., I : 3. 1111.

—Should Go with the Deed.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits ;

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it ; From this moment,

The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand ; And even now
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done :

The castle of Macduff I will surprise ;
Seize upon Fife ; give to the edge o' the sword

His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace his line. No boasting like a fool;
This deed I 'll do, before this purpose cool:
But no more flights!

M., IV: 1. 1376.

—Singleness of.

Cant. I this infer,—
That many things, having full reference
To one conceit, may work contrariously;
As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Fly to one mark.

H. V., I: 2. 823.

—The Slave of Memory.

P. King. * *
Purpose is but the slave to memory;
Of violent birth, but poor validity:
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the
tree;
But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be.
Most necessary 't is, that we forget
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt:
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of either grief or joy
Their own enactures with themselves de-
stroy:
Where joy most revels, grief doth most la-
ment,
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.

H., III: 2. 1414.

PURPOSES.—High.

Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her
exclaim:
Go in, and cheer the town: we'll forth, and
fight;
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at
night.

T. C., V: 3. 1140.

PURSE.—Curse of an empty.

Bagot. And that 's the wavering com-
mons: for their love
Lies in their purses; and whoso empties them,
By so much fills their hearts with deadly
hate.

R. II., II: 2. 697.

PURSUIT.—Not to be Escaped from.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart
as you.

Run when you will, the story shall be
chang'd,

Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild
hind

Makes speed to catch the tiger; bootless
speed,

When cowardice pursues, and valour flies.

M. N., II: 1. 323.

PUSILLANIMITY.—Kingly.

K. Hen. My lord of Warwick, hear me
but one word;—

Let me, for this my life-time, reign as
king.

York. Confirm the crown to me, and to
mine heirs,

And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou
liv'st.

K. Hen. I am content: Richard Plantag-
enet,

Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.

Clif. What wrong is this unto the prince
your son!

War. What good is this to England, and
himself?

West. Base, fearful, and despairing
Henry!

Clif. How hast thou injur'd both thyself
and us!

West. I cannot stay to hear these articles.

North. Nor I.

Clif. Come, cousin, let us tell the queen
these news.

West. Farewell, faint-hearted and de-
generate king,

In whose cold blood no spark of honour
bides.

North. Be thou a prey unto the house of
York,

And die in bands for this unmanly deed!

Clif. In dreadful war may'st thou be
overcome!

Or live in peace, abandon'd, and despis'd!

H. VI., 3 pt., I: 1. 956.

Q

QUARREL.—Patching a.

Ant. If you'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have not to make it
with,
It must not be with this.

A. C., II: 2. 1548.

QUARRELS.—Adultery's Opportunity.

Rom. The day serves well for them now.
I have heard it said, The fittest time to corrupt
a man's wife, is when she's fallen out
with her husband.

C., IV: 3. 1179.

—Cause of to be Proclaimed.

Mar. In God's name, and the king's, say
who thou art,
And why thou com'st, thus knightly clad in
arms:
Against what man thou com'st, and what
thy quarrel:
Speak truly, on thy knighthood, and thy
oath;
And so defend thee, heaven, and thy valour.

R. II., I: 3. 687.

—Cursed.

Em. * *
And the best quarrels, in the heat, are
curs'd
By those that feel their sharpness.

K. L., V: 3. 1482.

—Discretion in Avoiding.

D. Pedro. As Hector, I assure you:
and in the managing of quarrels, you may
see he is wise; for either he avoids them
with great discretion, or undertakes them
with a Christian-like fear.

M. A., II: 2. 236.

—Final Appeal in.

Gaunt. * *
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven;
Who when he sees the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

R. II., I: 2. 686.

—Foreign.

K. Hen. * * * Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course, to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence
borne out,
May waste the memory of the former days.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
How I came by the crown, O God, forgive!
And grant it may with thee in true peace
live!

H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 4. 804.

—Mistaken.

D. Pedro. Welcome, signior: You are almost
come to part almost a fray.

Claud. We had lik'd to have had our two
noses snapp'd off with two old men without
teeth.

D. Pedro. Leonato and his brother. What
think'st thou? Had we fought, I doubt we
should have been too young for them.

Bene. In a false quarrel there is no true
valour: I came to seek you both.

M. A., V: 1. 250.

—Private, monstrous.

Oth. * * Give me to know
How this foul rout began, who set it on;
And he that is approv'd in this offence,
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a
birth,
Shall lose me. — What! in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,
To manage private and domestic quarrel,
In night, and on the court and guard of
safety!

'T is monstrous. — Iago, who began it?

O., II: 3. 1506.

—Public, lead to private.

Bast. An if thou hast the mettle of a
king, —
Being wrong'd, as we are, by this peevish
town, —
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,

As we will ours, against these saucy walls :
And when that we have dash'd them to the
ground,

Why, then defy each other; and, pell-
mell,
Make work upon ourselves, for heaven, or
hell.

K. J., II : 2. 654.

— Woman's.

Pis. * * As quarrellous as the weasel.

Cym., III : 4. 1610.

QUARRELSOME.—(See Advice.)

The seventh Cause.

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed ; —
Bear your body more seeming, Audrey : —
as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a cer-
tain courtier's beard ; he sent me word, if I
said his beard was not cut well, he was in the
mind it was. This is call'd the " Retort court-
eous." If I sent him word again, it was not
well cut, he would send me word, he cut it
to please himself. This is call'd the " Quip
modest." If again, it was not well cut, he
disabled my judgment. This is call'd the
" Reply churlish." If again, it was not well
cut, he would answer, I spake not true. This
is call'd the " Reproof valiant." If again, it
was not well cut, he would say, I lie. This
is call'd the " Countercheck quarrelsome : "
and so to " Lie circumstantial," and the " Lie
direct."

Jaq. And how oft did you say, his beard
was not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no further than the
" Lie circumstantial," nor he durst not give
me the " Lie direct : " and so we measur'd
swords, and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the
degrees of the lie?

Touch. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the
book, as you have Books for Good Manners.
I will name you the degrees. The first, the
Retort courteous ; the second, the Quip mod-
est ; the third, the Reply churlish ; the fourth,
the Reproof valiant ; the fifth, the Counter-
check quarrelsome ; the sixth, the Lie with
circumstance ; the seventh, the Lie direct. All
these you may avoid, but the lie direct ; and
you may avoid that too, with an *If*.

A. Y., V : 4. 436.

— Of Friends.

Bru. Sheath your dagger ;
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope :
Do what you will, dishonour shall be hu-
mour.

O, Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb

That carries anger as the flint bears fire ;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd

To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth
him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-tem-
per'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me
your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

J. C., IV : 3. 1345.

**QUARRELSOMENESS. — Cured
by Combat.**

Ulyss. * *

Two curs shall tame each other : Pride
alone

Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 't were their
bone.

T. C., I : 3. 1111.

— Deprecated.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow
has mettle enough in his pelly : — Hold, there
is twelve pence for you, and I pray you to
serve Got, and keep you out of prawls, and
prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions, and,
I warrant you, it is the petter for you.

H. V., IV : 8. 850.

— Easily Provoked.

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we
should have none shortly, for one would kill
the other. Thou ! why, thou wilt quarrel with
a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in
his beard, than thou hast : thou wilt quarrel
with a man for cracking nuts, having no other
reason, but because thou hast hazel eyes.
What eye, but such an eye, would spy out
such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quar-
rels, as an egg is full of meat ; and yet thy
head hath been beaten as addle as an egg, for
quarrelling. Thou hast quarrelled with a man
for coughing in the street, because he hath
wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the
sun ; didst thou not fall out with a tailor for
wearing his new doublet before Easter? with
another, for tying his new shoes with old rib-
bons? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quar-
elling !

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou
art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my
life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple ! O simple !

R. J., III : 1. 1258.

QUIETNESS.—Prized above Home.

3 *Watch.* Ay; but give me worship and quietness,

I like it better than a dangerous honour.

If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,

'T is to be doubted, he would waken him.

H. VI., 3 pt., IV: 3. 981.

—Superlative.

Surry. * *

In earth as quiet as thy father's skull.

R. II., IV: 1. 708.

QUOTATIONS.—(See Scripture.) A Weapon.

Dro. E. * * Have at you with a prov-
verb.

C. E., III: 1. 200.

—Apt, worth Keeping.

Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here;
Let me embrace too: "O heart,"—as the
goodly saying is,—

— O heart, O heavy heart,

Why sigh'st thou without breaking?

where he answers again,

* Because thou canst not ease thy smart,

By silence, nor by speaking.

There never was a truer rhyme. Let us
cast away nothing, for we may live to have
need of such a verse; we see it, we see it.—
How now, lambs?

T. C., IV: 2. 1129.

—At Command.

Jaq. * *

Full of wise saws and modern instances.

A. Y., II: 7. 419.

R

RABBLE.—Concessions to, Weakness.

Mar. * * With these shreds

They vented their complainings; which be-
ing answer'd,

And a petition granted them, a strange
one,

(To break the heart of generosity,
And make bold power look pale,) they
threw their caps

As they would hang them on the horns o'
the moon,

Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five tribunes, to defend their vul-
gar wisdoms,

Of their own choice: One's Junius Bru-
tus,

Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'Sdeath!
The rabble should have first unroof'd the
city,

Ere so prevail'd with me: it will in time

Win upon power, and throw forth greater
themes

For insurrections arguing.

C., I: 1. 1151.

RAGE.—Deaf.

K. Rich. * *

In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

R. II., I: 1. 684.

—Desperate.

Lucy. * *

O, were mine eye-balls into bullets turn'd,
That I, in rage, might shoot them at your
faces!

H. VI., IV: 7. 891.

—Great, only Allayed by Blood.

K. John. * * I am burned up with in-
flaming wrath;

A rage, whose heat hath this condition,

That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,

The blood, and dearest-valu'd blood of
France.

* *

K. Phi. Thy rage shall burn thee up,
and thou shalt turn

To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that
fire:

Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

K. J., III: 1. 660.

—Its foolish Acts.

Clif. So cowards fight, when they can fly
no further;
So doves do peck the falcon's piercing
talons;
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their
lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

H. VI., 3 pt., I: 4. 960.

—Stormy

Aar. * * But if you brave the Moor,
The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.

Tit. And., IV: 2. 1222.

—To be Restrained.

Men. One word more, one word.
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too
late,
Tie leaden pounds to his heels.

C., III: 2. 1173.

—Unquenchable.

Mar. *Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!

Tit. And., III: 1. 1216.

—Withstood.

K. Rich. Rage must be withstood:—
Give me his gage:—lions make leopards
tame.

R. II., I: 1. 686.

RAILING.—Desperate.

Cleo. No, let me speak; and let me rail
so high,
That the false housewife Fortune break her
wheel,
Provok'd by my offence.

A. C., IV: 13. 1575.

RAIMENT.—Christopher Sly's.

Sly. * * Ne'er ask me what raiment
I'll wear; for I have no more doublets than
backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no
more shoes than feet; nay, sometime, more
feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes
look through the over-leather.

T. S., Ind: 2. 453.

RANCOR.—Not Disguised.

Glo. * *

Rancour will out: Proud prelate, in thy
face

I see thy fury.

H. VI., 2 pt., I: 1. 908.

RANK.—Disregarded.

Ham. * * The age is grown so picked,
that the toe of the peasant comes so near
the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe.

H., V: 1. 1430.

RANSOM.—A horrible.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the
emperor
Sends thee this word,—That, if thou love
thy sons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the king: he for the same,
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive;
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. And., III: 1. 1215.

—High, for Life.

Duke. * *

Again, if any Syracusan born,
Come to the bay of Ephesus,—he dies,—
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose,
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty, and to ransom him.
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to
die.

O. E., I: 1. 192.

RARITY.—Extreme.

Ros. * *

As rare as phoenix.

A. Y., IV: 3. 431.

RASCALS.—Their Deserts.

Emil. * *

O, heaven, that such companions thou 'dst
unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascal naked through the world,
Even from the east to the west.

O., IV: 2. 1523.

RASHNESS.—Impolitic.

Nor. Be advis'd:

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself: We may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running.

Nor. Stay, my lord,

And let your reason with your choler ques-
tion

What't is you go about: To climb steep
hills,
Requires slow pace at first: Anger is like
A full-hot horse; who being allow'd his
way,
Self-mettle tires him.

H. VIII., I: 1. 1058.

READINESS.—Gained by Practice.

Escal. I thought, by your readiness in
the office, you had continued in it some
time: You say, seven years together?

M. M., II: 1. 151.

READING.—Dogberry's Opinion of.

Dogb. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal.
God hath bless'd you with a good name: to
be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune;
but to write and read comes by nature.

2 *Watch.* Both which, master constable,—

Dogb. You have; I knew it would be
your answer. Well, for your favour, sir,
why, give God thanks, and make no boast
of it; and for your writing and reading, let
that appear when there is no need of such
vanity.

M. A., III: 3. 240.

—Reasoning against.

King. How well he's read, to reason
against reading.

L. L., I: 1. 272.

REASON.—Its Antiquity.

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon
the oaths of judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand jury-
men, since before Noah was a sailor.

T. N., III: 2. 556.

—To be Listened to.

Con. You should hear reason.

D. John. And when I have heard it, what
blessing bringeth it?

Con. If not a present remedy, at least a
patient sufferance.

M. A., I: 3. 229.

—Too Abundant.

Tro. * * *

You fur your gloves with reason. Here are
your reasons:

You know, an enemy intends you harm;

You know, a sword employ'd is perilous,

And reason flies the object of all harm.

T. C., II: 2. 1114.

—Too much Regarded.

Tro. * * *

Nay, if we talk of reason,
Let's shut our gates, and sleep.

T. C., II: 2. 1114.

REASONING.—Subtile.

Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep,
and not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek
my master, and my master seeks not me:
therefore, I am no sheep.

Pro. The sheep for fodder follow the
shepherd, the shepherd for food follows not
the sheep; thou for wages followest thy
master, thy master for wages follows not
thee: therefore, thou art a sheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me
cry "baa."

T. G., I: 1. 48.

REASONS.—Plenty as Blackberries.

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your
reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No; were
I at the strappado, or all the racks in the
world, I would not tell you on compulsion.
Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons
were as plenty as blackberries, I would give
no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

H. IV., 1 pt., II: 4. 740.

—Strong, their Effect.

Lew. Strong reasons make strong ac-
tions: Let us go;

If you say, ay, the king will not say, no.

K. J., III: 4. 663.

—The Want of.

Hel. No marvel, though you bite so
sharp at reasons,

You are so empty of them.

T. C., II: 2. 1114.

**REBELLION.—Justified by Oppres-
sion.**

Wor. You took occasion to be quickly
woo'd

To gripe the general sway into your hand:

Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster,
And, being fed by us, you us'd us so,
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,
Useth the sparrow : did oppress our nest :
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
That even our love durst not come near
your sight,
For fear of swallowing; but with nimble
wing
We were enforc'd, for safety sake, to fly
Out of your sight, and raise this present
head :
Whereby we stand opposed by such means
As you yourself have forg'd against yourself;
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

H. IV., 1 pt., V : 1. 757.

—Must be Crushed.

*K. Hen. * **

Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day :
And since this business so fair is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be won.

H. IV., 1 pt., V : 5. 762.

—Poor Fighting for.

*Mor. * **

And they did fight with queasiness, con-
strain'd,
As men drink potions; that their weapons
only
Seem'd on our side, but, for their spirits
and souls,
This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
As fish are in a pond.

H. IV., 2 pt., I : 1. 776.

—Position Endangered by.

*West. * ** If that rebellion

Came like itself, in base and abject routs,
Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rags,
And countenanc'd by boys, and beggary;
I say, If damn'd commotion so appear'd,
In his true, native, and most proper shape,
You, reverend father, and these noble lords,
Had not been here, to dress the ugly form
Of base and bloody insurrection
With your fair honours. You, lord arch-
bishop,—
Whose see is by a civil peace maintained;

Whose heard the silver hand of peace hath
touched;
Whose learning and good letters peace hath
tutor'd;
Whose white investments figure innocence,
The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,—
Wherefore do you so ill translate your-
self,
Out of the speech of peace, that bears such
grace,
Into the harsh and boist'rous tongue of
war?
Turning your books to graves, your ink
to blood,
Your pens to lances; and your tongue di-
vine
To a loud trumpet, and a point of war?

H. IV., 2 pt., IV : 1. 795.

—To be Deplored.

*K. Hen. * * ** I will weep for thee;

For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man.

H. V., II : 2. 828.

REBUKE.—Kills the Sensitive.

Queen.

Royal sir,

Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my
lord,

'T is time must do. 'Beseech your majes-
ty,

Forbear sharp speeches to her : She 's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Cym., III : 5. 1610.

—Resentment under.

K. Rich. — a lunatic lean-witted fool,

Presuming on an ague's privilege,
Dar'st with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek; chasing the royal
blood,

With fury, from his native residence.

Now by my seat's right royal majesty,
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's
son,

This tongue that runs so roundly in thy
head,

Should run thy head from thy unreverend
shoulders.

R. II., II : 1. 693.

RECANTATION.—Impossible.

Boling. * * Ere my tongue
Shall wound mine honour with such feeble
 wrong,
Or sound so base a parole, my teeth shall tear
The slavish motive of recanting fear;
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, even in Mow-
 bray's face.

R. II., I: 1. 686.

RECEPTIVITY.—Broad.

I Gent. * *
Puts him to all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of; which he
 took,
As we do air, fast as 't was ministered.

Cym., I: 1. 1589.

RECKLESSNESS.—In Bestowing Gifts.

Sen. And late, five thousand to Varro;
 and to Isadore
He owes nine thousand; besides my former
 sum,
Which makes it five and twenty.—Still in
 motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold:
If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty
 more
Better than he, why, give my horse to
 Timon,
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, straight,
And able horses: No porter at his gate;
But rather one that smiles, and still invites
All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason
Can found his state in safety.

T. A., II: 1. 1293.

—Its Cause

2 Mur. I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.

M. III., I: 1. 1369.

—Its Folly.

Will. * *
That's a perilous shot out of an elder gun.

H. V., IV: 1. 842.

—Of Consequences.

Hot. And if the devil come and roar for
 them,
I will not send them:—I will after straight,
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.
North. What, drunk with choler? stay,
 and pause awhile;
Here comes your uncle.
Hot. Speak of Mortimer?
'Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my
 soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him:
Yea, on his part, I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' the
 dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high i' the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

H. IV., 1 pt., I: 3. 732.

—Of Life.

Prov. A man that apprehends death no
more dreadfully but as a drunken sleep;
careless, reckless, and fearless of what's
past, present, or to come; insensible of
mortality, and desperately mortal.

M. M., IV: 2. 165.

1 Mur. And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on 't.

M., III: 2. 1369.

RECKONING.—For Tapsters only.

Arm. I am ill at reckon'ing; it fits the
spirit of a tapster.

Moith. You are a gentleman.

L. L., I: 2. 275.

RECOGNITION.—Signs for.

Page. The night is dark; light and spir-
its will become it well. Heaven prosper
our sport! No man means evil but the dev-
il, and we shall know him by his horns.

M. W., V: 2. 117.

RECOLLECTIONS.—Sad, best Stifed.

Pro. There, sir, stop;
Let us not burden our remembrances with
A heaviness that's gone.

T., V: 1. 32.

RECOMPENSE.—Stains Glory.

Poet. When we for recompense have
prais'd the vile,
It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good.

T. A., I: 1. 1286.

RECOVERY.—From Insanity.

Phys. Be comforted, good madam: the
great rage,
You see, is cur'd in him: and yet it is dan-
ger
To make him even o'er the time he has
lost.
Desire him to go in; trouble him no more,
Till further settling.

K. L., IV: 7. 1479.

RECREATION.

Abb. * *
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
But moody and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair,
And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?

C. E., V: 1. 210.

REDEMPTION.—Eternal Hoped for.

K. Edw. Why, so:—now have I done a
good day's work:—
You, peers, continue this united league:
I every day expect an embassy
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;
And more in peace my soul shall part to
heaven,
Since I have made my friends at peace on
earth.

R. III., II: 1. 1014

REDRESS.—Not Sought of the Devil.

Duke. Relate your wrongs: In what? By
whom? Be brief;
Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice!
Reveal yourself to him.

Isab. O, worthy duke,
You'll bid me seek redemption of the devil:
Hear me yourself; for that which I must
speak
Must either punish me, not being believ'd,
Or wring redress from you: hear me, O, hear
me here.

M. M., V: 1. 170.

REDUNDANCY.—Ridiculous.

Sal. To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Upon the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to gar-
nish,
In wasteful and ridiculous excess.

K. J., IV: 2. 665.

REFINEMENT.—Simulated.

Mal. * *
I will be proud, I will read politic authors,
I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross
acquaintance, I will be point device, the
very man.

T. N., II: 5. 553.

REFORMATION.—Obscures Faults.

P. Hen. * *
And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly, and attract more
eyes,
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.

H. IV., 1 pt., I: 2. 730.

—Promised by Villainy.

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward.
He that rewards me, heaven reward him!
If I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll
purge and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a
nobleman should do.

H. IV., 1 pt., V: 4. 762.

—Sudden and Complete.

Cant. The courses of his youth promis'd
it not.
The breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness, mortified in him,
Seem'd to die too: yea, at that very mo-
ment,
Consideration like an angel came,
And whipped the offending Adam out of him:
Leaving his body as a paradise,
To envelop and contain celestial spirits.
Never was such a sudden scholar made:
Never came reformation in a flood,
With such a heady current, scouring faults;
Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,
As in this king.

H. V., I: 1. 820.

REGICIDE.—Foresworn.

Cam. * * If I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings
And flourish'd after, I 'd not do 't: but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears
not one,
Let villany itself forswear 't.

W. T., I: 2. 585.

REGRET.—For Injuries.

Leon. O, my brother,
(Good gentleman!) the wrongs I have done
thee stir
Afresh within me; and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness.

W. T., V: 1. 613.

—Overwhelming.

Eno. * * Canidius, and the rest
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill;
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

A. C., IV: 6. 1570.

—Sours present Pleasure.

Ant. * *
There 's a great spirit gone! Thus did I
desire it:
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,
By repetition souring, does become
The opposite of itself: she 's good, being
gone;
The hand could pluck her back, that shov'd
her on.
I must from this enchanting queen break
off;
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I
know,
My idleness doth hatch.

A. C., I: 2. 1542.

REIN.—Giving the, Safe.

Ant. * *
When she will take the rein, I let her run;
But she 'll not stumble.

W. T., II: 3. 591.

RELATIONSHIP.—Adopted.

Isab. Adoptedly; as school-maids change
their names,
By vain, though apt, affection.

M. M., I: 4. 147.

RELENTING.—A Sign of Cowardice.

Clar. Relent, and save your souls.
1 Murd. Relent! 't is cowardly, and
womanish.

Clar. Not to relent, is beastly, savage,
devilish. —

Which of you, if you were a prince's son,
Being pent from liberty, as I am now, —
If two such murderers as yourselves came
to you, —

Would not entreat for life? —

My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,
As you would beg, were you in my distress.
A begging prince what beggar pities not?

2 Murd. Look behind you, my lord.

1 Murd. Take that, and that; if all this
will not do,
I 'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.

R. III., I: 4. 1013.

RELENTLESSNESS.—Deaf to Reason.

Shy. I 'll have my bond; I will not hear
thee speak:
I 'll have my bond; and, therefore, speak no
more.

I 'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and
yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
I 'll have no speaking; I will have my bond.

M. V., III: 3. 380.

—Hard.

Dem. * * Be your heart to them,
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

Tit. And., II: 3. 1211.

—Has its Roots in Hate.

Bass. Do all men kill the things they do
not love?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would
not kill?

Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.

Shy. What, wouldst thou have a serpent
sting thee twice?

Ant. I pray you, think you question
with the Jew,

You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;

You may as well use question with the
wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the
lamb!
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no
noise,
When they are fretten with the gusts of
heaven;
You may as well do anything most hard,
As seek to soften that (than which what's
harder?)

M. V., IV: 1. 383.

RELIABILITY.—Immovable.

Mar. Dumain is mine, as sure as bark
on tree.

L. L., V: 2. 297.

RELIANCE.—Self.

Cleo. My resolution, and my hands, I'll
trust;
None about Cæsar.

A. C., IV: 13. 1575.

REMEDIES.—Have those We Seek.

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do
lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky
Gives us free scope; only, doth backward
pull
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are
dull.
What power is it which mounts my love so
high,
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine
eye?
The mightiest space in fortune nature
brings
To join like likes, and kiss like native
things.
Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their pains in sense; and do sup-
pose
What hath been cannot be.

A. W., I: 1. 497.

**REMEDY.—Should Follow Knowl-
edge.**

Agam. The nature of the sickness found,
Ulysses,
What is the remedy?

T. C., I: 3. 1109.

—Suited to Disease.

D. Pedro. What need the bridge much
broader than the flood?
The fairest grant is the necessity:
Look, what will serve is fit: 'tis once, thou
lovest;
And I will fit thee with the remedy.

M. A., I: 1. 228.

**REMONSTRANCE.—With Mur-
derers.**

Clar. Are you call'd forth from out a
world of men,
To slay the innocent? What is my offence!
Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?
What lawful quest have given their verdict
up
Unto the frowning judge? or who pro-
nounc'd
The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death?
Before I be convict by course of law,
To threaten me with death is most unlawful.
I charge you, as you hope for any goodness,
By Christ's dear blood, shed for our griev-
ous sins,
That you depart, and lay no hands on me;
The deed you undertake is damnable.

1 *Murd.* What we will do, we do upon
command.

2 *Murd.* And he, that hath commanded,
is our king.

Clar. Erroneous vassal! the great King
of kings
Hath in the table of his law commanded,
That thou shalt do no murder: Wilt thou
then
Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?
Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his
hand,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

R. III., I: 4. 1012.

REMORSE.—A Murderer's.

Exton. As full of valour, as of royal
blood:
Both have I spilt; O, would the deed were
good!
For now the devil, that told me—I did well,
Says, that this deed is chronicled in hell.
This dead king to the living king I'll bear;
Take hence the rest, and give them burial
here.

R. II., V: 5. 717.

—Growth of.

Friar. * *

When he shall hear she died upon his words,
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
More moving-delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she liv'd indeed.

M. A., IV: 1. 246.

—Immediate.

Oth. * *

O, insupportable! O heavy hour!
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration.

O., V: 2. 1529.

—Invoking Help.

King. * *

O limed soul; that struggling to be free,
Art more engag'd! Help, angels, make assay!
Bow, stubborn knees! and, heart, with
strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe.

H., III: 3. 1417.

—Its Bodings.

Oth. * * O, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,
Boding to all,—he had my handkerchief.

O., IV: 1. 1518.

—Macbeth's immediate.

Macb. I have done the deed:—Didst thou
not hear a noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream, and the
crickets cry.

Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark!—

Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight.

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry
sight.

Macb. There 's one did laugh in his sleep,
and one cried, "murder!"

That they did wake each other; I stood and
heard them:

But they did say their prayers, and address'd
them

Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cried, "God bless us!" and,
"Amen," the other;

As they had seen me, with these hangman's
hands.

Listening their fear, I could not say, amen,
When they did say, God bless us.

* *

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pro-
nounce, amen?

I had most need of blessing, and amen
Stuck in my throat.

Macb. I'll go no more:

I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on 't again, I dare not.

M., II: 2. 1364.

—Othello's bitter.

Oth. * *

Be not afraid, though you do see me weap-
on'd;

Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.

Do you go back dismay'd? 't is a lost fear;
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires:—Where should Othello go?
Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd
wench!

Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at
compt,

This look of thine will hurl my soul from
heaven,

And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my
girl?

Even like thy chastity.—

O cursed, cursed slave?—Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sul-
phur!

Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!—
O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead?

Dead? O! O! O!

O., V: 2. 1532.

—Unavailing.

2 *Murd.* A bloody deed, and desperately
despatched!
How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous guilty murder done!

R. III., I: 4. 1014.

REMORSELESSNESS.—Murders Innocence.

Rich. * *

Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
But set his murdering knife unto the root
From whence that tender spray did sweetly
spring.

H VI., 3 pt., II: 6. 969.

—Towards a Rival.

1 *Play.* * *

And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars's armour, forg'd for proof eterne,
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding
sword.
Now falls on Priam.

H., II: 2. 1408.

REMUNERATION.—Latin for three Farthings.

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration. O, that's the Latin word for three farthings: three farthings—remuneration.—What's the price of this inkle? a penny:—No, I'll give you a remuneration: why, it carries it.—Remuneration!—why, it is a fairer name than a French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

Biron. O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

Cost. Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Biron. What is a remuneration?

Cost. Marry, sir, half-penny farthing.

Biron. O, why then, three-farthings-worth of silk.

Cost. I thank your worship: God be with you!

L. L., III: 1. 281.

RENOWN.—Sought.

Lew. * *

To outlook conquest, and to win renown
Even in the jaws of danger and death.

K. J., V: 2. 673.

REPARATION.—For Slander Demanded.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter
live;

That were impossible: but I pray you
both,

Possess the people in Messina here
How innocent she died: and, if your love
Can labour aught in sad invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,
And sing it to her bones; sing it to-night:—
To-morrow morning come you to my house;
And since you could not be my son-in-
law,

Be yet my nephew: my brother hath a
daughter,

Almost the copy of my child that's dead,
And she alone is heir to both of us;
Give her the right you should have given her
cousin,

And so dies my revenge.

M. A., V: 1. 252.

REPARTEE.—Sharp.

1 *Lord.* Hang thyself.

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding; make thy requests to thy friend.

2 *Lord.* Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll
spurn thee hence.

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels
of the ass.

T. A., I: 1. 1289.

REPENTANCE.—A.

Fal. I would all the world might be cozened: for I have been cozened and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court, how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been wash'd and cudgell'd, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me. I warrant, they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as crest-fall'n as a dried pear. I never prosper'd since I forswore myself at primero. Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.

M. W., IV: 5. 115.

—A sorrowful.

Pro. * * If hearty sorrow

Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender 't here: I do as truly suffer
As e'er I did commit.

T. G., V: 4. 72.

—Demand for Popular.

Flu. * *

Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tyber banks, and weep your
tears

Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.
See, wh'er their basest metal be not mov'd;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.

J. C., I: 1. 1323.

—Impossible, if Delayed.

Fal. * * Well, I'll repent, and that
suddenly, while I am in some liking; I
shall be out of heart shortly, and then I
shall have no strength to repent. An I have
not forgotten what the inside of a church is
made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's
horse: the inside of a church! Company,
villanous company, hath been the spoil of
me.

H. IV., 1 pt., III: 3. 749.

—Its Difficulty.

King. * *

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't.
A brother's murder!—Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will:
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent:
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand,
Were thicker than itself with brother's
blood?

Is there not rain enough in the sweet heav-
ens,

To wash it white as snow!

H., III: 3. 1417.

—Leads to obedience.

Sal. * *

And, like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
Stoop low within those bounds we have
overlook'd,
And calmly run over obedience,
Even to our ocean.

K. J., V: 4. 674.

—Real.

Ari. * * Is nothing but heart's sor-
row,
And a clear life ensuing.

T., III: 3. 25.

—Self-Flattery, a Bar to.

Ham. * *

Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness
speaks:

It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come;
And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
To make them ranker.

H., III: 4. 1420.

—Should Appease the Wronged.

Val. Then I am paid,

And once again I do receive thee honest:—
Who by repentance is not satisfied
Is nor of heaven, nor earth, for these are
pleas'd;

By penitence th' Eternal's wrath's appeas'd.

T. G., V: 4. 72.

—True.

Juliet. I do confess it, and repent it,
father.

Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter; but lest
you do repent,
As that the sin hath brought you to this
shame,—

Which sorrow is always toward ourselves,
not heaven;

Showing, we would not spare heaven, as
we love it,

But as we stand in fear:

Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an evil;
And take the shame with joy.

M. M., II: 3. 154.

REPETITIONS.—Not to be Ap-
proved.

K. Phi. * *

It ill beseems this presence, to cry aim
To these ill-tuned repetitions.

K. J., II: 1. 651.

—Troublesome.

Pem. But that your royal pleasure must
be done,

This act is as an ancient tale new told;
And, in the last repeating, troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable.

K. J., IV: 2. 666.

REPRESSION.—Enforced.

Gard. Go, bind thou up yon' dangling
apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their
sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal
weight:
Give some supportance to the bending
twigs. —
Go thou, and like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too-fast-growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth:
All must be even in our government.

R. II., III: 4. 706.

REPROACH.

Abb. * *
Thou say'st his meat was sauc'd with thy
upbraidings.

C. E., V: 1. 210.

—Bitter self.

Ham. * * I am myself indifferent
honest; but yet I could accuse me of such
things, that it were better, my mother had
not borne me: I am very proud, revenge-
ful, ambitious; with more offences at my
beck, than I have thoughts to put them in,
imagination to give them shape, or time to
act them in: What should such fellows as I
do crawling between earth and heaven!

H., III: 1. 1411.

—Hamlet's, of his Mother.

Queen. What shall I do?
Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid
you do:
Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed;
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you, his
mouse;
And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,
Or padding in your neck with his damn'd
fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft. 'T were good, you let
him know:
For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober,
wise,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,
Such dear concernings hide? who would do
so?
No, in despite of sense, and secrecy,

Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
Let the birds fly; and, like the famous ape,
To try conclusions, in the basket creep,
And break your own neck down.

H., III: 4. 1420.

—Of Cæsar's Murderers.

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when
your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar;
You show'd your teeth like apes, and
fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's
feet;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind,
Struck Cæsar on the neck.

J. C., V: 1. 1348.

—Self, for Desertion.

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how would'st thou
have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows
my heart
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought: but thought will
do 't, I feel.
I fight against thee!—No: I will go seek
Some ditch, wherein to die; the foul'st best
fits
My latter part of life.

A. C., IV: 6. 1570.

—Solemn Language of.

Alon. * *
The name of Prosper; it did base my tres-
pass.

T., III: 3. 25.

—Unslumbering.

Hot. * *
He said, he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla—Mortimer!
Nay,
I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.
Wor. Hear you,
Cousin; a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke,
And that same sword-and-buckler prince of
Wales,
But that I think his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some mis-
chance,
I 'd have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

H. IV., 1 pt., I: 3. 733.

REPROACHES.—Unanswered by the Dead.

War. From off the gates of York fetch
down the head,
Your father's head, which Clifford placed
there:

Instead whereof, let this supply the room;
Measure for measure must be answered.

Edw. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl
to our house,
That nothing sung but death to us and ours:
Now death shall stop his dismal threatening
sound,
And his ill-boding tongue no more shall
speak.

Rich. What, not an oath? nay, then the
world goes hard,
When Clifford cannot spare his friends an
oath;—

I know by that, he's dead. And, by my
soul,
If this right hand would buy two hours'
life,

That I in all despite might rail at him,
This hand should chop it off; and with the
issuing blood

Stifle the villain, whose unstaunched thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.

H. VI., 3 pt., II: 6. 970.

REPROOF.—Mocked.

Oli. * *

There's something in me that reproves my
fault;

But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

T. N., III: 4. 560.

REPUTATION.—A, second to None.

Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in
the city?

Ang. Of very reverent reputation, sir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives here in the city:
His word might bear my wealth at any
time.

C. E., V: 1. 209.

—An honorable.

Nor. * * My dear, dear lord,
The purest treasure mortal times afford,
Is—spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest
Is—a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done:
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me
try;
In that I live, and for that will I die.

R. II., I: 1. 686.

—Injured.

Pol. O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly.

* *

Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savour that may strike the dullest nos-
tril.

W. T., II: 2. 586.

—Its Loss.

Nor. * *
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.

R. II., I: 1. 686.

Edg. Know, my name is lost;
By treason's tooth-gnawn, and canker-bit.

K. L., V: 3. 1483.

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation!
O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost
the immortal part, sir, of myself, and what
remains is bestial.—My reputation, Iago,
my reputation.

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought
you had received some bodily wound; there
is more offence in that, than in reputation.
Reputation is an idle and most false imposi-
tion; oft got without merit, and lost without
deserving: You have lost no reputation
at all, unless you repute yourself such a
loser.

O., II: 3. 1507.

—Self-Destroyed.

Achil. I see, my reputation is at stake :
My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

Patr. O, then beware ;
Those wounds heal ill, that men do give
themselves.

T. C., III: 3. 1126.

RESEMBLANCE.—To Father.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy
father's face ;
Frank Nature, rather curious than in haste,
Hath well composed thee. Thy father's
moral parts
May'st thou inherit too.

A. W., I: 2. 498.

RESENTMENT.—Bitterly Expressed.

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn !
Speak,
For each true word, a blister ! and each
false
Be as caut'rising to the root o' the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking !

1 *Sen.* Worthy Timon,—

Tim. Of none but such as you, and you
of Timon.

2 *Sen.* The senators of Athens greet
thee, Timon.

Tim. I thank them ; and would send
them back the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.

T. A., V: 2. 1313.

—Natural.

Clif. * *
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks ?
Not to the beast that would usurp their
den.
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth
lick ?
Not his, that spoils her young before her
face.
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal
sting ?
Not he, that sets his foot upon her back.
The smallest worm will turn, being trodden
on ;
And doves will peck, in safeguard of their
brood.

H. VI., 3 pt., II: 2. 964.

—Spent on Anything.

Bene. Ho ! how you strike like the
blind man ; 't was the boy that stole your
meat and you 'll beat the post.

M. A., II: 1. 232.

—Weak and foolish.

Ant. * * He makes me angry :
And at this time most easy 't is to do 't ;
When my good stars, that were my former
guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their
fires
Into the abism of hell. If he mislike
My speech, and what is done ; tell him, he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman,
whom

He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or tort-
ure,
As he shall like, to quit me : Urge it thou :
Hence, with my stripes, begone.

A. C., III: 11. 1567.

RESIGNATION.—Perfect.

Vio. * *
She sat, like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.

T. N., II: 4. 551.

Art. * *
Nay, hear me, Hubert ! drive these men
away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb.

K. J., IV: 1. 665.

Lear. * *
Unburden'd crawl toward death.

K. L., I: 1. 1443.

Glo. I do remember now ; henceforth
I'll bear
Affliction, till it do cry out itself,
Enough, enough, and die.

K. L., IV: 6. 1475.

—To Death.

Ant. * *
Grieve not that I am fall'n to this for you,
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom : it is still her use,
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty ; from which ling'ring
penance
Of such misery doth she cut me off.

M. V., IV: 1. 385.

RESPECTABILITY.—Desired by the Infamous.*Bast.* * *

Then, good my mother, let me know my father;

Some proper man, I hope; Who was it mother?

Lady. F. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father;

By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd
To make room for him in my husband's bed:—

Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge!—

Thou art the issue of my dear offence,
Which was so strongly urg'd, past my defence.

K. J., I: 1. 649.**RESPONSIBILITY.—Cannot be Shifted.**

K. Hen. So, if a son, that is by his father sent about merchandise, do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him: or if a servant, under his master's command, transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers, and die in many irreconciled iniquities, you may call the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers. Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law, and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is his beadle, war is his vengeance; so that here men are punished, for before-breach of the king's laws, in now the king's quarrel: where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they would be safe, they perish: Then if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore

should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience: and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gained: and, in him that escapes, it were not sin, to think, that making God so free an offer, he let him outlive that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

H. V., IV: 1. 841.**—Personal, to God.**

K. Rich. * * Show us the hand of God
That hath dismissed us from our stewardship;

For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can grip the sacred handle of our sceptre,
Unless he be profane, steal or usurp.

P. II., III: 3. 704.

K. John. From whom hast thou this great commission, France,
To draw my answer from thy articles?

K. Phi. From that supernal judge, that stirs good thoughts

In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right.
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy:

Under whose warrant, I impeach thy wrong;
And, by whose help, I mean to chastise it.

K. J., II: 1. 650.**REST.—Ignored in Peril.**

2 *Watch.* What, will he not to bed?

1 *Watch.* Why, no: for he hath made a solemn vow

Never to lie and take his natural rest,
Till Warwick, or himself, be quite suppress'd.

2 *Watch.* To-morrow then, belike, shall be the day,

If Warwick be so near as men report.

H. VI., 3 pt., IV: 3. 980.**—Its inevitable Demands.**

War. Forspent with toil, as runners with a race,

I lay me down a little while to breathe:
For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,

Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,

And, spite of spite, needs must I rest awhile.

H. VI., 3 pt., II: 3. 986.

RESTITUTION.—Hateful.

P. Henry. O my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee :— The money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back, 't is a double labour.

H. IV., 1 pt., III: 3. 751.

RESTLESSNESS.—Frets.

Poins. * * I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

H. IV., 1 pt., II: 2. 735.

RESTRAINT.—Impossible.

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate, and furious,
Loyal and neutral in a moment? No man :
The expedition of my violent love
Out-ran the pauser reason.

M., II: 2. 1367.

—Rebelled against.

Ang. * * The state whereon I studied
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown fear'd and tedious ! yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I, with boot, change for an idle plume,
Which the air beats for vain. O place ! O form !

How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls

To thy false seeming ! Blood, thou art blood :

Let 's write good angel on the devil's horn,
'T is not the devil's crest.

M. M., II: 4. 154.

RESULTS.—Greater than the Agent.

Hel. * *
He that of greatest works is finisher
Oft does them by the weakest minister :
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes. Great floods have flown
From simple sources ; and great seas have dried,
When miracles have by the great'st been denied.
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises ; and often it hits,
Where hope is coldest, and despair most shifts.

A. W., II: 1. 503.

—Must Have a Cause.

Cant. It must be so ; for miracles are ceas'd ;

And therefore we must needs admit the means,

How things are perfected.

H. V., I: 1. 820.

—No Proof of Justice.

Tro. Why, brother Hector,
We may not think the justness of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it.

T. C., II: 2. 1115.

RETORT.—Wordy.

Pist. *Solus*, egregious dog ? O viper vile !
The *solus* in thy most marvellous face ;
The *solus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw,
perdy ;

And which is worse, within thy nasty mouth !

H. V., II: 1. 825.

RETREAT.—Honorable.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat ; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

A. Y., III: 2. 422.

RETRIBUTION.—Belongs to God.

2 *Murd.* And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee,

For false forswearing, and for murder too :
Thou did'st receive the sacrament, to fight
In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

1 *Murd.* And, like a traitor to the name of God,

Didst break that vow ; and, with thy treacherous blade,
Unrip'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

2 *Murd.* Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.

1 *Murd.* How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us.

When thou hast broke it in such dear degree ?

Clar. Alas ! for whose sake did I that ill deed ?

For Edward, for my brother, for his sake :
He sends you not to murder me for this :
For in that sin he is as deep as I.

If God will be avenged for the deed,

O, know you, that he doth it publicly;
Take not the quarrel from his powerful
arm;

He needs no indirect nor lawless course,
To cut off those who have offended him.

1 *Murd.* Who made thee then a bloody
minister,
When gallant-springing, brave Plantagenet,
That princely novice, was struck dead by
thee?

Clar. My brother's love, the devil, and
my rage.

1 *Murd.* Thy brother's love, our duty,
and thy fault,
Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

R. III., I: 4. 1013.

—Comes Surely.

Æmil. Arm, arm, my lords; Rome never
had more cause!

The Goths have gather'd head; and with a
power

Of high resolved men, bent to the spoil,
They hither march amain, under conduct
Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;
Who threatens, in course of this revenge, to do
As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the
Goths?

These tidings nip me; and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grass beat down
with storms:

Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach;
'T is he the common people love so much;
Myself hath often over-heard them say,
(When I have walked like a private man,)
That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,
And they have wish'd that Lucius were their
emperor.

Tit. And., IV: 4. 1224.

—Just.

Edg. * *

The gods are just, and of our pleasant
vices

Make instruments to scourge us.

K. L., V: 3. 1483.

Ham. * *

For 't is the sport, to have the engineer,
Hoist with his own petar.

H., III: 4. 1420.

—Measured as We Measure.

Duke. * *

An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers
leisure;

Like doth quit like, and *Measure* still for
Measure.

Then, Angelo, thy fault 's thus manifested:
Which, though thou wouldst deny, denies
thee vantage:

We do condemn thee to the very block
Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with
like haste;

Away with him!

M. M., V: 1. 175.

—Most horrible Imaginable.

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy
foes are bound;—

Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak
to me;

But let them hear what fearful words I utter.
O villains, Chiron and Demetrius!

Here stands the spring whom you have
stain'd with mud;

This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.
You kill'd her husband; and, for that vile
fault,

Two of her brothers were condemn'd to
death:

My hand cut off, and made a merry jest;
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that,
more dear

Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.
What would you say, if I should let you
speak?

Villains, for shame you could not beg for
grace.

Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,
Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth
hold

The bason, that receives your guilty blood.
You know, your mother means to feast with
me,

And calls herself, Revenge, and thinks me
mad,—

Hark, villains; I will grind your bones to
dust,

And with your blood and it, I'll make a
paste;

And of the paste a coffin I will rear,
 And make two pasties of your shameful
 heads :
 And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd
 dam,
 Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.
 This is the feast that I have bid her to,
 And this the banquet she shall surfeit on ;
 For worse than Philomel you us'd my daugh-
 ter,
 And worse than Progne I will be reveng'd :
 And now prepare your throats.—Lavinia,
 come,
 Receive the blood : and, when that they are
 dead,
 Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
 And with this hateful liquor temper it ;
 And in that paste let their vile heads be
 bak'd.
 Come, come, be every one officious
 To make this banquet ; which I wish may
 prove
 More stern and bloody than the Centaurs'
 feast.
 So, now bring them in, for I will play the
 cook,
 And see them ready 'gainst their mother
 comes.

Tit. And., V : 2. 1229.

—Suited to the Crime.

Goth. Renowned Lucius, from our troops
 I strayed,

To gaze upon a ruinous monastery,
 And as I earnestly did fix mine eye
 Upon the wasted building, suddenly
 I heard a child cry underneath a wall :
 I made unto the noise ; when soon I heard
 The crying babe controll'd with this dis-
 course :

“ Peace, tawny slave ; half me, and half
 thy dam

Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou
 art,

Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
 Villain, thou might'st have been an emperor :
 But where the bull and cow are both milk
 white,

They never do beget a coal-black calf.

Peace, villain, peace ! ” — even thus he rates
 the babe, —

“ For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth ;

Who, when he knows thou art the empress'
 babe,
 Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.”
 With this my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon
 him,
 Surpris'd him suddenly ; and brought him
 hither,
 To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy Goth ! this is the incar-
 nate devil,

That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand :
 This is the pearl that pleas'd your empress'
 eye ;

And here 's the base fruit of his burning lust.
 Say, wall-ey'd slave, whither would'st thou
 convey

This growing image of thy fiend-like face ?
 Why dost not speak ? What ! deaf ? No ;
 not a word ?

A halter, soldiers ; hang him on this tree,
 And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Tit. And., V 1. 1225.

—Swiftness of.

K. John. * *

Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France ;
 For ere thou canst report I will be there,
 The thunder of my cannon shall be heard :
 So, hence ! Be thou the trumpet of our
 wrath,

And sullen presage of your own decay.

K. J., I : 1. 646.

REUNION.—Taught.

Mar. * *

O, let me teach you how to knit again
 This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
 These broken limbs again into one body.

Tit. And., V : 3. 1230.

REVENGE.—A Jew's.

Salat. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit,
 thou wilt not take his flesh ? What 's that
 good for ?

Sky. To bait fish withal ! if it will feed
 nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He
 hath disgrac'd me, and hindered me half a
 million ; laughed at my losses, mocked at
 my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my
 bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine ene-
 mies ; and what 's his reason ? I am a Jew.
 Hath not a Jew eyes ? hath not a Jew hands,
 organs, dimensions, senses, affections, pas-
 sions ? fed with the same food, hurt with the
 same weapons, subject to the same diseases,

healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge. The villainy you teach me I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

M. V., III: 1. 375.

—A Medicine.

Mal. Be comforted:

Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

M., IV: 3. 1380.

—A Solace.

Tro. * *

Stay yet;—You vile abominable tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,
Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
I'll through and through you!—and thou,
great-siz'd coward!
No space of earth shall sunder our two hates:
I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy's thoughts.
Strike a free march to Troy!—with comfort go:
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

T. C., V: 11. 1143.

—Bitter and eternal.

Mar. O, calm thee, gentle lord! although, I know,
There is enough written upon this earth,
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.
My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;
And swear with me,—as with the woeful feere,

And father, of that chaste dishonour'd dame,

Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,—

That we will prosecute, by good advice,
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'T is sure enough, an you knew how,

But if you hurt these bear-whelps, then beware:

The dam will wake; and, if she wind you once,

She's with the lion deeply still in league,
And lulls him while she playeth on her back,

And, when he sleeps, will she do what she list.

You're a young huntsman, Marcus; let it alone;

And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gad of steel will write these words,

And lay it by: the angry northern wind
Will blow these sands, like Sybil's leaves, abroad,

And where's your lesson then?—Boy, what say you?

Mar. O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,

And not relent, or not compassion him?
Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy;
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
Than foemen's marks upon his batter'd shield;

But yet so just, that he will not revenge:—
Revenge the heavens for old Andronicus!

Tit. And., IV: 1. 1219.

—Blind.

War. * *

The commons, like an angry hive of bees
That want their leader, scatter up and down,
And care not who they sting in his revenge.

H. VI., 2 pt., III: 2. 928.

—Cherished in Madness.

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.

I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloucester:

Thou must be patient; we came crying
hither.

Thou know'st, the first time that we smell
the air,

We wawl, and cry :— I will preach to thee ;
mark me.

Glo. Alack, alack the day !

Lear. When we are born, we cry, that we
are come

To this great stage of fools ;— 'T is a good
plot ;

It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe

A troop of horse with felt : I 'll put it in
proof ;

And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-
law,

Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

K. L., IV : 6. 1476.

—Commands its Slaves.

Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent
to me,

To be a torment to mine enemies?

Tam. I am ; therefore come down, and
welcome me.

Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to
thee.

Lo, by thy side, where Rape, and Murder,
stands ;

Now give some 'surance that thou art Re-
venge,

Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot
wheels ;

And then I 'll come, and be thy waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globes.

Provide thee proper palfreys, black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,

And find out murderers in their guilty caves :
And when thy car is loaden with their heads,

I will dismount, and by the waggon wheel,
Trot, like a servile footman, all day long,

Even from Hyperion's rising in the east,
Until his very downfall in the sea :

And day by day I 'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tit. And., V : 2. 1227.

—Counter.

Tam. Know thou, sad man, I am not
Tamora ;

She is thy enemy, and I thy friend :

I am Revenge ; sent from the infernal king-
dom,

To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.

Come down, and welcome me to this world's
light ;

Confer with me of murder and of death :

There 's not a hollow cave, or lurking-place,
No vast obscurity, or misty vale,

Where bloody murder, or detested rape,
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out,

And in their ears tell them my dreadful
name,

Revenge, which makes the foul offender
quake.

Tit. And., V : 2. 1227

—Deaf to Reason.

Hect. * * For pleasure and revenge
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision.

T. C., II : 5. 1115.

—Impassioned Cry for.

Q. Mar. Bear with me ; I am hungry
for revenge,

And now I cloy me with beholding it.

Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Ed-
ward ;

Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward ;
Young York he is but boot, because both

they

Match not the high perfection of my loss.

Thy Clarence he is dead, that stabb'd my
Edward ;

And the beholders of this tragic play,

The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan,
Grey,

Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.

Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer :
Only reserv'd their factor, to buy souls,

And send them thither : But at hand, at
hand,

Ensues his piteous and unpitied end :

Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints
pray,

To have him suddenly conveyed from
hence : —

Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to say, The dog is dead !

R. III., IV : 4. 1035.

—Insatiable.

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my
great revenge
Had stomach for them all.

O., V: 2. 1529.

—Must be prompt

Bast. Art thou gone so? I do but stay
behind,
To do the office for thee of revenge;
And then my soul shall wait on thee to
heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still. —
Now, now, you stars, that move in your
right spheres,
Where be your powers? Show now your
mended faiths;
And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction, and perpetual shame,
Out of the weak door of our fainting
land:
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be
sought;
The Dauphin rages at our very heels.

K. J., V: 7. 676.

—No Valor.

1 Sen. * *
To revenge is no valour but to bear.

T. A., III: 5. 1301.

—Sought ever.

York. * *
My brain, more busy than the labouring
spider,
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine ene-
mies.

H. VI., 2 pt., III: 1. 925.

—Speedy.

Ham. Haste me to know it; that I, with
wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

H., I: 5. 1399.

—The Bitterest.

Ham. Now might I do it, pat, now he is
praying;
And now I'll do 't;—and so he goes to
heaven:

And so am I reveng'd? That would be
scann'd

A villain kills my father, and, for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.

Why, this is hire and salary, not re-
venge.

He took my father grossly, full of bread;
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as
May;

And, how his audit stands, who knows, save
heaven?

But, in our circumstance and course of
thought,

'T is heavy with him: And am I then re-
veng'd,

To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
No.

Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid
hent:

When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage;
Or in the incestuous pleasures of his bed;
At gaming, swearing; or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in 't;
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at
heaven;

And that his soul may be as damn'd and
black

As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays:
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days.

H., III: 3. 1417.

—Threatened.

Tal. * *
Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's
heels,
And make a quagmire of your mingled
brains.

H. VI., 1 pt., I: 4. 870.

—Waiting.

Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold, his
eye
Red as 't would burn Rome; and his injury.

C., V: 1. 1186.

Men. * *

Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,
I have tumbled past the throw; and in his
praise
Have, almost, stamp'd the leasing.

C., V: 2. 1187.

— Watchful.

Shy. * *

If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear
him.

*M. V., I: 3. 365.**K. Hen.* * *

Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy
thoughts;

Which thou hast whetted on thy stony
heart,

To stab at half an hour of my life.

H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 4. 803.

REVERENCE.—How Shown.

Suf. * * Rather let my head

Stoop to the block, than these knees bow to
any

Save to the God of heaven, and to my king.

H. VI., 2 pt., IV: 1. 933.

REVERSES.—Signs of Complete.

K. Rich. Sing,

For night-owls shriek, where mounting larks
should.

R. II., III: 3. 705.

REWARD.—Follows Deserving.

Dun. * *

But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall
shine

On all deservers.

M., I: 4. 1360.

—Taken with Thanks.

Ham. * *

A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks.

H., III: 2. 1413.

RHETORIC.—Silent.

Boyet. * *

By the heart's still rhetoric, disclosed with
eyes.

L. L., II: 1. 279.

RHYME.—Its Difficulties.

Bene. An old, an old instance, Beatrice,
that liv'd in the time of good neighbours:
if a man do not erect in this age his own
tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in
monuments than the bells ring, and the
widow weeps.

M. A., V: 2. 253.

RHYMES.—Must Build Our own.

Bene. Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme:

I have tried; I can find out no rhyme to
“lady” but “baby,” an innocent rhyme;
for “scorn,” “horn,” a hard rhyme; for
“school,” “fool,” a babbling rhyme; very
ominous endings. No, I was not born under
a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in
festival terms.

M. A., V: 2. 253.

RICHES.—End in Poverty.

Duke. * * If thou art rich, thou 'rt
poor;

For, like an ass whose back with ingots
bows,

Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And Death unloads thee.

M. M., III: 1. 156.

—Lead to Wooing.

Fent. Why, thou must be thyself.

He doth object, I am too great of birth;
And that my state being gall'd with my ex-
pense,

I seek to heal it only by his wealth.

Besides these, other bars he lays before
me,—

My riots past, my wild societies;

And tells me, 't is a thing impossible

I should love thee, but as a property.

Anne. May be, he tells you true.

Fent. No, heaven so speed me in my time
to come!

Albeit, I will confess thy father's wealth
Was the first motive that I woo'd thee Anne:

Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value

Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags;

And 't is the very riches of thyself

That now I aim at.

M. W., III: 4. 107.

RIGHTS.—A poor Man's.

2 *Fish.* Help, master, help; here's a fish
hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in
the law; 't will hardly come out.

P., II: 1. 1649.

—Whence Obtained.

K. Phi. From that supernal judge, that
stirs good thoughts

In any breast of strong authority,

To look into the blots and stains of right.

K. J., II: 1. 650.

RING.—The Value Depends upon the Giver.

Bass. This ring, good sir,—alas, it is a trifle;

I will not shame myself to give you this.

Por. I will have nothing else but only this; And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.

Bass. There's more depends on this than on the value.

The dearest ring in Venice will I give you, And find it out by proclamation;

Only for this I pray you pardon me.

Por. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers: You taught me first to beg; and now methinks

You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

Bass. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;

And, when she put it on, she made me vow That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

Por. That'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.

An if your wife be not a mad woman, And know how well I have deserv'd this ring, She would not hold out enemy for ever, For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!

Ant. My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring;

Let his deservings, and my love withal, Be valued against your wife's commandment.

Bass. Go, Gratiano; run and overtake him;

Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou canst,

Unto Antonio's house:—away, make haste.
M. V., IV: 1. 387.

RIPENESS.—Perfect.

Hol. The deer was, as you know, *sanguis*,—in blood; ripe as a pomewater.

L. L., IV: 2. 285.

RISING.—Early, a Matter of Surprise.

1 *Gent.* But I much marvel that your lordship, having

Rich tire about you, should at these early hours

Shake off the golden slumber of repose.

It is most strange,

Nature should be so conservant with pain, Being thereto not compell'd.

P., III: 2. 1656.

—Early, Accounted for.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun

Peer'd forth the golden window of the east, A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad; Where,—underneath the grove of sycamore,

That westward rooteth from the city's side,— So early walking did I see your son.

R. J., I: 1. 1243.

—Early, Condemned.

Por. Brutus, my lord!

Bru. Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you now?

It is not for your health thus to commit Your weak condition to the raw-cold morning.

J. C., II: 1. 1331.

—Early, Ridiculed.

Fri. * * * *Benedicite!*

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?— Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,

So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:

Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye, And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;

But where unbusied youth with unstuff'd brain

Doth couch his limbs, their golden sleep doth reign:

Therefore thy earliness doth me assure, Thou art up-rous'd by some distemp'ature;

Or if not so, then here I hit it right—

Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

R. J., II: 3. 1253.

RIVAL.—Concern Respecting.

Cleo. * *

What majesty is in her gait? Remember, If e'er thou look'st on majesty.

Mess. She creeps;

Her motion and her station are as one; She shows a body rather than a life;

A statue, than a breather.

Cleo. Guess at her years, I prithee.

Mess. Madam,

She was a widow.

Cleo. Widow?—Chairman, hark.

Mess. And I do think she's thirty.

Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind ? Is't long, or round ?

Mess. Round even to faultiness.

Cleo. For the most part too, they are foolish that are so.

Her hair, what colour ?

Mess. Brown, madam : And her forehead As low as she would wish it.

Cleo. There's gold for thee.

A. C., III: 3. 1559.

—Death of a, Bemoaned.

Ag. A rarer spirit never

Did steer humanity : but you, gods, will give us

Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

Nec. When such a spacious mirror's set before him,

He needs must see himself.

Cæs. O Antony !

I have follow'd thee to this ;—But we do lance

Diseases in our bodies : I must perforce Have shown to thee such a declining day, Or look on thine ; we could not stall together

In the whole world : But yet let me lament With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,

That thou, my brother, my competitor In top of all design, my mate in empire, Firend and companion in the front of war, The arm of mine own body, and the heart Where mine his thoughts did kindle,—that our stars,

Unreconcilable, should divide Our equalness to this.

A. C., V: 1. 1577.

—Instruction Sought of a.

Hel. O happy fair !

Your eyes are lode-stars ; and your tongue's sweet air

More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear, When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.

Sickness is catching ; O, were favour so, Your words I'd catch, fair Hermia, ere I go ;

My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,

My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.

Were the world mine, Demetrius, being bated,

The rest I'll give to be to you translated.

O, teach me how to look ; and with what art

You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

M. N., I: 1. 323.

RIVALRY.—Female, bitter.

Q. Mar. Not all these lords do vex me half so much,

As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife.

She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,

More like an empress than duke Humphrey's wife ;

Strangers in court do take her for the queen : She bears a duke's revenues on her back, And in her heart she scorns our poverty :

Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her ? Contemptuous base-born callat as she is, She vaunted 'mong her minions t' other day, The very train of her worst wearing-gown Was better worth than all my father's lands, Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.

H. VI., 2 pt., I: 3. 912.

—Sometimes innocent.

P. Hen. * *

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere.

H. IV., 1 pt., V: 4. 760.

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

Hel. O, that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill !

Her. I gave him curses, yet he gives me love.

Hel. O, that my prayers could such affection move !

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Her. His folly, Helena, is none of mine.

M. N., I: 1. 323.

RIVALS.—How Disposed of.

Som. It is too late; I cannot send them now;

This expedition was by York, and Talbot,
Too rashly plotted; all our general force
Might with a sally of the very town
Be buckled with: the over-daring Talbot
Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour,
By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure:

York set him on to fight, and die in shame,
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear
the name.

H. VI., 1 pt., IV: 4. 888.

ROBBERY.—A Vocation.

Fal. Why, Hal, 't is my vocation, Hal; 't is no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. Poins!—Now shall we know if Gads-hill have set a match. O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain that ever cried, Stand, to a true man.

H. IV., 1 pt., I: 2. 729.

ROGUE.—A versatile One.

Ant. * * I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compassed a motion of the prodigal son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolyceus.

W. T., IV: 2. 600.

ROMAN.—The noblest.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all.

All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He, only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, "this was a man!"

J. C., V: 5. 1352.

ROMANS.—Not all Born in Rome.

Men. I would they were barbarians, (as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd,) not Romans, (as they are not,
Though calv'd i' the porch o' the Capitol.)

C., III: 1. 1171.

ROME.—Abhorred.

K. Hen. I may perceive,

These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.

My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,

Pr'ythee return! with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along. Break up the court,

I say, set on.

H. VIII., II: 4. 1074.

ROSES.—Origin of the Factions of the.

Som. Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,

But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

War. I love no colours; and, without all colour

Of base insinuating flattery,

I pluck this white rose, with Plantagenet.

Suf. I pluck this red rose, with young Somerset;

And say withal, I think he held the right.

Ver. Stay, lords, and gentlemen; and pluck no more,

Till you conclude,—that he, upon whose side

The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Som. Good master Vernon, it is well objected;

If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

Plan. And I.

Ver. Then, for the truth and plainness of the case,

I pluck this pale, and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off;

Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red,

And fall on my side so against your will.

Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,

Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,

And keep me on the side where still I am.

* *

Som. Ay, thou shalt find us ready for thee still:

And know us, by these colours, for thy foes:

For these my friends, in spite of thee, shall wear.

Plan. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,

As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever, and my faction, wear;
Until it wither with me to my grave,
Or flourish to the height of my degree.

War. * *

And here I prophesy, — This brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction, in the Temple garden,
Shall send, between the red rose and the white,

A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

H. VI., 1 pt., II: 4. 875.

ROUGHNESS.—A wise.

Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,

I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:

Though little fire grows great with little wind,

Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and so she yields to me;
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

T. S., II: 1. 463.

ROUT.—A complete.

Post. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,

But that the heavens fought: The king himself

Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying

Through a straight lane; the enemy full-hearted,

Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work

More plentiful than tools to do 't, struck down

Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling

Merely through fear: that the strait pass was damned

With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living

To die with lengthen'd shame.

Cym., V: 3. 1622.

ROYSTERERS.—Time no Object to.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

P. Henry. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou would'st truly know. * * I see no reason, why thou should'st be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

H. IV., 1 pt., I: 2. 728.

RUDENESS.—Of Speech, Rebuked.

Gon. My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,

And time to speak it in; you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.

T., II: 1. 16.

RUIN.—Foreseen.

Q. Eliz. Ah me, I see the ruin of my house!

The tiger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind;
Insulting tyranny begins to jet
Upon the innocent and awless throne:—
Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre,

I see, as in a map, the end of all.

R. III., II: 4. 1019.

—Utter.

Ely. This would drink, deep.

Cant. 'T would drink the cup and all.

H. V., I: 1. 820.

RULER.—His Presence Strengthens.

Glo. Now will it best avail your majesty,

To cross the seas, and to be crown'd in France:

The presence of a king engenders love
Amongst his subjects, and his loyal friends;
As it disanimates his enemies.

H. VI., 1 pt., III: 1. 880.

RUMOR.—Doubles.

War. * *

Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,

The numbers of the fear'd.

H. IV., III: 2. 790.

—Injures.

Rum. * * From Rumour's tongues
They bring smooth comforts false, worse
than true wrongs.

H. IV., 2 pt., Ind.: 773.

—Its Methods.

Rum. Open your ears; For which of
you will stop
The vent of hearing, when loud Rumour
speaks?

I, from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still un-
fold

The acts commenced on this ball of earth:
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride;
The which in every language I pronounce,

Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the smile of safety, wounds the
world:

And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful musters, and prepar'd defence;
Whilst the big year, swoll'n with some other
grief,

Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war.
And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
And of so easy and so plain a stop,
That the blunt monster with uncounted
heads,

The still discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it.

H. IV., 2 pt., Ind.: 773.

S

SACRIFICES.—*Ad manes fratrum.*

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the
Goths,
That we may hew his limbs, and, on a pile,
Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh,
Before this earthly prison of their bones;
That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. And., I: 2. 1202

—Honored of the gods.

Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Corde-
lia,
The gods themselves throw incense.

K. L., V: 3. 1481.

SADNESS.—Indefinable.

Ant. In sooth, I know not why I am so
sad:
It wearies me; you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 't is made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

M. V., I: 1. 361.

—Real and affected.

Arth. Mercy on me!
Methinks, nobody should be sad but I:
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness.

K. J., IV: 1. 664.

—Respects not Promise.

Bushy. Madam, your majesty is too much
sad:
You promis'd, when you parted with the king,
To lay aside life-harming heaviness,
And entertain a cheerful disposition.

R. II., II: 2. 695.

SAFETY.

Cæs. * * Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us staunch, from
edge to edge
O' the world I would pursue it.
* *
Igr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your
hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife.

A. C., II: 2. 1549.

— Assured.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Mar. O! let me clip you
In arms as sound, as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry, as when our nuptial day was
done,
And tapers burn'd to bedward.

C., I: 6. 1156.

— In Crime, endangered.

Macb. * * To be thus, is nothing;
But to be safely thus:— Our fears in Ban-
quo

Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be fear'd: 't is much
he dares;

And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his val-
our

To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear: and under him
My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar.

M., III: 1. 1369.

— In Defence.

Hast. 'T is better using France, than
trusting France:
Let us be backed with God, and with the
seas,

Which he hath given for fence impregna-
ble;

And with their helps only defend ourselves;
In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies.

H. VI., 3 pt., IV: 1. 979.

SANCTION.—High, Given unworthily.

West. When ever yet was your appeal
denied?

Wherein have you been galled by the king?
What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on
you?

That you should seal this lawless bloody
book

Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine,
And consecrate commotion's bitter edge?

H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 1. 795.

SANCTUARY.—None for Children.

Buck. You are too senseless-obstinate,
my lord,
Too ceremonious, and traditional:
Weigh it but with the grossness of this
age,

You break not sanctuary in seizing him.
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserv'd the
place,

And those who have the wit to claim the
place:

This prince hath neither claim'd it, nor de-
serv'd it;

And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have
it:

Then, taking him from thence that is not
there,

You break no privilege nor charter there.

Oft have I heard of sanctuary men;

But sanctuary children, ne'er till now.

R. III., III: 1. 1020.

—Right of, inviolate.

Card. My lord of Buckingham, if my weak
oratory

Can from his mother win the duke of York,
Anon expect him here: But if she be obdu-
rate

To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of blessed sanctuary! not for all this land,
Would I be guilty of so deep a sin.

R. III., III: 1. 1020.

SANGUINITY.—Not to be Trusted.

Gon. Here is everything advantageous
to life.

Ant. True; save means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none, or little.

Gon. How lush and lusty the grass
looks! how green!

Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in 't.

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth
totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is, which is in-
deed almost beyond credit,—

Seb. As many vouch'd rarities are.

T., II: 1. 15.

SATIETY.—Sought.*Luc. * **

And am to Padua come, as he that leaves
A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

*T. S., I: 1. 455.***SATIRE.—Defied.**

Bene. I'll tell the what, prince; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour: Dost thou think I care for a satire, or an epigram?

*M. A., V: 4. 255.***SATIRIST.—His Misrepresentations.***Ulyss. * ***Patroclus,*

Upon a lazy bed the livelong day
Breaks scurril jests;
And with ridiculous and awkward action
(Which, slanderer, he imitation calls.)
He pageants us.

*T. C., I: 3. 1109.**Ulyss. * ** And at this sport,

Sir Valour dies; cries, "Oh!—enough,
Patroclus;—

Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen." And in this
fashion,

All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact,
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for
truce,

Success or loss, what is, or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

*T. C., I: 3. 1109.***—Infamous.**

Beat. Why, he's the prince's jester,—a very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible slanders; none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villainy; for he both pleaseth men and angers them, and then they laugh at him and beat him.

*M. A., II: 1. 231.***—Invoked.**

*Sir To. * ** Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goosepen, no matter: About it.

*T. N., III: 2. 556.***—Well-known.**

Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my lord
Biron,

Before I saw you: and the world's large
tongue

Proclaims you for a man replete with
mocks;

Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit.

*L. L., V: 2. 303.***SATISFACTION.—In Circumstantial Evidence.***Iago. * ** But yet, I say,

If imputation, and strong circumstances,
Which lead directly to the door of truth,
Will give you satisfaction, you may have
it.

*O., III: 3. 1514.***SAVINGS.—Proffered to a Patron's Son.**

Adam. But do not so: I have five hundred crowns,

The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
Which I did store to be my foster-nurse,
When service should in my old limbs lie
lame,

And unregarded age in corners thrown.
Take that: and He that doth the ravens
feed,

Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you.

*A. Y., II: 3. 415.***SCANDAL.—Inevitable.**

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality

Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny

The whitest virtue strikes. What king so
strong,

Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue!

*M. M., III: 2. 161.***SCAR.—Nobly got, an Honor.**

Laf. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour; so, belike, is that.

A. W., IV: 5. 524.

SCHOLARS.—Agreement between.*King.* * * *

My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes

They are recorded in this schedule here :

Your oaths are pass'd, and now subscribe your names,

That his own hand may strike his honour down,

That violates the smallest branch herein :

If you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do,

Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep them too.

L. L., I: 1. 271.

SCHOOLMASTER.—A faithful.*Pro.* * * * And here

Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit

Than other princess can, that have more time

For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

T., I: 2. 10.

—Praised.

Nath. Sir, I praise the Lord for you, and so may my parishioners ; for their sons are well tutor'd by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you : you are a good member of the commonwealth.

L. L., IV: 2. 286.

SCORN.—Dreaded.*Oth.* Had it pleas'd heaven

To try me with affliction ; had he rain'd

All kinds of sores, and shames, on my bare head ;

Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips ;

Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes ;

I should have found in some part of my soul

A drop of patience : but (alas !) to make me

A fixed figure, for the time of scorn

To point his slow unmoving finger at, —

O ! O !

O., IV: 2. 1522.

—Feared.*Ulyss.* * * *

And we were better parch in Afric sun,

Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes.

T. C., I: 3. 1111.

—Tearless.

Lys. Why should you think that I should woo in scorn ?

Scorn and derision never come in tears :
Look, when I vow, I weep ; and vows so born,

In their nativity all truth appears.

How can these things in me seem scorn to you,

Bearing the badge of faith to prove them true ?

M. N., III: 2. 334.

SCORPIONS.—Of the Mind.

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife !

Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, live.

Lady M. But in them nature's copy's not eterne.

Macb. There's comfort yet ; they are assailable ;

Then be thou jocund : ere the bat hath flown

His cloister'd flight ; ere, to black Hecate's summons,

The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,

Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done

A deed of dreadful note.

M., III: 2. 1370.

SCRIPTURE.—The Devil Quotes.*Glo.* * * *

But then I sigh, and, with a piece of scripture,

Tell them—that God bids us do good for evil :

And thus I clothe my naked villany

With old odd ends, stolen forth of holy writ ;

And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

R. III., I: 3. 1010.

Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio.

The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.

An evil soul, producing holy witness,

Is like a villain with a smiling cheek ;

A goodly apple rotten at the heart ;

O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath !

M. V., I: 1. 365.

SCULPTOR.—The Triumph of His Art.*Leon.* * *

Would you not deem it breath'd? and that
those veins

Did verily bear blood?

Pol. Masterly done:

The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leon. The fixture of her eye has motion
in 't,

As we are mock'd with art.

*W. T., V: 3. 617.***SCULPTURE.—Its Perfection.**

3 *Gent.* No: the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina, — a piece many years in doing, and now newly perform'd by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano; who, had he himself eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer: thither, with all greediness of affection, are they gone; and there they intend to sup.

*W. T., V: 2. 615.***—Perfect.***lach.* The chimney

Is south the chamber; and the chimney-
piece,

Chaste Dian, bathing: never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves: the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb; outwent
her,

Motion and breath left out.

*Cym., II: 4. 1603.***SEA.—A stormy.***Mira.* * *

The sky, it seems, would pour down stink-
ing pitch,

But that the sea, mounting to th' welkin's
cheek,

Dashes the fire out.

*T., I: 2. 8.**Mon.* * *

If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on
them,

Can hold the mortise?

*O., II: 1. 1500.***—Its Rage.***Pet.* * *

Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with
winds,

Rage like an angry boar, chafed with
sweat?

*T. S., I: 2. 460.***SEA-SICKNESS.—Beauty a Cure for.***Pro.* O! a cherubim

Thou wast that did preserve me! Thou
didst smile,

Infused with a fortitude from heaven,

(When I have deck'd the sea with drops full
salt;

Under my burthen groan'd;) which rais'd in
me

An undergoing stomach, to bear up

Against what should ensue.

*T., I: 2. 10.***SEA-WATER.—Cleans Garments.**

Gon. That our garments, being, as they
were, drench'd in the sea, hold, notwith-
standing, their freshness and glosses; being
rather new dy'd, than stain'd with salt water.

*T., II: 1. 15.***SEARCH.—A fruitless.***Ben.*

Go, then; for 't is in vain
To seek him here, that means not to be
found.

*R. J., II: 1. 1251.***SEASON.—Out of.**

1 *Murd.* * * Right, as snow in harvest.

*R. III., I: 4. 1013.***SEASONS.—Fairies Cause their Con-
fusion.***Tita.* * *

The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts

Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;

And on old Hyems' thin and icy crown,

An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds

Is, as in mock'ry, set. The spring, the
summer,

The chilling autumn, angry winter, change

Their wonted liveries; and the mazed world,
By their increase, now knows not which is

which:

And this same progeny of evils comes

From our debate, from our dissension.

M. N., II: 1. 326.

SECLUSION.—Desirable before great Events.

Jul. * * *
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my
state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full
of sin.

R. J., IV : 3. 1270.

—Loved for its own Sake.

Duke. My holy sir, none better knows
than you
How I have ever lov'd the life removed;
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery
keep.

M. M., I : 3. 146.

—Not to be disturbed.

Ben. * * *
Towards him I made; but he was 'ware of
me,
And stole into the covert of the wood :
I, measuring his affections by my own, —
That most are busied when they are most
alone, —
Pursu'd my humour, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from
me.

R. J., I : 1. 1243.

SECRET.—How kept.

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you
ne'er hear say —
Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

R. J., II : 4. 1256.

Oph. 'T is in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

H., I : 3. 1396.

SECRETS.—A dangerous Possession.

Thal. * * * Well, I perceive he was a
wise fellow, and had good discretion, that
being bid to ask what he would of the king,
desired he might know none of his secrets.
Now do I see he had some reason for it : for
if a king bid a man be a villain, he is bound
by the indenture of his oath to be one.

P., I : 3. 1646.

—(See Discretion.) A Wife's Right to Share.

Por. * * * What, is Brutus sick;
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night?
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your
mind,

Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: And, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy; and what men to-night
Have had resort to you; for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were
gentle Brutus.

Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted, I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself,
But, as it were, in sort, or limitation;
To keep with you at meals, comfort your
bed,

And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but
in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

J. C., II : 1. 1331.

—Danger of Knowing.

Luc. Fire that's closest kept burns most
of all.

T. G., II : 2. 49.

Per. * * * The great Antiochus
(Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since he's so great, can make his will his
act,)

Will think me speaking, though I swear to
silence;

Nor boots it me to say, I honour him,
If he suspect I may dishonour him:
And what may make him blush in being
known,

He'll stop the course by which it might be
known,

With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the
land,

And with the ostent of war will look so huge.

Amazement shall drive courage from the state;

Our men be vanquish'd, ere they do resist,

And subjects punish'd, that ne'er thought offence:

Which care of them, not pity of myself,
(Who am no more but as the tops of trees,
Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend them,)

Makes both my body pine, and soul to languish,

And punish that before, that he would punish.

P., I: 2. 1644.

—Despised.

Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw

Into your private chamber, we shall give you

The full cause of our coming.

Q. Kath. Speak it here;

There 's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,

Deserves a corner: 'Would, all other women

Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!

My lords, I care not, (so much I am happy Above a number,) if my actions

Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw them,

Envy and base opinion set against them.

H. VIII., III: 1. 1074.

—Invoked.

Lady M. * *

Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark.

M., I: 5. 1361.

SECURITY.—An Insult to Ask for.

Fal. * * A rascally yea-forsooth knave! to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon security!—The whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is thorough with them in honest taking up, then they must stand upon—security. I had as lief they would put ratsbane

in my mouth, as offer to stop it with security. I looked he should have sent me two-and-twenty yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and he sends me security. Well, he may sleep in security.

H. IV., 2 pt., I: 2. 776.

—Imagined.

Duke. * *

Thou foolish friar; and thou pernicious woman,

Compact with her that 's gone! think'st thou thy oaths,

Though they would swear down each particular saint,

Were testimonies against his worth and credit,

That's seal'd in approbation?

M. M., V: 1. 173.

—The Criminal's chief Danger.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams as you are,

Saucy and overbold? How did you dare

To trade and traffic with Macbeth,

In riddles, and affairs of death;

And I, the mistress of your charms,

The close contriver of all harms,

Was never call'd to bear my part,

Or show the glory of our art?

And, which is worse, all you have done

Hath been but for a wayward son,

Spiteful, and wrathful; who, as others do,

Loves for his own ends, not for you.

But make amends now: Get you gone,

And at the pit of Acheron,

Meet me i' the morning; thither he

Will come to know his destiny.

Your vessels, and your spells, provide,

Your charms, and everything beside:

I am for the air; this night I'll spend

Unto a dismal and a fatal end.

Great business must be wrought ere noon:

Upon the corner of the moon

There hangs a vapourous drop profound;

I'll catch it ere it come to ground:

And that, distill'd by magic slights,

Shall raise such artificial sprights,

As, by the strength of their illusion,

Shall draw him on to his confusion:

He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear:
And you all know, security
Is mortal's chiefest enemy.

M., III: 5: 1373.

SEEMING.—Better than the.

Tit. O, gracious emperor! O gentle
Aaron!

Did ever raven sing so like a lark?

Tit. And., III: 1. 1215.

—Not Virtue.

Claud. Out on thy seeming! I will
write against it,—

“You seem to me as Dian in her orb:
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;
But you are more intemperate in your
blood,
Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals
That rage in savage sensuality.”

M. A., IV: 1. 244.

SELF.—Knowing One's.

Sly. What! would you make me mad?
Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son, of
Burton-heath; by birth a pedler, by educa-
tion a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-
herd, and now by present profession a tinker?
Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of
Wincot, if she know me not: if she say I
am not fourteen pence on the score for
sheer ale, score me up for the lying'st
knave in Christendom. What! I am not
bestraught: Here's—

T. S., Ind.: 2. 453.

SELF-CONCEIT.—Not to be Talked to.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, when there is
more better opportunity to be required,
look you, I will be so bold as to tell you, I
know the disciplines of war: and there is
an end.

H. V., III: 2. 833.

SELF-EXAMINATION.—Desirable.

Men. * * O, that you could turn your
eyes towards the napes of your necks, and
make but an interior survey of your good
selves!

C., II: 1. 1160

SELFISHNESS.—A Law to Itself.

Val. * * *

These are my mates, that make their wills
their law.

T. G., V: 4. 71.

—Cruel.

Duke. * *

Like to the Egyptian thief, at point of death,
Kill what I love.

T. N., V: 1. 566.

—Its growing Power.

Bast. Mad word! mad kings! mad com-
position!

John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part:

And France, (whose armour conscience
buckled on;

Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,
As God's own soldier,) rounded in the ear
With that same purpose-changer, that sly
devil;

That broker, that still breaks the pate of
faith;

That daily break-vow; he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men,
maids;—

Who have no external thing to lose

But the word maid,—cheats the poor maid of
that.

K. J., II: 2. 656.

—Mercenary.

Sen. * *

If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty
more

Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, straight,
And able horses.

T. A., II: 1. 1293.

SELF-LOVE.—Not the vilest Sin.

Dau. Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a
sin

As self-neglecting.

H. V., II: 4. 830.

SELF-RELIANCE.—Frames our Future.

Con. * * It is impossible you should
take true root, but by the fair weather that
you make yourself: it is needful that you
frame the season for your own harvest.

M. A., I: 3. 229.

—Trusts no Agent.

Claud. Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent.

M. A., II: 1. 232.

SELF-WILL.—A Growth.*Nest. * **

Ajax is grown self-will'd; and bears his head
In such a rein, in full as proud a place
As broad Achilles: keeps his tent like him;
Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of
war,

Bold as an oracle: and sets Thersites
(A slave, whose gall coins slanders like a
mint,)

To match us in comparisons with dirt;
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How rank soever rounded in with danger.

*T. C., I: 3. 1109.***SENILITY.—Disqualifies for Affairs.***Pol. * **

Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid
With age, and alt'ring rheums? Can he
speak? hear?

Know man from man? dispute his own es-
tate?

Lies he not bed-rid? and again does noth-
ing,

But what he did being childish?

*W. T., IV: 3. 605.***SENSUALISM.—An Idolatry.**

Biron. This is the liver vein, which
makes flesh a deity;

A green goose, a goddess: pure, pure idol-
atry.

*L. L., IV: 3. 287.***SENSUALITY.—Leads to Uncon-
cern.**

*Tim. * ** Ingrateful man, with liquo-
rish draughts,

And morsels unctuous, greases his pure
mind,

That from it all consideration slips!

*T. A., IV: 3. 1307.***SENTENCE.—Unjust, Unmans.**

1 Gent. When he was brought again to
the bar,—to hear

His knell rung out, his judgment,—he was
stirr'd

With such an agony, he sweat extremely,
And something spoke in choler, ill, and
hasty:

But he fell to himself again, and, sweetly,
In all the rest showed a most noble patience.

2 Gent. I do not think, he fears death.

1 Gent. Sure, he does not,

He never was so womanish; the cause
He may a little grieve at.

*H. VIII., II: 1. 1065.***SEPARATION.—Sorrowful.**

*Duch. * ** Bid him—O, what?—

With all good speed at Plashy visit me.

Alack, and what shall good old York there
see,

But empty lodgings and unfurnished walls,
Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones?

And what cheer there for welcome, but my
groans?

Therefore commend me; let him not come
there,

To seek out sorrow that dwells everywhere:
Desolate, desolate, will I hence, and die:

The last leave of thee takes my weeping
eye.

*R. II., I: 2. 687.***—Tears at.**

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to
you, lords,

And in my conduct shall your ladies come,
From whom you now must steal, and take
no leave;

For there will be a world of water shed,
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

*H. IV., 1 pt., III: 1. 745.***SERMONS.—In Stones.***Duke S. * **

Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

*A. Y., II: 1. 414.***SERVANT.—A faithful.**

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my
lord,

To accept my grief, and, whilst this poor
wealth lasts,

To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward

So true, so just, and now so comfortable?

It almost turns my dangerous nature mild.

Let me behold thy face.—Surely, this man

Was born of woman.—

Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,

You perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim
One honest man,—mistake me not,—but
one;

No more, I pray,—and he's a steward.—
How fain would I have hated all mankind!
And thou redeem'st thyself; but all, save
thee,

I fell with curses.

Methinks, thou art more honest now, than
wise,

For, by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou might'st have sooner got another ser-
vice;

For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me
true,

(For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so
sure,)

Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
If not a usuring kindness; and as rich men
deal gifts,

Expecting in return twenty for one?

T. A., IV: 3. 1311.

—A treacherous.

Kent. That such a slave as this should
wear a sword,

Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues
as these,

Like rats, oft bite the holy cords atwain
Which are too intrinse t' unloose: smooth
every passion

That in the natures of the lords rebels;
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With every gale and vary of their masters,
As knowing nought, like dogs, but follow-
ing.—

A plague upon your epileptic visage!
Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?
Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,
I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.

K. L., II: 2. 1456.

—Of universal Adaptation.

Lear. What dost thou profess? What
wouldst thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I
seem; to serve him truly that he will put
me in trust: to love him that is honest; to
converse with him that is wise, and says
little; to fear judgment; to fight when I can-
not choose; and to eat no fish.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and
as poor as the king.

Lear. If thou be as poor for a subject,
as he is for a king, thou art poor enough.
What wouldst thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Whom wouldst thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, sir; but you have that in your
countenance, which I would fain call master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride,
run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and
deliver a plain message bluntly: that which
ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in;
and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman
of singing; nor so old, to dote on her for any-
thing: I have years on my back forty-eight.

Lear. Follow me: thou shalt serve me:
if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will
not part from thee yet.

K. L., I: 4. 1449.

—Sad and civil.

Oli. Where is Malvolio?—he is sad, and
civil,

And suits well for a servant with my for-
tunes.

T. N., III: 4. 558.

—Treated as an Ass.

Dro. E. I am an ass, indeed; you may
prove it by my long ears. I have served
him from the hour of my nativity to this in-
stant, and have nothing at his hands for my
service but blows: when I am cold, he heats
me with beating; when I am warm, he cools
me with beating; I am wak'd with it, when
I sleep; rais'd with it, when I sit; driven out
of doors with it, when I go from home; wel-
com'd home with it, when I return: nay, I
bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont
her brat; and, I think, when he hath lam'd
me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

C. E., IV: 2. 207.

—Good, do not always Obey.

Post. * *

Every good servant does not all commands:
No bond, but to do just ones.

Cym., V: 1. 1621.

SERVICE.—On Compulsion.*Ang. * **

Those he commands move only in com-
mand,
Nothing in love.

*M. V., 2. 1382.***—Rendered for a Purpose.***Iago. O, sir, content you;*

I follow him to serve my turn upon him :
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obsequious bond-
age,
Wears out his time, much like his master's
ass,
For nought but provender; and when he 's
old, cashier'd;
Whip me such honest knaves : Others there
are

Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on them-
selves;
And, throwing but shows of service on their
lords,
Do well thrive by them, and, when they
have lin'd their coats,
Do themselves homage : these fellows have
some soul;

And such a one do I profess myself. For,
sir,

It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago.
In following him I follow but myself;
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and
duty,

But seeming so, for my peculiar end :
For when my outward action doth demon-
strate

The native act and figure of my heart
In complement extern, 't is not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at : I am not what I am.

*O., I. 1. 1491.***—The Dictate of Gratitude.***Lady M.*

All our service,

In every point twice done, and then done
double,

Were poor and single business, to contend

Against those honours deep and broad,
wherewith

Your majesty loads our house : For those
of old,

And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.

*M., I. 6. 1362.***SHALLOWNESS.—Blind to the Future.**

P. John. You are too shallow, Hastings,
much too shallow,

To found the bottom of the after-times.

*H. IV., 2 pt., IV. 2. 797.***SHAME.—A burning.***Oth. * **

I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deeds.

*O., IV. 2. 1522.***—Consequent on Defeat.**

Bour. Shame, and eternal shame, noth-
ing but shame !

Let 's die in honour : Once more back again ;
And he that will not follow Bourbon now,
Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand
Like a base pander.

*H. V., IV. 5. 847.***—Consequent on Flight.***Ant. * * O,*

I follow'd that I blush to look upon :
My very hairs do mutiny, for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they
them

For fear and doting.

*A. C., III. 10. 1564.***—Hiding.***Ham. * **

O shame ! where is thy blush ? Rebellious
hell,

If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire.

*H., III. 4. 1419.***—Not on the Brow of the Loved.***Jul.*

Blister'd be thy tongue

For such a wish ? he was not born to sham :

Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit:
For 't is a throne where honour may be
crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

R. J., III: 2. 1261.

—Requires Discretion.

Luc. * *

What simple thief brags of his own at-
tainment?

'T is double wrong to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board:
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;

C. E., III: 2. 201.

—Seen after its Symbols.

Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw
off this sheet,

And go we to attire you for our journey.

Duch. My shame will not be shifted with
my sheet;

No, it will hang upon my richest robes,
And show itself, attire me how I can.
Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison.

H. VI., 2 pt., II: 4. 921.

SHAMELESSNESS.—In Everything.

York. * *

Thou art as opposite to every good,
As the Antipodes are unto us,
Or as the south to the septentrion.

H. VI., 3 pt., I: 4. 961.

SHIPPING.—Poor.

Queen. * * And his shipping,
(Poor ignorant baubles!) on our terrible
seas,

Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges,
crack'd

As easily 'gainst our rocks.

Cym., III: 1. 1605.

SHIPWRECK.—A Clown's Description of.

Clo. I would you did but see how it
chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the
shore! but that's not to the point: O, the
most piteous cry of the poor souls! some-
times to see 'em, and not to see 'em: now
the ship boring the moon with her main-
mast; and anon swallowed with yest and

froth, as you 'd thrust a cork into a hogs-
head. And then for the land-service,—To
see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone;
how he cried to me for help, and said his
name was Antigonus, a nobleman:—But to
make an end of the ship,—to see how the
sea flap-dragon'd it:—but, first, how the
poor souls roared, and the sea mock'd them;
—and how the poor gentleman roared, and
the bear mock'd him, both roaring louder
than the sea, or weather.

W. T., III: 3. 597.

SHOALS.—Their Danger.

Salar. * * The Goodwins, I think
they call the place; a very dangerous flat
and fatal, where the carcasses of many a
tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gos-
sip Report be an honest woman of her
word.

M. V., III: 1. 375.

SHREW.—Conquered best alone.

Pet. * *

How much she loves me: O, the kindest
Kate!

She hung about my neck; and kiss on
kiss

She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twinkle she won me to her love.

O, you are novices! 'tis a world to see,
How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meacock wretch can make the curstest
shrew.

T. S., II: 1. 465.

—Her Purpose.

Kath. I' faith, sir, you shall never need
to fear;

I wis, it is not half way to her heart:

But, if it were, doubt not her care should
be

To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd
stool,

And paint your face, and use you like a
fool.

T. S., I: 1. 455.

SHRIEKS.—Terrific.

Jul. * * Shrieks like mandrakes, torn
out of the earth,

That living mortals, hearing them, run
mad.

R. J., IV: 3. 1270.

SICKNESS.—Cares not for good News.

K. John. Ah me! this tyrant fever burns
me up,
And will not let me welcome this good
news.

K. J., V: 3. 674.

—Caught of the Well.

Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.

W. T., I: 2. 585.

—Caused by Joy.

P. Humph. He much altered upon the
hearing it.

P. Hen. If he be sick
With joy, he will recover without physic.

H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 4. 802.

—Chronic.

King. * * Nature and sickness
Debate it at their leisure.

A. W., I: 2. 498.

—Endangers Enterprise.

Hot. * * This sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprise;
'T is catching hither, even to our camp.
He writes me here,—that inward sick-
ness,—

And that his friends by deputation could
not

So soon be drawn; nor did he think it
meet

To lay so dangerous and dear a trust
On any soul remov'd, but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,
That with our small conjunction we should
on,

To see how fortune is dispos'd to us;
For, as he writes, there is no qualling now,
Because the king is certainly possess'd
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

Wor. Your father's sickness is a maim
to us.

Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd
off:—

And yet, in faith, 't is not; his present want

Seems more than we shall find it:—were it
good,

To set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one cast? to set so rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
It were not good; for therein should we
read

The very bottom and the soul of hope,
The very list, the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.

H. IV., 1 pt., IV: 1. 752.

—Misconceived.

Wor. But yet, I would your father had
been here.

The quality and hair of our attempt
Brooks no division; it will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the earl from
hence:

And think, how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction,
And breed a kind of question in our cause;
For, well you know, we of the offering side
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement,
And stop all sight-holes, every loop from
whence

The eye of reason may pry in upon us:
This absence of your father's, draws a cur-
tain,

That shows the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.

H. IV., 1 pt., IV: 1. 752.

—No Time for.

Hot. 'Zounds! how has he the leisure to
be sick,

In such a justling time? Who leads his
power?

Under whose government come they along?

H. IV., 1 pt., IV: 1. 752.

—When not extreme.

Imo. So sick I am not;—yet I am not
well:

But not so citizen a wanton, as
To seem to die, ere sick: So please you,
leave me;

Stick to your journal course: the breach of
custom

Is breach of all. I am ill; but your being
by me
Cannot amend me: Society is no comfort
To one not sociable: I am not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust
me here:
I'll rob none but myself; and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.

Cym., IV: 2. 1614.

SIGHING.—At small Things.

Leon. * * And then to sigh, as 't were
The mort o' the deer.

W. T., I: 2. 582.

—Disguised.

Tro. I was about to tell thee,—When
my heart,
As wedged with a sigh, would rive in
twain;
Lest Hector or my father should perceive
me,
I have (as when the sun doth light a
storm,)
Bury'd this sigh in wrinkle of a smile.

T. C., I: 1. 1103.

Hero. * * Like cover'd fire,
Consume away in sighs.

M. A., III: 1. 238.

SIGHS.—Significant.

King. There's matter in these sighs;
these profound heaves;
You must translate: 't is fit we understand
them.

H. V., IV: 1. 1421.

SIGNS.—Not to be Trusted.

Q. Kath. * *
They should be good men; their affairs as
righteous;
But all hoods make not monks.

H. VIII., III: 1. 1074.

SILENCE.—A Ground of Suspicion.

Mrs. Page. * *
We do not act that often jest and laugh.
'T is old but true, Still swine eat all the
draff.

M. W., IV: 2. 112.

—Commendable.

Count. * * Be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech.

A. W., I: 1. 496.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two
years more,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own
tongue.

Ant. Farewell: I'll grow a talker for
this gear.

Gra. Thanks, i' faith; for silence is on-
ly commendable
In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not
vendible.

M. V., I: 1. 362.

—Compulsory.

North. * *
His tongue is now a stringless instrument.

R. II., II: 1. 693.

—Consistent with Devotion.

Kent. * * What would'st thou do, old
man?
Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to
speak,
When power to flattery bows? To plainness
honour's bound,
When majesty falls to folly. Reserve thy
state;
And, in thy best consideration, check
This hideous rashness: answer my life my
judgment,
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee
least;
Nor are those empty hearted, whose low
sounds
Reverb no hollowness.

K. L., I: 1. 1445.

—Exasperating.

Ajax. Speak, then, thou vinew'dest leav-
en, speak:
I will beat thee into handsomeness.

T. C., II: 1. 1112.

—Hath cunning Power.

Cres. * * See, see, your silence,
Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness
draws
My very soul of counsel: Stop my mouth.

T. C., III: 2. 1122.

—Invoked.

Ham. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still;
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue.

H., I: 2. 1396.

—Not always Wisdom.

Gra. * *
O, my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise
For saying nothing; when, I am very
sure,
If they should speak, 't would almost damn
those ears,
Which, hearing them, would call their
brothers fools.

M. V., I: 1. 362.

—On Eve of Battle.

Gow. Captain Fluellen!

Flu. So! in the name of Cheshu Christ,
speak lower. It is the greatest admiration
in the universal 'orld, when the true and
ancient prerogatives and laws of the wars
is not kept: if you would take the pains but
to examine the wars of Pompey the Great,
you shall find, I warrant you, that there is
no tiddle taddle, or pipples pabble, in Pom-
pey's camp; I warrant you, you shall find
the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of
it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty
of it, to be otherwise.

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud; you heard
him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an ass, and a fool,
and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think
you, that we should also, look you, be an
ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb; in
your own conscience now?

Gow. I will speak lower.

H. V., IV: 1. 840.

—Politic.

Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou
politic:
Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster,
And, like a mountain, not to be remov'd.
But now thy uncle is removing hence;
As princes do their courts, when they are
cloy'd
With long continuance in a settled place.

H. VI., 1 pt., II: 5. 877.

—Precursor of a Storm.

1 *Play.* * *

But, as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand
still,
The bold winds speechless, and the orb be-
low

As hush as death: anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region: So, after Pyrrhus'
pause,

A roused vengeance sets him a new work;
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars's armours, forg'd for proof eterne,
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding
sword

Now falls on Priam.

H., II: 2. 1408.

—Preposterous.

Mar. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all
lost!

Boats. What, must our mouths be cold!

Gon. The king and prince at prayers!
let us assist them,

For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I am out of patience.

Ant. We are merely cheated of our lives
by drunkards.—

This wide-chopp'd rascal,—would, thou
might'st lie drowning,

The washing of ten tides!

Gon. He 'll be hanged yet,
Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at wid'st to glut him.

T., I: 1. 8.

—Sign of Joy.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald
of joy:

I were but little happy if I could say how
much.

M. A., II: 1. 233.

—Sign of Sobriety.

Luc. But in the other's silence do I see
Maids' mild behaviour and sobriety.

T. S., I: 1. 455.

—The Answer to Upbraidings.

Plan. * *

Which obloquy set bars before my tongue.

H. VI., II: 5. 877.

—Unattainable.

Bene. * * While she is here, a man
may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary.

M. A., II: 1. 232.

SIMILARITY.—In Appearance.

Q. Mar. * * *

For both of you are birds of self-same
feather.

H. VI., 3 pt., III: 3. 976.

Leon. * * Almost as like as eggs.

W. T., I: 2. 582

Macb. * * Melted, as breath into the
wind.

M., I: 3. 1359.

Const. * * Being as like,
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.

K. J., II: 1. 651.

SIMPLICITY.—Of Expression.

K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to
her.

Q. Eliz. An honest tale speeds best, be-
ing plainly told.

K. Rich. Then, in plain terms tell her
my loving tale.

R. III., IV: 4. 1038.

The. * * *

For never anything can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.

M. N., V: 1. 342.

SIN.—Ashamed of.

Per. Few love to hear the sins they
have to act.

P., I: 1. 1643.

—Consequences Hereditary.

Laun. Yes, truly;—for, look you, the
sins of the father are to be laid upon the
children.

M. V., III: 5. 381.

—Cunning.

Claud. * * *

O, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!

M. A., IV: 1. 244.

—Gladly Borne.

Isab. * * *

If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answer.

M. M., II: 4. 155.

—Heavy.

Duch. * * *

Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,
That they may break his foaming courser's
back,
And throw the rider headlong in the lists.

R. II., I: 2. 687.

—Provokes to Sin.

Per. * * *

Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those
men

Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
Will shun no course to keep them from the
light.

One sin, I know, another doth provoke;
Murder's as near to lust, as flame to
smoke:

Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame.

P., I: 1. 1644.

—Punished.

Ang. * * But that her tender shame
Will not proclaim against her maiden
loss,

How might she tongue me? Yet reason
dares her. No:

For my authority bears of a credent bulk,
That no particular scandal once can touch,
But it confounds the breather. He should
have liv'd,

Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous
sense,

Might, in the times to come, have ta'en re-
venge,

By so receiving a dishonour'd life,
With ransom of such shame. 'Would yet
he had lived!

Alack, when once our grace we have for-
got,

Nothing goes right; we would, and we
would not.

M. M., IV: 4. 169.

SINS.—Compelled.

Isab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul.
Ang. I talk not of your soul. Our com-
pell'd sins
Stand more for number than for account.

M. M., II: 4. 154.

—The blackest.

Iago. * * Divinity of hell!
When devils will the blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly
shows,
As I do now.

O., II: 3. 1508.

SINCERITY.—Assaulted.

K. Phi. * *
And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true sincerity?

K. J., III: 1. 659.

—Immaculate.

Jul. * * His words are bonds, his oaths
are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears, pure messengers sent from his
heart;
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from
earth.

T. G., II: 7. 59.

—Its Earnestness.

Duch. Pleads he in earnest? look upon
his face;
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in
jest;
His words come from his mouth, ours from
our breast:
He prays but faintly, and would be denied;
We pray with heart, and soul, and all be-
side;
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know:
Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they
grow:
His prayers are full of false hypocrisy;
Ours, of true zeal and deep integrity.
Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them
have
That mercy, which true prayers ought to
have.

R. II., V: 3. 715.

—Never dangerous.

Cas. * *
And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laughèr, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn 'on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

J. C., I: 2. 1324.

—Proof of, Demanded.

Biron. To move wild laughter in the
throat of death?

It cannot be; it is impossible:
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Ros. Why, that's the way to choke a
gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace
Which shallow laughing hearers give to
fools:

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,
Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear
groans,

Will hear your idle scorns, continue them,
And I will have you and that fault withal:
But if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

Biron. A twelvemonth! we'll, befall what
will befall,

I'll jest a twelvemonth in a hospital.

L. L., V: 2. 304.

—Pure.

K. Hen. * *
And we will hear, note, and believe in heart,
That what you speak is in your conscience
wash'd,
As pure as sin with baptism.

H. V., I: 2. 821.

—Unreserved.

Duke. * * I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul.

T. N., I: 4. 543.

SINGERS.—Ballad.

Serv. O master, if you did but hear the
pedler at the door, you would never dance
again after a tabor and pipe: no, the bag-

pipe could not move you; he sings several tunes faster than you 'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better: he shall come in: I love a ballad but even too well; if it be doleful matter, merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

Serv. He hath songs, for man, or woman, of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves: he has the prettiest love-songs for maids; so without bawdry, which is strange; with such delicate burthens of "dildos and fadings:" "jump her and thump her;" and where some stretch-mouth'd rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul jape into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, "Whoop, do me no harm, good man;" puts him off, slights him, with "Whoop, do me no harm, good man."

W. T., IV: 3. 603

—Characters of old.

Clo. Come on, lay it by: And let's first see more ballads; we 'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, Of a fish, that appeared upon the coast, on Wedn's-day the four-score of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought she was a woman, and was turn'd into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that lov'd her: The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true, too, think you?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it; and witnessses, more than my pack will hold.

W. T., IV: 3. 603.

SINGING.—Puritan.

Clo. * *

But one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes.

W. T., IV: 2. 599.

—Sweet.

Pet. * *

She sings as sweetly as a nightingale.

T. N., II: 1. 463.

SINNING.—By the Sinned-against.

Lear. Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,

Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,

Thou hast within thee undivulged crimes,

Unwhipp'd of justice: hide thee, thou bloody hand;

Thou perjured, and thou simular of virtue
That art incestuous: Caitiff, to pieces shake,
That under covert and convenient seeming
Hast practis'd on man's life?—Close pent-up guilts,

Rive your concealing continents, and cry
These dreadful summoners grace.—I am a man

More sinn'd against than sinning.

K. L., III: 2. 1463.

SKILL.—Better than Riches.

Cer. I held it ever,

Virtue and cunning were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god. 'T is known, I ever
Have studied physic, through which secret art,

By turning o'er authorities, I have
(Together with my practice,) made familiar
To me and to my aid, the blest infusions
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;
And I can speak of the disturbances
That nature works, and of her cures; which
give me

A more content in course of true délight
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
To please the fool and death.

P., III: 2. 1657.

—Cruel for Praise.

Prin. * * Now Mercy goes to kill,
And shooting well is then accounted ill.
Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:
Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;
If wounding, then it was to show my skill,
That more for praise, than purpose, meant
to kill.

And, out of question, so it is sometimes;
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes;
When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,

We bend to that the working of the heart:
As I, for praise alone, now seek to spill
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means
no ill.

L. L., IV: 1. 283.

—Gives Immortality.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father, (O, that *had!* how sad a passage 't is!) whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretch'd so far, would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. 'Would, for the king's sake, he were living! I think it would be the death of the king's disease.

A. W., I: 1. 495.

SLANDER.—A Fool's.

Oli. * *

There is no slander in an allow'd fool, though he do nothing but rail.

T. N., I: 5. 544.

—Fed by Thoughtlessness.

Bal. Have patience, sir, O let it not be so.

Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect
Th' unviolated honour of your wife
Once this, — Your long experience of her wisdom,

Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown:

And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse

Why at this time the doors are made against you.

Be rul'd by me; depart in patience,

And let us to the Tiger all to dinner:

And, about evening, come yourself alone,
To know the reason of this strange restraint.

If by strong hand you offer to break in,
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that supposed by the common rout,
Against your yet ungalled estimation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:

For slander lives upon succession;

For ever hous'd, where it gets possession.

C. E., III: 1. 201.

—How to Defeat.

King. And let them know, both what we mean to do,

And what's untimely done: so, haply, slander, —

Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank,
Transports his poisoned shot, — may miss our name,
And hit the woundless air.

H., IV: 1. 1421.

—Its Cunning.

Pol. * * But breathe his faults so quaintly,

That they may seem the taints of liberty,
The flash and out-break of a fiery mind;
A savageness in unreclaimed blood,
Of general assault.

H., II: 1. 1402.

—Its Stabs incurable.

Nor. Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot.

My life thou shalt command, but not my shame:

The one my duty owes; but my fair name
(Despite of death that lives upon my grave)
To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.

I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here;
Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear:

The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood

Which breath'd this poison.

R. II., I: 1. 686.

—Its Theft.

Iago. * *

Who steals my purse, steals trash; 't is something, nothing;

'T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to thousands;

But he, that filches from me my good name,

Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

O., III: 3. 1511.

—Refuge from.

Jul. * *

Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd;

And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.

T. G., I: 2. 50.

—Undermines Love.

Pro. The best way is, to slander Valentine
With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent,
Three things that women highly hold in hate.

Duke. Ay, but she 'll think that it is spoke in hate.

Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken

By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.

Duke. Then you must undertake to slander him.

Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loth to do:

'T is an ill office for a gentleman,
Especially against his very friend.

Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your slander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being entreated to it by your friend.

Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord: if I can do it,
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him.
But say, this weed her love from Valentine,
It follows not that she will love sir Thurio.

T. G., III: 2. 63.

—Venomous.

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper
Hath cut her throat already.—No, 't is slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword;
whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world; kings, queens,
and states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters.

Cym., III: 4. 1603.

SLANDERER.—Cautioned.

Q. Kath. If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office

On the complaint o' the tenants: Take good heed,

You charge not in your spleen a noble person,

And spoil your nobler soul. I say, take heed;

Yes, heartily beseech you.

H. VIII., 1: 2. 1061.

SLANDERERS.—Braggarts and Milkshops.

Ant. Content yourself: God knows, I lov'd my niece;

And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains,

That dare as well answer a man, indeed,
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue:

Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milkshops!—
Leon. Brother Anthony,—

Ant. Hold you content: What, man! I know them, yea,

And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple:

Scrambling, out-facing, fashion-mongring boys,

That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave, and slander,

Go anticly, and show outward hideousness,
And speak off half a-dozen dang'rous words,
How they might hurt their enemies if they durst,

And this is all!

M. A., V: 1. 250.

Jul. * *
O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!
Injurious wasps! to feed on such sweet honey,
And kill the bees, that yield it, with your stings!

T. G., I: 2. 50.

SLAUGHTER.—Impending.

K. John. Then God forgive the sin of all those souls,

That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

K. J., II: 1. 652.

SLEEP.—A Balm.*Muc.* * *

Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of
care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's
bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second
course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.

M., II: 2. 1365.**—A Comforter.***Gar.* These should be hours for necessities,

Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose.

H. VIII., V: 1. 1087.*Cor. Phy.* * *

Our foster-nurse of nature is repose.

K. L., IV: 4. 1473.*Alon.* What, all so soon asleep! I wish
mine eyes

Would with themselves shut up my thoughts;
I find

They are inclin'd to do so.

Seb. Please you, sir,

Do not omit the heavy offer of it:

It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,

It is a comforter.

T., II: 1. 17.**—A Death-like.***Fri.* * * Presently, through all thy
veins shall run

A cold and drowsy humour, which shall
seize

Each vital spirit; for no pulse shall keep

His natural progress, but surcease to beat:

No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou
liv'st.

The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade

To paly ashes; thy eye's windows fall,

Like death, when he shuts up the day of life.

R. J., IV: 1. 1269.**—Ambition Disturbs.***Lady.* * *

Tell me, sweet lord, what is 't that takes
from thee

Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden
sleep?

Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the
earth,

And start so often when thou sitt'st alone?

Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy
cheeks;

And given my treasures and my rights of
thee,

To thick-ey'd musing and curs'd melan-
choly?

In thy faint slumbers, I by thee have
watch'd,

And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;

Speak terms of manage to thy bounding
steed;

Cry, "*Courage! to the field!*"—And thou
hast talk'd

Of sallies and retires, of trenches, tents,

Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets,

Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,

Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,

And all the 'currents of a heady fight.

Thy spirit within thee hath been so at
war,

And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy
sleep,

That beads of sweat have stood upon thy
brow,

Like bubbles in a late disturbed stream:

And in thy face strange motions have ap-
pear'd,

Such as we see when men restrain their
breath

On some great sudden hest. O, what por-
tents are these?

Some heavy business hath my lord in
hand,

And I must know it, else he loves me not.

H. IV., 1 pt., II: 3. 737.**—Counterfeits Death.***Obe.* * *

Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting
sleep

With leaden legs and batty wings doth
creep.

M. N., III: 2. 336.**—Death's Counterfeit.***Macd.* * *

Shake off this downy sleep, death's counter-
feit.

M., II: 3. 1366.

—Denied.

Anne. * *

For never yet one hour in his bed
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep.

R. III., IV: 1. 1031.

—Exposition of.

Bot. * * But, I pray you, let none of
your people stir me; I have an exposition
of sleep come upon me.

M. N., IV: 1. 333.

—Forgetful.

K. Hen. * * Sleep, gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted
thee,

That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids
down,

And steep my senses in forgetfulness?

H. IV., 2 pt., III: 1. 789.

—Invoked for the Loved.

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace
in thy breast!—

'Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to
rest!

R. J., II: 2. 1253.

—Its Blessedness.

K. Hen. * *

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! O sleep! O gentle
sleep!

Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted
thee,

That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids
down,

And steep my senses in forgetfulness?

Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky
cribs,

Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy
slumber;

Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,

And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god! why liest thou with the vile,

In loathsome beds; and leav'st the kingly
couch,

A watch-case, or a common 'laram bell?

Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast

Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his
brains

In cradle of the rude imperious surge;

And in the visitation of the winds,

Who take the ruffian billows by the top,

Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging
them

With deafning clamours in the slippery
clouds,

That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?

Can'st thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose

To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;

And, in the calmest and most stillest night,

With all appliances and means to boot,

Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie
down!

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

H. IV., 2 pt., III: 1. 789.

—Its leaden Mace.

Bru. * * O murd'rous slumber,

Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,

That plays thee music?

J. C., IV: 3. 1347.

—Labor's perfect.

Claud. As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guilt-
less labour

When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones:
He will not wake.

M. M., IV: 2. 164.

—Murdered by Crime.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry,
"Sleep no more!

Macbeth doth murder sleep,"—the inno-
cent sleep;

Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of
care,

The death of each day's life, sore labour's
bath,

Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second
course,

Chief nourisher in life's feast.

Lady M. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cried, "Sleep no more!"
to all the house:

"Glamis hath murder'd sleep; and there-
fore Cawdor

Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no
more!"

M., II: 2. 1365.

—Not found with Care.

Bru. * *

Boy! Lucius! Fast asleep? It is no matter:
 Enjoy the heavy honey-dew of slumber:
 Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
 Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
 Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

J. C., II: 1. 1331.

—Secrets betrayed in.

Iago * *

There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
 That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs:
 One of this kind is Cassio:

In sleep I hear him say, "*Sweet Desdemona,*
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves;"

And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my
 hand,

Cry, "*O, sweet creature!*" and then kiss me
 hard,

As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,
 That grew upon my lips.

O., III: 3. 1514.

—Shuts the Eyes of Sorrow.

Hel. * *

And, sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's
 eye,

Steal me awhile from mine own company.

M. N., III: 2. 337.

—The Ape of Death.

Iach. * *

O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon
 her!

And be her senses but as a monument,
 Thus in a chapel lying!

Cym., II: 2. 1599.

—The Cure of Insanity.

Cor. Alack, 't is he; why, he was met
 even now

As mad as the vex'd sea: 'singing aloud;
 Crown'd with rank fumiter, and furrow
 weeds,

With harlocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-
 flowers,

Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow

In our sustaining corn.—A century send
 forth;

Search every acre in the high-grown field,
 And bring him to our eye.

What can man's wisdom do,
 In the restoring his bereaved sense?
 He, that helps him, take all my outward
 worth.

Phy. There is means, madam:
 Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,
 The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,
 Are many simples operative, whose power
 Will close the eye of anguish.

K. L., IV: 4. 1473.

—The Rebound from Joy.

Lys. Music? My lord, I hear—

Per. Most heavenly music:

It nips me unto list'ning, and thick slumber
 Hangs on mine eyelids; let me rest.

Lys. A pillow for his head.

P., V: 1. 1669.

—To be indulged.

Pro. * *

Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 't is a good dull-
 ness,

And give it way.

T., I: 2. 10.SLEEPLESSNESS.—Excuse for Rail-
ing.

Jaq. 'T is a Greek invocation, to call
 fools into a circle. I'll go sleep if I can;
 if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first
 born of Egypt.

A. Y., II: 5. 417.

—Sometimes admonitory.

Ban. Hold, take my sword:—There 's
 husbandry in heaven,
 Their candles are all out.—Take thee that
 too.

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
 And yet I would not sleep: Merciful pow-
 ers!

Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that
 nature

Gives way to in repose!—Give me my
 sword.

M., II: 1. 1303.

SLOTH.—Makes ebbing Men.

Seb. Well, I am standing water.

Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so: to ebb

Hereditary sloth instructs me.

Ant. O,
If you but knew how you the purpose cher-
ish,
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in strip-
ping it,
You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run,
By their own fear, or sloth.

T., II: 1. 17.

SLUTTISHNESS.—Disgusting.

Iach. * *
Sluttery, to such neat excellence oppos'd,
Should make desire vomit emptiness.

Cym., I: 7. 1596.

SMELL.—Villainous.

Fal. By the lord, a buck-basket!—
rammed me in with foul shirts and smocks,
socks, foul stockings, greasy napkins; that,
master Brook, there was the rankest com-
pound of villainous smell that ever offended
nostril.

M. W., III: 5. 109.

**SMILES.—Absence of, a Sign of Jeal-
ousy.**

Cæs. * *
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a
sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his
spirit
That could be moved to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease.

J. C., I: 2. 1325.

—Becoming to Some.

Pan. Why, you know, 't is dimpled: I
think, his smiling becomes him better than
any man in all Phrygia.

T. C., I: 2. 1105.

—Cover Tyranny.

Ham. * * One may smile, and smile,
and be a villain.

H., I: 5. 1400.

Tam. Then, all too late I bring this fatal
writ,
The complot of this timeless tragedy;
And wonder greatly, that man's face can
fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

Tit. And., II: 4. 1212.

—Daggers in.

Don. * *
There 's daggers in men's smiles: the near
in blood,
The nearer bloody.

M., II: 3. 1367.

—Happy.

Gent. * * Those happy smiles,
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to
know
What guests were in her eyes; which
parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropped.

K. L., IV: 3. 1473.

SMILING.—Sighing, mixed.

Arr. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh: as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile;
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would
fly

From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.

Gui. I do note
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs together.

Arr. Grow, patience!
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root, with the increasing vine.

Cym., IV: 2. 1615.

SNAIL.—Why it Has a Shell.

Fool. Canst tell how an oyster makes
his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why
a snail has a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put his head in; not to
give it away to his daughters, and leave his
horns without a case.

K. L., I: 5. 1453.

SNORING.—Meaning in.

Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly;
There 's meaning in thy snores.

T., II: 1. 17.

SNOW.—Abates Ardour.

Fer. I warrant you, sir,
The white cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

T., IV: 1. 27.

SOCIETY.—Abhorred.

Tim. Every grise of fortune
Is smooth'd by that below: the learned
pate
Ducks to the golden fool: all is oblique;
There's nothing level in our cursed nat-
ures,
But direct villainy. Therefore, be ab-
horr'd
At feasts, societies, and throngs of men!
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon dis-
dains;
Destruction fang mankind!

T. A., IV: 3. 1305.

—Cold, without Women.

Cham. * * Nay, you must not freeze;
Two women plac'd together makes cold
weather:—
One will keep them waking.

H. VIII., I: 4. 1063.

—No Comfort.

Imo. * * Society is no comfort
To one not sociable.

C., IV: 2. 1614.

SOLDIER.—Character of the true.

Lart. O noble fellow!
Who, sensible, outdares his senseless sword,
And, when it bows, stands up! Thou art
left Marcius:
A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a
soldier
Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terri-
ble
Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks,
and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the
world
Were feverous, and did tremble.

C., I: 4. 1155.

—Honored in Death.

Oct. According to his virtue let us use
him
With all respect, and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall
lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.

J. C., V: 5. 1352.

—Must be unselfish.

Y. Clif. * *
He that is truly dedicate to war,
Hath no self-love; nor he, that loves him-
self,
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
The name of valour.

H. VI., 2 pt., V: 2. 945.

—Of Honor.

Bast. * *
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

K. J., I: 1. 647.

SOLDIERS.—Full of Spirit.

York. * *
In them I trust; for they are soldiers,
Witty and courteous, liberal, full of spirit.—
While you are thus employ'd, what resteth
more,
But that I seek occasion how to rise.

H. VI., 3 pt., I: 2. 958.

—Holiday.

Gow. Why, 't is a gull, a fool, a rogue;
that now and then goes to the wars, to grace
himself, at his return into London, under
the form of a soldier. And such fellows
are perfect in great commanders' names:
and they will learn you by rote, where ser-
vices were done;—at such and such a
sconce, at such a breach, at such a convoy;
who came off bravely, who was shot, who
disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on;
and this they can perfectly in the phrase of
war, which they trick up with new-coined
oaths: And what a beard of the general's
cut, and a horrid suit of the camp, will do
among foaming bottles, and ale-washed
wits, is wonderful to be thought on! but
you must learn to know such slanders of
the age, or else you may be marvellous
mistook.

H. V., III: 6. 836.

—Slumbers Disturbed.

Oth. * * T' is the soldier's life,
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with
strife.

O., II: 3. 1507.

—Stomachs, Serve them well.

Tal. * *
No other satisfaction do I crave,
But only (with your patience,) that we may

Taste of your wine, and see what cates you have;
For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.

H. VI., 1 pt., II: 3. 874.

SOLEMNITY.—Suitable to Accidents.

Gui. * * All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.
Is Cadwal mad?

Cym., IV: 2. 1617.

SOLICITOR.—A persistent one.

Des. Do not doubt that; before Emilia here,
I give thee warrant of thy place: assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
To the last article: my lord shall never rest;
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience;
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;
I'll intermingle every thing he does
With Cassio's suit: Therefore be merry, Cassio;
For thy solicitor shall rather die,
Than give thy cause away.

O., III: 3. 1509.

SOLILOQUY.—Hamlet's.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the question:—
Whether 't is nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them?—To die,—
to sleep,—
No more;—and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir too,—'t is a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die;—to sleep;
To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there's the rub;

For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,

When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: There 's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life:

For who would bear the whips and scorns
of time,

The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,

The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels
bear,

To grunt and sweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn

No traveller returns, puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,

Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;

And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.—Soft you,
now!

The fair Ophelia:—Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd.

Oph. Good my lord,

How does your honor for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you; well.

H., III: 1. 1410.

—Hamlet's, at the Grave of Yorick.

Ham. Alas, poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favor she must come; make her laugh at that.

H., V: 1. 1431.

—**Macbeth's, on the Eve of Duncan's Murder.**

Macb. If it were done, then 't is done,
then 't were well

It were done quickly : If the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and
catch,

With his surcease, success ; that but this
blow

Might be the be-all and the end all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of
time, —

We 'd jump the life to come. — But, in
these cases,

We still have judgment here ; that we but
teach

Bloody instructions, which, being taught,
return

To plague the inventor ; this even-handed
justice

Commends the ingredients of our poison'd
chalice

To our own lips. He 's here in double trust :
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed ; then, as his
host,

Who should against his murderer shut the
door,

Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this
Duncan

Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office,

Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongu'd
against

The deep damnation of his taking-off ;

And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin,
hors'd

Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. — I have
no spur

To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself,
And falls on the other.

M., I : 7. 1362.

—**Macbeth's, on the Dagger.**

Macb. * *

Is this a dagger, which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand ? Come, let me
clutch thee : —

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight ? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppress'd brain ?
I see thee yet in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.

Thou marshal'st me the way that I was go-
ing ;

And such an instrument I was to use.

Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other
senses,

Or else worth all the rest : I see thee still ;
And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of
blood,

Which was not so before. — There 's no
such thing :

It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half
world

Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams
abuse

The curtain'd sleep ; now witchcraft cele-
brates

Pale Hecate's offerings ; and wither'd mur-
der,

Alarm'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl 's his watch, thus with his
stealthy pace,

With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards
his design

Moves like a ghost. — Thou sure and firm-
set earth,

Hear not my steps, which way they walk,
for fear

Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. — Whiles I threat,
he lives ;

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath
gives.

I go, and it is done ; the bell invites me.

Hear it not, Duncan ; for it is a knell

That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.

M., II : 1. 1364.

—**Mark Antony's, on Cæsar's Body.**

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece
of earth,

That I am meek and gentle with these
butchers !

Thou art the ruins of the noblest man

That ever lived in the tide of times.
 Woe to the hands that shed this costly blood?
 Over thy wounds now do I prophesy, —
 Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
 To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue;
 A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
 Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
 Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:
 Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
 And dreadful objects so familiar,
 That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
 Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
 All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds:
 And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
 With Ate by his side, come hot from hell,
 Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
 Cry "*Havoc!*" and let slip the dogs of war;
 That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
 With carrion men, groaning for burial.

J. C., III: 1. 1338.

SOLITUDE.—A desolate, Described.

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?
 These two have 'tic'd me hither to this place,
 A barren detested vale, you see, it is:
 The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
 O'ercome with moss, and baleful misletoe.
 Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,
 Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.
 And, when they show'd me this abhorred pit,
 They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
 A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
 Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
 Would make such fearful and confused cries,
 As any mortal body, hearing it,
 Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.

No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
 But straight they told me, they would bind me here
 Unto the body of a dismal yew;
 And leave me to this miserable death.

Tit. And., II: 3. 1210.

—Enforced, Suggests Thoughts.

K. Rich. I have been studying how I may compare
 This prison, where I live, unto the world:
 And, for because the world is populous,
 And here is not a creature but myself,
 I cannot do it; — yet I'll hammer it out.
 My brain I'll prove the female to my soul;
 My soul, the father: and these two beget
 A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
 And these same thoughts people this little world;
 In humors, like the people of this world,
 For no thought is contented. The better sort, —
 As thoughts of things divine, — are intermix'd
 With scruples, and do set the Word itself
 Against the Word:
 As thus, — "*Come, little ones;*" and then again, —
 "*It is as hard to come, as for a camel
 To thread the postern of a needle's eye.*"
 Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
 Unlikely wonders: how these vain weak nails
 May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
 Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls;
 And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
 Thoughts tending to content, flatter themselves
 That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
 Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars,
 Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame,
 That many have, and others must sit there;
 And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
 Bearing their own misfortune on the back
 Of such as have before endur'd the like.
 Thus play I, in one person, many people,
 And none contented: sometimes am I king;
 Then, treason makes me wish myself a beggar,
 And so I am: then, crushing penury
 Persuades me I was better when a king;

Then, am I king'd again : and, by and by,
 Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
 And straight am nothing :—but whate'er I
 am,
 Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
 With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be
 eas'd
 With being nothing.—Music do I hear?
 Ha, ha! keep time :—how sour sweet
 music is,
 When time is broke, and no proportion kept!
 So is it in the music of men's lives,
 And here have I the daintiness of ear
 To check time broke in a disorder'd string;
 But, for the concord of my state and time,
 Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
 I wasted time, and now doth time waste
 me;
 For now hath time made me his numbering
 clock;
 My thoughts are minutes : and, with sighs,
 they jar
 Their watches on unto mine eyes, the out-
 ward watch,
 Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
 Is pointing still, in cleansing them from
 tears.
 Now, sir, the sounds that tell what hour it
 is,
 Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my
 heart,
 Which is the bell; so sighs, and tears, and
 groans,
 Show minutes, times, and hours :—but my
 time
 Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
 While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the
 clock.
 This music mads me; let it sound no more;
 For though it have help madmen to their
 wits,
 In me, it seems, it will make wise men mad.
 Yet, blessing on his heart that gives it me!
 For 't is a sign of love; and love to Richard
 Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.

R. II., V : 5. 716.

—Personal

*Pro. * **

Your message done, hie home unto my
 chamber,
 Where thou shalt find me, sad and solitary.

T. G., IV : 3. 69.

—Prevents Revenge.

Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, be-
 ing like thyself;
 A madman so long, now a fool : What,
 think'st
 That the bleak air, my boisterous chamber-
 lain,
 Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these
 moss'd trees,
 That have out-liv'd the eagle, page thy
 heels,
 And skip when thou point'st out? Will the
 cold brook,
 Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,
 To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the
 creatures,—
 Whose naked natures live in all the spite
 Of wreakful heaven; whose bare unhoused
 trunks
 To the conflicting elements expos'd,
 Answer mere nature,—bid them flatter thee;
 O! thou shalt find.

T. A., IV : 3. 1308.

SOMNAMBULISM.—A Revealer of Crime.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look,
 how she rubs her hands.

Genl. It is an accustomed action with
 her, to seem thus washing her hands; I
 have known her continue in this a quarter
 of an hour.

Lady M. Yet, here's a spot.

Doct. Hark, she speaks: I will set
 down what comes from her, to satisfy my
 remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say!
 One; Two; Why, then 't is time to do
 't :—Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie!
 a soldier, and afear'd? What need we fear
 who knows it, when none can call our
 power to account?—Yet who would have
 thought the old man to have had so much
 blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife:
 Where is she now?—What, will these
 hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that,
 my lord, no more o' that; you mar all with
 this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known
 what you should not.

Genl. She has spoke what she should
 not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what
 she has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood

still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: Yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale:—I tell you yet again Banquo's buried; he cannot come out of his grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady M. To bed, to bed; there 's knock-ing at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand: What 's done, cannot be undone: To bed, to bed, to bed.

M., V: 1. 1381.

SON.—A Cause of Envy.

K. Hen. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad,
and mak'st me sin

In envy that my lord Northumberland
Should be the father of so blest a son;
A son, who is the theme of honour's tongue;
Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant;
Who is sweet fortune's minion, and her
pride:

Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young Harry: O, that it could be
prov'd,

That some night-tripping fairy had ex-
chang'd

In cradle-clothes our children where they
lay,

And call'd mine—Percy, his—Plantage-
net!

Then would I have his Harry, and he
mine.

H. IV., 1 pt., I: 1. 728.

—A dissolute.

Boling. Can no man tell of my un-
thrifty son?

'T is full three months, since I did see him
last:—

If any plague hang over us, 't is he.

I would to God, my lords, he might be
found:

Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns
there,

For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
With unrestrained loose companions;

Even such, they say, as stand in narrow
lanes,

And beat our watch, and rob our passen-
gers;

While he, young, wanton, and effeminate
boy,

Takes on the point of honour, to support
So dissolute a crew.

Percy. My lord, some two days since I
saw the prince;

And told him of these triumphs held at Ox-
ford.

Boling. And what said the gallant?

Percy. His answer was, — he would unto
the stewes;

And from the commonest creature pluck a
glove,

And wear it as a favour; and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

Boling. As dissolute, as desperate: yet,
through both

I see some sparkles of a better hope,
Which elder days may happily bring forth.
But who comes here?

R. II., V: 3. 714.

SONS.—Lost, Recovered.

Bel. * *

Two of the sweet'st companions in the
world:

The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are
worthy

To inlay heaven with stars.

Cym., V: 5. 1630.

SORROW.—A Mixture of Smiles and Tears.

Gent. Not to a rage: patience and sor-
row strove

Who should express her goodliest. You
have seen

Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and
tears

Were like a better day: Those happy
smilets,

That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to
know

What guests were in her eyes; which parted
thence,

As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.—In brief,
sorrow

Would be a rarity most belov'd, if all
Could so become it.

K. L., IV: 3. 1473.

—A Mother's impassioned.

Q. Mar. O, Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy!
Canst thou not speak!—O traitors! murderers!—

They, that stabb'd Cæsar, shed no blood at all,

Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,
If this foul deed were by, to equal it.

He was a man; this, in respect, a child;
And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.
What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?

No, no; my heart will burst, an if I speak:
And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.

Butchers and villains, bloody cannibals!
How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!

You have no children, butchers! if you had,
The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse:

But, if you ever chance to have a child,
Look in his youth to have him so cut off,
As, deathsmen! you have rid this sweet young prince!

* *
Where is that devil's butcher,
Hard-favour'd Richard? Richard, where art thou?

Thou art not here: Murder is thy alms-deed;

Petitioners for blood thou ne'er put'st back.

K. Edw. Away, I say; I charge ye, bear her hence.

Q. Mar. So come to you, and yours, as to this prince!

H. VI., 3 pt., V: 5. 990.

—Almost universal.

3 *Gent.* One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angl'd for mine eyes (caught the water, though not the fish,) was, when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to it, (bravely confess'd, and lamented by the king,) how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an "alas!" I would fain say, bleed tears; for, I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there changed colour; some swoon'd; all sorrow'd: if all the world could have seen 't, the woe had been universal.

W. T., V: 2. 615.

—Becomes the Strong.

Cleo. No, I will not;
All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
As that which makes it.

A. C., IV: 13. 1575.

—Caused by nameless Woe.

Queen. * * Howe'er it be,
I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad,
As—though, in thinking, on no thought I think,—
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

Busby. 'T is nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.

Queen. 'T is nothing less: conceit is still deriv'd
From some forefather grief; mine is not so;
For nothing hath begot my something grief;
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve;
'T is in reversion that I do possess;
But what it is, that is not yet known; what I cannot name; 't is nameless woe, I wot.

R. II., II: 2. 696.

—Child of.

P. Hen. * *
I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,
And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

K. J., V: 7. 676.

—Concealed.

Mar. * *
Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind:
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
A craftier Tereus hast thou met withal,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That better could have sew'd than Philomel.
Oh! had the monster seen those lily hands
Tremble like aspen-leaves upon a lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,
He would not then have touch'd them for his life.

Or had he heard the heavenly harmony
Which that sweet tongue hath made,
He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell
asleep,
As Cerberus at the Tracian poet's feet.
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind:
For such a sight will blind a father's eye:
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant
meads;
What will whole months of tears thy father's
eyes?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with
thee;
O, could our mourning ease thy misery!

Tit. And., II: 5. 1213

—Contagious.

Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and
weep.

Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water.

J. C., III: 1. 1338

—Demands Respect.

Gard. Poor queen! so that thy state
might be no worse,
I would my skill were subject to thy curse.
Here did she drop a tear; here, in this
place,
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace:
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be
seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen.

R. II., III: 4. 707.

—Demands Sympathy.

Mar. Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy;
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
Than foe-men's marks upon his batter'd
shield:

Tit. And., IV: 1. 1220.

—Destroys Sleep.

Brak. I will, my lord; God give your
grace good rest! —

Sorrow breaks seasons, and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide
night.

Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil;

And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares:
So that, between their titles, and low name,
There 's nothing differs but the outward
fame.

R. III., I: 4. 1011.

—Domestic.

Bra. So did I yours: Good your grace,
pardon me;

Neither my place, nor aught I heard of bus-
iness,

Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the
general care

Take hold on me; for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature,
That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows,
And it is still itself.

O., I: 3. 1495.

—Drives to Madness.

Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I
guess,

Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her:
For I have heard my grandsire say full
oft,

Extremity of griefs would make men mad;
And I have read that Hecuba of Troy

Ran mad through sorrow: That made me to
fear;

Although, my lord, I know, my noble aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
And would not, but in fury, fright my
youth:

Which made me down to throw my books,
and fly;

Causeless, perhaps: But pardon me, sweet
aunt:

And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Tit. And., IV: 1. 1219.

—Drowned in Vengeance.

Mar. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever burning hell?

These miseries are more than may be borne.
To weep with them that weep doth ease
some deal;

But sorrow flouted at his double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so
deep a wound,

And yet detested life not shrink thereat!

That ever death should let life bear his name.

Where life hath no more interest but to breathe.

Tit. And., III: 1 1217.

—Fathomless.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?

Then be my passions bottomless with them.

Mar. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,

Then into limits could I bind my woes:

When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?

If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swollen face?

And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?

I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow!

She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:

Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;

Then must my earth with her continual tears

Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:

For why? my bowels cannot hide her woes,

But like a drunkard must I vomit them.

Then give me leave; for losers will have leave

To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Tit. And., III: 1. 1216.

—Great.

Bed. Hung be the heavens with black,
yield day to night!

Comets, importing change of times and states,

Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky;

And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,

That have consented unto Henry's death!

H. VI., 1 pt., I: 1. 864.

—Heart-breaking.

Q. Eliz. Ah, cut my lace asunder!

That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,

Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news.

Anne. Despiteful tidings! O unpleasing news!

Dor. Be of God cheer: Mother, how fares your grace?

Q. Eliz. O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee gone,

Death and destruction dog thee at thy heels;

Thy mother's name is ominous to children;

If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,

And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell.

Go, hie thee, hie thee, from this slaughter-house,

Lest thou increase the number of the dead;

And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,—

Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.

R. III., IV: 1. 1030.

—Inconsolable.

Leon. * * Once a day I'll visit

The chapel where they lie; and tears, shed there,

Shall be my recreation: So long as Nature

Will bear up with this exercise, so long

I daily vow to use it.

W. T., III: 2. 596.

—Its abundant Tears.

Ari. * * *

His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops

From eaves of reeds.

T., V: 1. 30.

—Its bending Power.

Sat. * * *

These tidings nip me; and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms.

Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach.

Tit. And., IV: 4. 1224.

—Its Effect on Beauty.

Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is:

When she did think my master lov'd her well,

She, in my judgment, was as fair as you;
But since she did neglect her looking-
glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starv'd the roses in her
cheeks,
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as black as I.

T. G., IV: 2. 69.

—Its Effects.

Const. * *

And he will look as hollow as a ghost;
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit.

K. J., III: 4. 662.

—Its Fullness.

Sil. * *

I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands.

T. G., IV: 2. 67.

—Its Notes.

Gui. Cadwal,

I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with
thee:
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

Cym., IV: 2. 1617.

—Its prophetic Tears.

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten
thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

T. C., II: 2. 1114.

—Its Sign.

King. * *

It us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole
kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe.

H., I: 2. 1393.

—Its vanquishing Power.

Glo. Ambitious churchman, leave to af-
flict my heart!
Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my
powers,
And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,
Or to the meanest groom.

H. VI., 2 pt., II: 1. 917.

—Its Voice.

Pro. * *

And left thee there; where thou didst vent
thy groans,
As fast as mill-wheels strike.

T., I: 2. 11.

—Leads to Bitterness.

Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most rev-
erent,

Give mine the benefit of seniority,
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.
If sorrow can admit society,
Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:
I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
I had a husband, till a Richard kill'd him;
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd
him:

Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd
him.

Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou
didst kill him;

I had a Rutland too, thou help'st to kill
him;

Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and
Richard kill'd him.

From forth the kennel of thy womb hath
crept

A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to
death:

That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes
To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood;
That foul defacer of God's handy-work,
That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,
That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls;
Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our
graves.

O upright, just and true-disposing God,
How do I thank Thee, that this carnal cur
Preys on the issue of his mother's body,
And makes her pew-fellow with others'
moan!

Duch. O, Harry's wife, triumph not in
my woes;

God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

R. III., IV: 4. 1034.

—Long-continued.

King. 'T is sweet and commendable in
your nature, Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your
father:

But, you must know, your father lost a father;

That father lost, lost his; and the survivor bound

In filial obligation, for some term
To do obsequious sorrow : But to persevere
In obstinate condolment, is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 't is unmanly grief:

It shows a will most incorrect to heaven;
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient;
An understanding simple and unschool'd :
For what we know must be, and is as common

As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
Take it to heart? Fie ! 't is a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd; whose common theme

Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corse till he that died to-day,
" *This must be so.*" We pray you, throw to earth

This unprevailing woe; and think of us
As of a father: for let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne;
And, with no less nobility of love
Than that which dearest father bears his son,
Do I impart toward you. For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg,
Is most retrograde to our desire :
And we beseech you, bend you to remain
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

H., I: 2. 1394.

—Mingled.

*Tro. * **

But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

T. C., I: 1. 1103.

—Not Long-lived.

Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on;

Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers dry : scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow,
But killed itself much sooner.

W. T., V: 3. 616.

—Not Measured by Cause.

*Rosse. * ** Your cause of sorrow
Must not be measured by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

M., V: 7. 1385.

—Passeth Show.

Ham. Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not seems.

'T is not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,

That can denote me truly : These, indeed, seem,

For they are actions that a man might play :
But I have that within, which passeth show :
These, but the trappings and the suits of woe.

H., I: 2. 1394.

—Perpetuated.

*Aar. * **

Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,
Even when their sorrows almost were forgot;
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,
"Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead."

Tit. And., V: 1. 1226.

—Playing Fool to.

*Edg. * **

Bad is the trade that must play fool to sorrow,
Angering itself and others.

K. L., IV: 1. 1471.

—Profound.

*Luc. * ** Gentle people, give me aim awhile,

For nature puts me to a heavy task!
Stand all aloof; but, uncle, draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk.

Oh, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,
These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-
stain'd face,
The last true duties of thy noble son.

Marc. Tear for tear, and loving kiss for
kiss,
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips.
Oh, were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay
them.

Luc. Come hither, boy; come, come,
and learn of us
To melt in showers. Thy grandsire lov'd
thee well;
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pil-
low;

Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet and agreeing with thine infancy;
In that respect, then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender
spring,

Because kind nature doth require it so:
Friends should associate friends in grief
and woe.

Bid him farewell, commit him to the grave,
Do him that kindness and take leave of him.

Boy. O, grandsire, grandsire, even with
all my heart
Would I were dead, so you did live again!
O, Lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping;
My tears will choke me if I ope my mouth.

Tit. And., V: 3. 1231.

—Real and affected.

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get
from her tears.

Count. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can
season her praise in. The remembrance of
her father never approaches her heart, but
the tyranny of her sorrows takes all liveli-
hood from her cheek. No more of this, Hel-
ena—go to, no more; lest it be rather
thought you affect a sorrow, than to have.

Hel. I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I
have it too.

A. W., I: 1. 495.

—Rebuked.

Lear. * *
Hysterica passio! down, thou climbing
sorrow,
Thy element's below.

K. L., II: 4. 1459.

—Speechless.

Mal. Merciful heaven! —
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your
brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief, that does not
speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it
break.

M., IV: 3. 1380.

—Sweet.

Bushy. * *
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects;
Like perspectives, which, rightly gazed up-
on,
Show nothing but confusion.

R. II., II: 2. 695.

—Toying for a Purpose.

King. Lærtès, was your father dear to
you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

H., IV: 7. 1428.

—Want of Sleep Increases.

Dem. * *
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow
owe.

M. N., III: 2. 333.

SORROWS.—Come in Battalions.

King. * * O Gertrude, Gertrude,
When sorrows come, they come not single
spies.

H. IV., V: 5. 1424.

—Never Come alone.

Cle. I thought as much.
One sorrow never comes, but brings an
heir,
That may succeed as his inheritor;
And so in ours: some neighbouring nation,
Taking advantage of our misery,
Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their
power,
To beat us down, the which are down al-
ready;
And make a conquest of unhappy me,
Whereas no glory's got to overcome.

P., I: 4. 1647.

SOUL.—(See Mercy.) Of Some, their Clothes.

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took him at 's prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is his clothes; trust him not in matter of heavy consequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures.—Farewell, monsieur: I have spoken better of you than you have or will to deserve at my hand; but we must do good against evil.

A. W., II: 5. 510.

—Our Own.

K. Hen. * * Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own.

H. V., IV: 1. 842.

SOUTH.—Dew-dropping.

Mer. * *

Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

R. J., I: 4. 1248.

SPECULATION.—Thought Investigating.

Achil. * *

For speculation turns not to itself,
Till it hath travell'd, and is mirror'd there
Where it may see itself.

T. C., III: 3. 1124.

SPEECH.—Injurious.

D. Pedro. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poison whiles he utter'd it.

M. A., V: 1. 251.

—Mark Antony's, on the Death of Cæsar.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil, that men do, lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men;) Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:

But Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.

You all did see, that on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?

Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.

I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once, not without cause;

What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?

O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;

My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it comes back to me.

* *

But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,

And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius

wrong,

Who, you all know, are honourable men:

I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and

you,

Than I will wrong such honourable men.

But here 's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,

I found it in his closet, 't is his will:

Let but the commons hear this testament,

(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,) And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's

wounds,

And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;

Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,

And, dying, mention it within their wills,

Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

4 *Cit.* We 'll hear the will: Read it,
Mark Antony.

Cit. The will, the will; we will hear
Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I
must not read it;

It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd
you.

You are not wood, you are not stones, but
men;

And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'T is good you know not that you are his
heirs;

For if you should, O, what would come of it!

4 *Cit.* Read the will; we will hear it,
Antony;

You shall read us the will; Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? Will you
stay a while?

I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it,
I fear, I wrong the honourable men,
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do
fear it.

4 *Cit.* They were traitors: Honourable
men!

Cit. The will! the testament!

2 *Cit.* They were villains, murderers:
The will! read the will!

Ant. You will compel me then to read
the will?

Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me
leave?

Cit. Come down.

2 *Cit.* Descend.

3 *Cit.* You shall have leave.

4 *Cit.* A ring; stand round.

1 *Cit.* Stand from the hearse, stand from
the body.

2 *Cit.* Room for Antony;—most noble
Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand
far off.

Cit. Stand back! room! bear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed
them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;

'T was on a summer's evening, in his tent:
That day he overcame the Nervii:—
Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger
through,

See, what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus
stabb'd;

And, as he pluck'd his curs'd steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it;
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;

For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's an-
gel:

Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd
him?

This was the most unkindest cut of all:
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors'
arms,

Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty
heart;

And in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar
fell.

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.

O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but
behold

Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you
here,

Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with
traitors.

* *

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir
you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They, that have done this deed, are honour-
able;

What private griefs they have, alas, I know
not,

That made them do't; they are wise and
honourable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your
hearts;

I am no orator, as Brutus is:

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt
man,

That love my friend; and that they know full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him. For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth, Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

To stir men's blood: I only speak right on; I tell you that, which you yourselves do know;

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,

And bid them speak for me: But were I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue

In every wound of Cæsar, that should move, The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

* *

Moreover, he hath left you all his walks, His private arbours, and newly-planted orchards,

On this side Tiber; he hath left them you, And to your heirs for ever, common pleasures,

To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves. Here was Cæsar! when comes such another?

J. C., III: 2. 1339.

—Of Brutus, a Defence of Assassination.

3 *Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent that you may hear: believe me for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him: there is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman?

If any, speak: for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak: for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Citizens. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death. Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart,—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of some, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

J. C., III: 2. 1339.

—Of the King of Denmark's Ghost.

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,

With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts, (O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power

So to seduce!) won to his shameful lust The will of my most seeming virtuous queen: O, Hamlet, what a falling-off was there! From me, whose love was of that dignity, That it went hand in hand even with the vow I made to her in marriage; and to decline Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor

To those of mine! But virtue, as it never will be mov'd, Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven;

So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd, Will sate itself in a celestial bed, And prey on garbage. But soft! methinks, I scent the morning's air:

Brief let me be:—Sleeping within mine orchard,

My custom always in the afternoon, Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole, With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial, And in the porches of mine ears did pour The leperous distilment; whose effect Holds such an enmity with blood of man,

That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;
And, with a sudden vigour, it doth posset
And curd, like aigre droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it
mine;

And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome
crust,

All my smooth body.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, and queen, at once de-
spatched;

Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd;
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head:
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul con-
trive

Against thy mother aught; leave her to
heaven,

And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at
once!

The glow worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:
Adieu, adieu, Hamlet! remember me.

H., I: 5. 1399.

—Outspoken.

Cor. What must I say?—

I pray, sir,—Plague upon 't! I cannot
bring

My tongue to such a pace:—Look, sir;—
my wounds;—

I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and
ran

From the noise of our own drums.

C., II: 3. 1165.

Power of Woman's.

K. Hen. Her sight did ravish; but her
grace in speech,
Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,
Makes me, from wandering, fall to weeping
joys;

Such is the fulness of my heart's content.—
Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my
love.

H. VI., 2 pt., I: 1. 907.

—Smooth, not natural to War- riors.

Men. Consider this:—He has been bred
i' the wars

Since he could draw a sword, and is ill
school'd

In boulded language; meal and bran to-
gether

He throws without distinction.

C., III: 1. 1173.

—Tangled, but not impaired.

The. His speech was like a tangled
chain; nothing impaired, but all disor-
dered.

M. N., V: 1. 343.

SPIRE.—Kisses the Clouds.

Ulyss. * *

Yon towers whose wanton tops do buss the
clouds,

Must kiss their own feet.

T. C., IV: 5. 1134.

SPIRIT.—An undaunted.

Bed. Not to be gone from hence; for
once I read,

That stout Pendragon, in his litter, sick,
Came to the field, and vanquished his foes:
Methinks I should revive the soldiers'
hearts,

Because I ever found them as myself.

Tal. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!
Then, be it so:—heavens keep old Bedford
safe!—

And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,
But gather we our forces out of hand,
And set upon our boasting enemy.

H. VI., 1 pt., III: 2. 881.

—Promise to Raise a.

Hume. This they have promised,—to
show your highness

A spirit rais'd from depth of under ground,
That shall make answer to such questions,
As by your grace shall be propounded him.

H. VI., 2 pt., I: 2. 911.

SPIRITS.—Calling for.

Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot. Why, so can I; or so can any man; But will they come, when you call for them?

H. IV., 1 pt., III: 1. 745.

—Light, Lengthen Life.

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy;
And so she died: had she been light, like you,

Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might a' been a grandam ere she died:
And so may you, for a light heart lives long.

L. L., V: 2. 293.

—Wild.

Hero. * *

I know, her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock.

M. A., III: 1. 238.

SPITE.—Defied.

Oth. Let him do his spite:
My services, which I have done the signiory,
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'T is yet to know,
(Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,
I shall promulgate,) I fetch my life and being
From men of royal siege; and my demerits
May speak, unbonneted, to as proud a fortune

As this that I have reach'd: for know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into circumscription and confine
For the sea's worth.

O., I: 2. 1493.

SPOLIATION.—In a Conquered City.

K. Hen. * *

What rein can hold licentious wickedness,
When down the hill he holds his fierce career?

We may as bootless spend our vain command

Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil,
As send precepts to the Leviathan
To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,

Take pity of your town, and of your people,

Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command;

Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace

O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds
Of deadly murder, spoil, and villany.

If not, why, in a moment, look to see

The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand

Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;

Your fathers taken by the silver beards,

And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls;

Your naked infants spitted upon pikes;

Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confus'd

Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry

At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.

H. V., III: 3. 833.

—Inculcated.

K. John. Cousin, away for England;
haste before:

And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags

Of hoarding abbots; angels imprisoned

Set thou at liberty: the fat ribs of peace

Must by the hungry now be fed upon:

Use our commission in his utmost force.

K. J., III: 3. 961.

SPONGE.—Men Used as a.

Ros. Take you for a sponge, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir; that soaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king best service in the end: he keeps them, like an ape doth nuts, in the corner of his jaw; first mouthed, to be last swallowed: when he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

H., IV: 2. 1421.

SPORT.—An Index to the Wise.

Nest. * *

Though 't be a sportful combat,
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells;

For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
With their fin'st palate:

* * For the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling
Of good or bad unto the general.

T. C., I: 3. 1111.

—Of gods, to Kill Men.

Glo. * *

As flies to wanton boys, are we to the
gods,—

They kill us for their sport.

K. L., IV: 1. 1471.

—Overthrown by Sport.

Prin. * *

There 's no such sport as sport by sport
o'erthrown;

To make theirs ours, and ours none but our
own:

So shall we stay, mocking intended game;
And they, well mock'd, depart away with
shame.

L. L., V: 2. 295.

—The best.

Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-
rule you now:

That sport best pleases that doth least know
how:

Where zeal strives to content, and the con-
tents

Die in the zeal of that which it presents,
The form confounded makes most form in
mirth,

When great things labouring perish in their
birth.

Biron. A right description of our sport,
my lord.

L. L., V: 2. 300.

—With a Lady Denounced.

Hel. * *

Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join in souls to mock me too?

If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so;

To vow, and swear, and superpraise my
parts,

When I am sure you hate me with your
hearts.

You both are rivals, and love Hermia;

And now both rivals, to mock Helena:

A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes

With your derision! none of noble sort

Would so offend a virgin, and extort

A poor soul's patience, all to make you
sport.

M. N., III: 2. 334.

SPORTS.—Ill-timed.

Cæs. * * If he fill'd

His vacancy with his voluptuousness,

Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,

Call on him for 't; but, to confound such
time,

That drums him from his sport, and speaks
as loud

As his own state, and ours,—'t is to be
chid,

As we rate boys; who, being mature in
knowledge,

Pawn their experience to their present
pleasure,

And so rebel to judgment.

A. C., I: 4. 1545.

SPRING.—Flowers of.

Per. * *

For the flowers now, that, frightened, thou
let'st fall

From Dis's waggon! daffodils,

That come before the swallow dares, and
take

The winds of March with beauty; violets,
dim,

But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,

Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,

That die unmarried, ere they can behold

Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady

Most incident to maids; bold oxlips, and

The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,

The flower-de-luce being one.

W. T., IV: 3. 602.

—Picture of.

Arm. * *

When daisies pied, and violets blue,

And lady smocks all silver white,

And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,

To paint the meadows with delight,

The cuckoo then, on every tree,

Mocks married men, for thus sings he:

Cuckoo;

Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,

Unpleasing to a married ear!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
 And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
 When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
 And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
 The cuckoo then, on every tree,
 Mocks married men, for thus sings he:
 Cuckoo;
 Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
 Unpleasing to a married ear!

L. L., V: 2. 304.

—Treads on Winter.

*Cap. * **

When well-apparell'd April on the heel
 Of limping winter treads.

R. J., I: 2. 1244.

STABS.—A Breach in Nature.

*Macb. * ** His gash'd stabs look'd
 like a breach in nature,
 For ruin's wasteful entrance.

M., II: 3. 1367.

STAGE.—All the World a.

Jaq. All the world's a stage,
 And all the men and women merely play-
 ers:

They have their exits, and their entrances;
 And one man in his time plays many parts,—
 His act being seven ages. At first, the in-
 fant,

Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms:
 Then the whining schoolboy, with his
 satchel,

And shining morning face, creeping like
 snail

Unwillingly to school: and then the lover,
 Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow: Then a sol-
 dier,

Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the
 pard,

Jealous in honour, sudden, and quick in
 quarrel,

Seeking the bubble Reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth: and then the
 justice,

In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances,
 And so he plays his part: The sixth age
 shifts

Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloons;

With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side,
 His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too
 wide

For his shrunk shank; and his big manly
 voice

Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound: Last scene of
 all,

That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans—
 everything.

A. Y., II: 7. 419.

—The World a.

Ant. I hold the world but as the world,
 Gratiano;

A stage, where every man must play a part,
 And mine a sad one.

M. V., I: 1. 362.

STAINS.—That never Wash out.

Macb. Whence is that knocking?
 How is't with me, when every noise appals
 me?

What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out
 mine eyes!

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this
 blood

Clean from my hand? No; this my hand
 will rather

The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
 Making the green—one red.

M., II: 2. 1365.

STARS.—Golden Fire.

*Ham. * ** This brave o'erhanging firm-
 amment, this majestic roof fretted with
 golden fire.

H., II: 2. 1406.

Kent. It is the stars,
 The stars above us, govern our conditions;
 Else one self mate and mate could not beget
 Such different issues.

K. L., IV: 3. 1473.

STATION.—High.

*Q. Mar. * **

They that stand high, have many blasts to
 shake them.

R. III., I: 3. 1009.

STATUE.—A perfect.

Paul. * * Prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still sleep mock'd death.

W. T., V: 3. 616.

STAY-AT-HOMES.—Dishonored.

Par. * *
He wears his honour in a box unseen
That hugs his kicky-wicky here at home;
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high
curvet
Of Mars's fiery steed.

A. W., II: 3. 508.

STEALING.—By Line and Level.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest: here 's a
garment for 't: wit shall not go unrewarded
while I am king of this country. "Steal by
line and level" is an excellent pass of pate;
there 's another garment for 't.

T., IV: 1. 29.

—By Proxy.

P. Hen. I have procured thee, Jack, a
charge of foot.

Fal. I would, it had been of horse.
Where shall I find one that can steal well?
O for a fine thief, of the age of two-and-
twenty, or thereabouts! I am heinously un-
provided. Well, God be thanked for these
rebels, they offend none but the virtuous; I
laud them, I praise them.

H. IV., 1 pt., III: 3. 751.

—How made sinless.

Lucio. Thou conclud'st like the sancti-
monious pirate, that went to sea with the
ten commandments, but scrap'd one out of
the table.

2 Gent. Thou shall not steal?

Lucio. Ay, that he raz'd.

M. M., I: 2. 144.

STEPMOTHER.—A kind.

Queen. No, be assur'd, you shall not find
me, daughter,
After the slander of most step-mothers,
Evil-ey'd unto you: you are my prisoner,
but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint.

Cym., I: 2. 1590.

STOIC.—A.

Lucio. * * Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority,
Governs lord Angelo; a man whose blood
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the
sense,
But doth rebate and blunt his natural
edge.
With profits of the mind, study and fast.

M. M., I: 4. 147.

STORM.—A Clown's Description of.

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea,
and by land;—but I am not to say, it is a
sea, for it is now the sky; betwixt the fir-
mament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's
point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clo. I would you did but see how it
chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the
shore! but that's not to the point: O, the
most piteous cry of the poor souls! some-
times to see 'em, and not to see 'em: now
the ship boring the moon with her main-
mast; and anon swallowed with yest and
froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hogs-
head. And then for the land-service,—To
see how the bear tore out his shoulder-
bone; how he cried to me for help, and
said his name was Antigonus, a noble-
man:—But to make an end of the ship;—
to see how the sea flap-dragon'd it:—but,
first, how the poor souls roared, and the
sea mock'd them;—and how the poor gen-
tlemen roared, and the bear mock'd him,
both roaring louder than the sea, or weather.

W. T., III: 3. 597.

—At Sea, rebuked.

Per. Thou God of this great vast, rebuke
these surges,
Which wash both heaven and hell; and
thou, that hast
Upon the winds command, bind them in
brass,
Having call'd them from the deep! O still
thy deaf'ning,
Thy dreadful thunders; gently quench thy
nimble,
Sulphureous flashes!—O how, Lychorida,
How does my queen?—Thou storm, thou!
venomously
Wilt thou spit all thyself?

P., III: 1. 1655.

STORY.—Of a Life.

Alon. I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

T., V: 1. 34.

STOUTNESS.—A Woman's excessive.

Dro. S. No longer from head to foot,
than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a
globe. I could find out countries in her.

C. E., III: 1. 202.

STRATAGEM.—Inexplicable.

Aar. He, that had wit, would think that
I had none,
To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it.
Let him, that thinks of me so abjectly,
Know that this gold must coin a stratagem,
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villainy:
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest,
That have their alms out of the empress'
chest.

Tit. And., II: 3. 1209.

—To Secure the Death of a Foe.

King. * * I will work him
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose but
fall:
And for his death no wind of blame shall
breathe;
But even his mother shall uncharge the
practice,
And call it accident.

H., IV: 7. 1427.

STRATEGY.—Before Battle.

Richm. * *
Give me some ink and paper in my tent;—
I'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit each leader to his several charge,
And part in just proportion our small power.

R. III., V: 3. 1042.

STRIFE.—Grief at Occasioning.

Arth. * *
I would, that I were low laid in my grave;
I am not worth this coil that's made for me.

K. J., II: 1. 651.

STROKES.—Arbitrate the Advance of War.

Siw. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we
owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes re-
late:
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate,
Towards which, advance the war.

M., V: 4. 1383.

STRUGGLE.—Vain.

Clif. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock
with the gin.
North. So doth the coney struggle in the
net.
York. So triumph thieves upon their
conquer'd booty;
So true men yield, with robbers so o'er-
match'd.

H. VI., 3 pt., I: 4. 960.

STUBBORNNESS.—Injurious.

Mar. Thanks.—What's the matter, you
dissentious rogues,
That rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs.

C., I: 1. 1151.

—Terrible as Storms.

Wol. * *
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but, to stubborn
spirits,
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.

H. VIII., III: 1. 1076.

STUDY.—Excessive, foolish.

Biron. So study evermore is over-shot;
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should:
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'T is won, as towns with fire; so won, so
lost.

L. L., I: 1. 273.

—Its Object.

Biron. By yea and nay, sir, then I
swore in jest.
What is the end of study? let me know.
King. Why, that to know, which else
we should not know.

Biron. Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common sense?

King. Ay, that is study's godlike recompense.

L. L., I: 1. 272.

—May be unreasonable.

King. Biron is like an envious sneaping frost,

That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

Biron. Well, say I am; why should proud summer boast,

Before the birds have any cause to sing?

Why should I joy in any abortive birth?

At Christmas I no more desire a rose,

Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows;

But like of each thing that in season grows.

So you, to study, now it is too late,

Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.

L. L., I: 1. 272.

—Regulated by Desire

Tra. *Mi perdonate*, gentle master mine, I am in all affected as yourself;

Glad that you thus continue your resolve,

To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.

Only, good master, while we do admire

This virtue, and this moral discipline,

Let's be no stoics, nor no stocks, I pray;

Or so devote to Aristotle's checks,

As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd:

Balk logic with acquaintance that you have,

And practise rhetoric in your common talk:

Music and poesy use to quicken you;

The mathematics, and the metaphysics,

Fall to them as you find your stomach serves;

No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en;

In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

T. S., I: 1. 455.

—Stops that Hinder it.

Biron. Come on, then; I will swear to study so,

To know the thing I am forbid to know:

As thus,—to study where I well may dine,

When I to feast expressly am forbid;

Or study where to meet some mistress fine,
When mistresses from common sense
are hid;

Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,
Study to break it, and not break my troth.

If study's gain be thus, and this be so,

Study knows that which yet it doth not know:

Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say no.

King. These be the stops that hinder study quite,

And train our intellects to vain delight.

Biron. Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain,

Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain:

As, painfully to pore upon a book

To seek the light of truth: while truth
the while

Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look:

Light, seeking light, doth light of light
beguile;

So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.

Study me how to please the eye indeed,

By fixing it upon a fairer eye;

Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,

And give him light that it was blinded by.

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,

That will not be deep-searched with saucy looks:

Small have continual plodders ever won,

Save base authority from others' books.

These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,

That give a name to every fixed star,

Have no more profit of their shining nights

Than those that walk, and wot not what they are.

Too much to know, is to know nought but fame;

And every godfather can give a name.

King. How well he's read, to reason against reading!

L. L., I: 1. 272.

STUMBLING.—A bad Omen.

Glo. The gates made fast!—Brother, I like not this;

For many men, that stumble at the threshold,
Are well foretold—that danger lurks within.

K. Edw. Tush, man! abodements must
not now affright us:

By fair or foul means we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to us.

H. VI., 3 pt., IV: 7. 984.

STUPIDITY.—Blind.

Leon. * * Or your eye-glass
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn.

W. T., I: 2. 584.

STYLE.—And Purse do not Agree.

Glo. Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we
can;

But now it is impossible we should:

Suffolk, the new made duke that rules the
roast,

Hath given the duchies of Anjou and
Maine

Unto the poor king Reignier, whose large
style

Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

H. VI., 2 pt., I: 1. 908.

SUBJECTION.—A Woman's, perfect.

Pet. I say it is the moon that shines so
bright.

Kath. I know it is the sun that shines so
bright.

Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that
's myself,

It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house:

Go on, and fetch our horses back again.

Evermore cross'd, and cross'd: nothing but
cross'd!

Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never
go.

Kath. Forward, I pray, since we have
come so far,

And be it moon, or sun, or what you
please:

And if you please to call it a rush candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

Pet. I say it is the moon.

Kath. I know it is the moon.

Pet. Nay, then you lie; it is the blessed
sun.

Kath. Then, God be bless'd, it is the
blessed sun:

But sun it is not, when you say it is not;

And the moon changes even as your mind.
What you will have it named, even that it
is;

And so it shall be so for Katharine.

Hor. Petrucio, go thy ways; the field is
won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward: thus the
bowl should run,

And not unluckily against the bias.

But soft! Company is coming here.

Good morrow, gentle mistress: Where
away?

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?

Such war of white and red within her
cheeks?

What stars do spangle heaven with such
beauty,

As those two eyes become that heavenly
face?

Fair lovely maid, once more good day to
thee:

Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's
sake.

Hor. 'A will make the man mad, to
make a woman of him.

Kath. Young budding virgin, fair, and
fresh, and sweet,

Whither away? or where is thy abode?

Happy the parents of so fair a child;

Happier the man, whom favorable stars

Allot thee for his lovely bedfellow!

Pet. Why, how now Kate! I hope thou
art not mad:

This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, with-
er'd,

And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking
eyes,

They have been so bedazzled with the
sun,

That everything I look on seemeth green:

Now I perceive thou art a reverend father;

Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistak-
ing.

T. S., IV: 5. 478.

SUBMISSION.—A Matter of Time.

D. Pedro. Well, as time shall try:

"In time the savage bull doth bear the
yoke."

M. A., I: 2. 228.

—Complete.

Rum. * * My office is
To noise abroad,—that Harry Monmouth
fell
Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword;
And that the king before the Douglas' rage
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.

H. IV., 2 pt., Ind.: 773.

—Death better than.

Ch. Just. Sweet princes, what I did, I
did in honour,
Led by the impartial conduct of my soul;
And never shall you see, that I will beg
A ragged and forestall'd remission.—
If truth and upright innocence fail me,
I'll to the king my master that is dead,
And tell him who hath sent me after him.

H. IV., 2 pt., V: 2. 806.

—Easiest Gained by a Smile.

2 *Sen.* What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
Than hew to 't with thy sword.

1 *Sen.* Set but thy foot
Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall
ope;

So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say thou 'lt enter friendly.

2 *Sen.* Throw thy glove;
Or any token of thine honour else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
And not as our confusion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

T. A., V: 5. 1316.

—Graceful.

Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton,
heaven give thee joy!
What cannot be eschew'd must be em-
brac'd.

M. W., V: 5. 120.

—Its Meaning not known.

Lucy. Submission, Dauphin? 't is a
mere French word;
We English warriors wot not what it
means?
I come to know what prisoners thou hast
ta'en,
And to survey the bodies of the dead.

H. VI., 1 pt., IV: 7. 890.

—Perfect.

Men. * * Go, you that banish'd him,
A mile before his tent fall down, and
kneel
The way into his mercy.

C., V: 1. 1186.

—True Wisdom.

Ami. * * Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fort-
une
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

A. Y., II: 1. 414.

SUBSTITUTE.—His Duty.

Duke. No more evasion:
We have with a leaven'd and prepared
choice;
Proceeded to you: therefore take your
honours.
Our haste from hence is of so quick con-
dition,
That it prefers itself, and leaves unques-
tion'd
Matters of needful value. We shall write
to you,
As time and our concernings shall impor-
tune,
How it goes with us; and do look to
know
What doth befall you here. So, fare you
well:
To th' hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commissions.

M. M., I: 1. 144.

SUBSTITUTES.—Of no Importance.

Ner. When the moon shone, we did not
see the candle.
Por. So doth the greater glory dim the
less:
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters.

M. V., V: 1. 889.

SUCCESS.—Aimed at.

Bast. * * Near or far off, well won is
still well shot.

K. J., I: 1. 643.

—From God.

Win. He was a king, bless'd of the King
of kings.
Unto the French the dreadful judgment
day
So dreadful will not be, as was his sight.
The battles of the Lord of Hosts he
fought:
The church's prayers made him so prosper-
ous.

H. VI., 1 pt., I: 1. 864.

—Independent of Allies.

Hot. You strain too far.
I, rather, of his absence make this use;—
It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprise,
Than if the earl were here: for men must
think,
If we, without his help, can make a head
To push against the kingdom; with his
help,
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvey down.

H. IV., 1 pt., IV: 1. 752.

—Invoked.

Gaunt. Heaven in thy good cause make
thee prosperous!
Be swift like lightning in the execution;
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy:
Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and
live.

R. II., I: 3. 688.

—Measured by our Desires.

Com. Breathe you, my friends; well
fought: we are come off
Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs,
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have
struck,
By interims, and conveying gusts, we have
heard
The charges of our friends:—The Roman
gods,
Lead their successes as we wish our own;
That both our powers, with smiling fronts
encountering.

C., I: 6. 1156.

—Modest, Foregoes Promotion.

Ven. * *

Who does in the wars more than his captain
can,
Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of
loss,
Than gain, which darkens him.

A. C., III: 1. 1557.

—No great, without Scars.

York. * *

I rather would have lost my life betimes,
Than bring a burden of dishonour home,
By staying there so long, till all were lost.
Shew me one star character'd on thy
skin;
Men's flesh preserv'd so whole, do seldom
win.

H. IV., 2 pt., III: 1. 925.

—Rewarded.

Hor. * * He that runs fastest gets the
ring.

T. S., I: 1. 456.

—Worshiped.

York. Then, as I said, the duke, great
Bolingbroke,—
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,—
With slow, but stately pace, kept on his
course,
While all tongues cried—God save thee,
Bolingbroke!
You would have thought the very windows
spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring
eyes
Upon his visage; and that all the walls,
With painted imagin'ry, had said at once,—
Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!
Whilst he, from one side to the other turn-
ing,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's
neck,
Bespake them thus,—I thank you, coun-
trymen:
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.

R. II., V: 2. 712.

SUFFERING.—As great as Death.

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.

Cym., I: 2. 1591.

—Begets Sympathy.

Lear. Pr'ythee, go in thyself; seek thine
own ease;
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more.—But I'll
go in:
In, boy; go first.—You houseless poverty,
Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll
sleep.

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed
sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? O, I have
ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;
That thou may'st shake the superflux to
them,
And show the heavens more just.

K. L., III: 4. 1465.

SUFFICIENCY.—Enough.

Mer. No, t' is not so deep as a well, nor
so wide as a church door.

R. J., III: 1. 1259.

SUICIDE.—(See Soliloquy.) A Sin.

Cleo. * * Then, is it sin
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us?

A. C., IV: 13. 1576.

—A Weakness.

Rod. It is silliness to live, when to live
is a torment: and then have we a prescription
to die, when death is our physician.

Iago. O villanous! I have looked upon
the world for four times seven years! and
since I could distinguish between a benefit
and an injury, I never found a man that
knew how to love himself. Ere I would
say, I would drown myself for the love of a
Guinea-hen, I would change my humanity
with a baboon.

O., I: 3. 1498.

—Antony's Intended.

Ant. Thrice nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
I should, and thou could'st not. My queen
and Eros
Have, by their brave instruction, got upon
me
A nobleness in record: But I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into 't
As to a lover's bed. Come then; and,
Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar; to do thus
I learn'd of thee. How; not yet dead? not
dead?—
The guard!—ho!—despatch me.

A. C., IV: 12. 1574.

—At the Tomb of a Lover.

Rom. * * Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe
That unsubstantial death is amorous;
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that, I still will stay with thee;
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again; here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O,
here
Will I set up my everlasting rest;
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look
your last!
Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O
you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous
kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!—
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury
guide!
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!
Here's to my love!—O, true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I
die.

R. J., V: 3. 1275.

—Cowardly and vile.

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy,
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself:—I know not
how,

But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The term of life :—arming myself with pa-
tience,

To stay the providence of those high powers,
That govern us below.

J. C., V : 1. 1349.

—Defies Prohibition.

Imo. * * Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine,
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here 's
my heart;
Something 's afore't :—Soft, soft ; we 'll no
defence ;
Obedient as the scabbard.

Cym., III : 4. 1609.

—Denied funeral Rites.

1 *Priest.* Her obsequies have been as far
enlarg'd
As we have warranty : Her death was doubt-
ful ;
And, but that great command o'ersways the
order,
She should in ground unsanctified have
lodg'd
Till the last trumpet ; for charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown
on her,
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants,
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing
home
Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done ?

1 *Priest.* No more be done !
We should profane the service of the dead,
To sing a *requiem*, and such rest to her
As to peace-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her i' the earth ;—
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh,
Māy violets spring !—I tell thee, churlish
priest,
A ministering angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

H., V : 1. 1431.

—Extolled.

Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years
of life,
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

J. C., III : 1. 1336.

Cleo. * * And it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds ;
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up
change.

A. C., V : 2. 1577.

—In our Power.

Ant. * *

Nay, weep not, gentle Eros ; there is left
us

Ourselves to end ourselves.

A. C., IV : 12. 1573.

—News of Antony's.

Der. He is dead, Cæsar ;
Not by a public minister of justice,
Nor by a hired knife ; but that self hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did
lend it,
Splitted the heart. This is his sword ;
I robb'd his wound of it ; behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood.

Cas. Look you sad, friends ?
The gods rebuke me, but it is a tidings
To wash the eyes of kings.

A. C., V : 1. 1576.

—Of Brutus.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus : Slaying is
the word ;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.—
Cli. What, I, my lord ? No, not for all
the world.

Bru. Peace then, no words.

Cli. I 'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius !

Dar. I do such a deed ?

Cli. O, Dardanius !

Dar. O, Clitus !

Cli. What ill request did Brutus make
to thee ?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus : Look, he med-
itates.

Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of
grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius ; list
a word.

Vol. What says my lord ?

Bru. Why, this, Volumnius :
The ghost of Cæsar hath appeared to me

Two several times by night : at Sardis, once ;
And, this last night, here in Philippi fields.
I know my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it
goes ;

Our enemies have beat us to the pit :
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volum-
nius,

Thou know'st, that we two went to school
together ;

Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on
it.

Vol. That 's not an office for a friend,
my lord.

Cli. Fly, fly, my lord ; there is no tar-
rying here.

Bru. Farewell to you ;—and you ;—
and you, Volumnius. —

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep ;
Farewell to thee too, Strato. — Country-
men,

My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,
I found no man, but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius, and Mark Antony,
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once ; for Brutus'
tongue

Hath almost ended his life's history :
Night hangs upon mine eyes ; my bones
would rest,

That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

Fly, fly, fly.

Cli. Fly, my lord, fly.

Bru. Hence ; I will follow thee.
I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord :
Thou art a fellow of a good respect ;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in
it :

Hold then my sword, and turn away thy
face,

While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato ?

Str. Give me your hand first : Fare
you well, my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato. — Cæsar,
now be still :

I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

J. C., V : 5. 1351.

— Of Cassius.

Cas. Come down, behold no more. —
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my
face !

Come hither, sirrah :

In Parthia did I take thee prisoner ;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keep
thine oath !

Now be a freeman ; and, with this good
sword,

That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search
this bosom.

Stand not to answer : Here, take thou the
hilts ;

And, when my face is cover'd, as 't is now,
Guide thou the sword. — Cæsar, thou art
reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee.

J. C., V : 3. 1350.

— Of Cleopatra.

Cleo. * * Come, thou mortal wretch,
With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate
Of life at once untie ; poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and despatch. O, could'st thou
speak !

That I might hear thee call great Cæsar, ass
Unpoliced !

Ehar. O eastern star !

Eleo. Peace, peace !

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep ?

Ehar. O, break ! O, break !

Eleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as
gentle, —

O Antony ! — Nay, I will take thee too : —
What should I stay —

Ehar. In this wild world ? — So, fare
thee well.

A. C., V : 2. 1581.

— Of Lady Macbeth.

Mal. * * *

Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like
queen ;

Who, as 't is thought, by self and violent
hands

Took off her life :

M., V : 7. 1386.

—Of Son.

Kent. Alack, why thus?

Edm. Yet Edmund was belov'd;
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herself.

K. L., V: 3. 1484.

—Portia's, by Swallowing Fire.

Brut. Impatient of my absence;
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark
Antony
Have made themselves so strong;—for
with her death
That tidings came:—With this she fell
distract,

And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

Cas. And died so?

Brut. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods!

J. C., IV: 3. 1346.

—Prohibition Regretted.

Ham. O, that this too too solid flesh
would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter!

H., I: 2. 1395.

—The Play of Fools.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman
fool, and die
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the
gashes
Do better upon them.

M., V: 7. 1385.

—Things better than.

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood,
and a permission of the will. Come, be a
man: Drown thyself? drown cats, and blind
puppies. I have professed me thy friend,
and I confess me knit to thy deserving with
cables of perdurable toughness; I could
never better stead thee than now. Put
money in thy purse; follow these wars; de-
feat thy favour with an usurped beard; I
say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be,
that Desdemona should long continue her
love to the Moor,—put money in thy
purse;—nor he is to her: it was a violent
commencement, and thou shalt see an an-
swerable sequestration;—put but money
in thy purse.—These Moors' are change-

able in their wills;—fill thy purse with
money: the food that to him now is as
luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly
as bitter as colicoquintida. She must change
for youth: when she is sated with his body,
she will find the error of her choice. She
must have change, she must: therefore put
money in thy purse. If thou wilt needs
damn thyself, do it a more delicate way
than drowning. Make all the money thou
canst: If sanctimony and a frail vow, be-
twixt an erring barbarian and a supersubtle
Venetian, be not too hard for my wits, and
all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her;
therefore make money. A pox of drowning
thyself! it is clean out of the way: seek
thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy
joy, than to be drowned and go without
her.

O., I: 3. 1499.

SUIT.—Argued.

Des. Why, this is not a boon;
'T is as I should entreat you wear your
gloves,

Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you
warm;

Or sue to you to do peculiar profit
To your own person: Nay, when I have a
suit,

Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of poize and difficulty,
And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing:
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myself,

O., III: 3. 1510.

SUITORS.—Variety in.

Por. I pray thee, overname them; and
as thou namest them, I will describe them;
and according to my description, level at
my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan
prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt, indeed, for he
doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he
makes it a great appropriation to his own
good parts that he can shoe him himself.

* *

Ner. Then is there the county Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown; as
who should say, "An you will not have
me, choose." He hears merry tales, and
smiles not: I fear he will prove the weep-
ing philosopher when he grows old, being
so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth.
I had rather to be married to a death's head

with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

Ner. How say you by the French lord, monsieur le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker. But he! why, he hath a horse better than 'he Neapolitan's'; a better bad habit of frowning than the count Palatine: he is every man in no man: if a throstle sing, he falls straight a cap'ring; he will fence with his own shadow. If I should marry him I should marry twenty husbands: If he would despise me I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you then to Faulconbridge, the young baron of England?

Por. You know I say nothing to him; for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian; and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture. But, alas! who can converse with a dumb show? How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour everywhere.

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again when he was able. I think the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed under for another.

Ner. How like you the young German, the duke of Saxony's nephew!

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast. An the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

M. V., I: 1. 363.

SUMMONS.—A loud one Invoked.

Agam. Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,
Anticipating time with starting courage.
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
Thou dreadful Ajax; that the appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant,
And hale him hither.

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there 's my purse.
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:

Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias cheek
Out-swell the cholic of puff'd Aquilon:
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes
spout blood;
Thou blow'st for Hector.

A. C., IV: 5. 1131.

SUN.—Impartial.

Per. * *

The self-same sun that shines upon his court
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike.

W. T., IV: 3. 606.

SUNRISE.—On Ocean.

Obe. But we are spirits of another sort:
I with the morning's love have oft made sport;

And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams.

M. N., III: 2. 337.

SUNSET.—A fine.

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives tokens of a goodly day to-morrow.

R. III., V: 3. 1042.

—A rainy.

Sal. * *

Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west.

R. II., II: 4. 699.

—Fiery.

Vio. * *

As doth that orb'd continent the fire
That severs day from night.

T. N., V: 1. 568.

SUPEREXCELLENCE.—Profession of, Suspicious.

Duke. * *

He who the sword of heaven will bear
Should be as holy as severe;
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go;
More nor less to others paying,
Than by self-offences weighing.

Shame to him, whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice, and let his grow!
O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!
How may likeness wade in crimes,
Making practice on the times,
To draw with idle spiders' strings
Most ponderous and substantial things.

M. M., IV: 4. 162.

SUPERLATIVE.—In Character.

Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone:
You have done a brave deed. Ere you go,
hear this:—
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome; so far, my
son,
(This lady's husband here, this, do you see)
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you
all.

C., IV: 2. 1178.

SUPERSERVICEABLENESS.—Not Cared for.

Gra. Why, this is like the mending of
highways
In summer, when the ways are fair enough.

M. V., V: 1. 391.

SUPERSTITION.—A Sailor's.

1 *Sail.* Sir, your queen must overboard;
the sea works high, the wind is loud, and
will not lie till the ship be clear'd of the
dead.

Per. That's your superstition.

1 *Sail.* Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it
hath been still observed; and we are strong
in, astern. Therefore briefly yield her; for
she must overboard straight.

P., III: 1. 1656.

—Creates Suspicion.

Cus. But it is doubtful yet,
Wher Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no:
For he is superstitious grown of late;
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies:
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

J. C., II: 1. 1331.

—Fears it Excites.

Suf. Look on my George, I am a gentle-
man;
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be
paid.

Whit. And so am I; my name is—
Walter Whitmore.

How now? why start'st thou? what, doth
death affright?

Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose
sound is death.

A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And told me that by "Water" I should
die:

Yet let not this make thee be bloody mamed;
Thy name is—"Gualtier," being rightly
sounded.

Whit. "Gualtier," or "Walter," which
it is, I care not;

Ne'er yet did base dishonour blur our name,
But with our sword we wip'd away the blot;
Therefore, when merchant-like I sell re-
venge,

Broke be my sword, my arms torn and de-
fac'd,

And I proclaim'd a coward through the
world!

H. VI., 2 pt., IV: 1. 932.

—Ruled by Trifles.

Clar. Yea, Richard, when I know; for,
protest,

As yet I do not: But, as I can learn,
He hearkens after prophecies, and dreams;
And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,
And says—a wizard told him, that by G,
His issue disinherited should be;
And, for my name of George begins with G,
It follows in his thought, that I am he:
These, as I learn, and such like toys as
these,

Have mov'd his highness to commit me
now.

R. III., I: 1. 1001.

SUPPLICATION.—Unavailing.

Pro. * *

A sea of melting pearl, which some call
tears:

Those at her father's churlish feet she ten-
der'd;

With them, upon her knees, her humble self;

Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for woe :
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire.

T. G., III: 1. 62.

SUPREMACY.—Of Affection.

Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well,
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
And thou should'st tow me after: O'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st; and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.

A. C., III: 9. 1564.

SURFEIT.—Leads to Loathing.

Lys. * *

For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;
Or, as the heresies that men do leave
Are hated most of those they did deceive;
So thou, my surfeit, and my heresy,
Of all be hated; but the most of me.

M. N., II: 2. 330.

—Of Land.

Fal. * * You may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

H. IV., 1 pt., II: 4. 742.

SURRENDER.—Abject.

Boling. Are you contented to resign the crown?

K. Rich. Ay, no;—no, ay;—for I must nothing be;

Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.
Now mark me how I will undo myself:—
I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duteous oaths;

All pomp and majesty I do forswear;
My manors, rents, revenues, I forego;
My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny:
God pardon all oaths, that are broke to me!
God keep all vows unbroke, are made to thee!

Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd;
And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd,
Long may'st thou live in Richard's seat to sit,

And soon lie Richard in an earthly pit!
God save King Henry, unking'd Richard says,

And send him many years of sunshine days!—

What more remains?

R. II., IV: 1. 709.

—Unnatural.

Blunt. What is thy name, that in the battle thus

Thou crossest me? what honour dost thou seek

Upon my head?

Doug. Know then, my name is Douglas;
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,
Because some tell me, that thou art a king.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Doug. The lord of Stafford, dear to-day hath bought

Thy likeness; for, instead of thee, king Harry,

This sword hath ended him: so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

Blunt. I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot;

And thou shalt find a king that will revenge Lord Stafford's death.

H. IV., 1 pt., V: 3. 759.

SURROUNDINGS.—Give a Character.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect;

Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,

When neither is attended; and, I think
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be
thought

No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season-season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection!

M. V., V: 1. 389.

—Based on Circumstance.

Bass. Believe me, queen, your swarth
Cimmerian

Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.

Why are you sequestered from all your train?
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly
steed,

And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied but with a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you?

Lav. And, being intercepted in your
sport,

Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For sauciness: I pray you let us hence,
And let her 'joy her raven colour'd love;
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Til. And., II: 3. 1210.

SUSPICION.—Death better than.

Imo. * * Look!

I draw the sword myself: take it; and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my
heart:

Fear not; 't is empty of all things, but grief;
Thy master is not there; who was, indeed,
The riches of it: Do his bidding; strike.
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause: —
But now thou seem'st a coward.

Cym., III: 4. 1608.

—Deprecated.

Q. Mar. * *

What know I how the world may deem of
me?

For it is known, we were but hollow friends;
It may be judg'd, I made the duke away;
So shall my name with slander's tongue be
wounded,

And princes' courts be fill'd with my re-
proach.

This get I by his death: Ah me, unhappy!
To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!

H. VI., 2 pt., III: 2. 927.

—Easily Gratified.

Iago. * *

If imputation, and strong circumstances, —
Which lead directly to the door of truth, —
Will give you satisfaction, you may have
it.

O., III: 3. 1514.

—Freedom from.

Glo. * *

He liv'd from all attainder of suspect.

R. III., III: 5. 1026.

—Frivolous, Repelled.

Oth. Why? why is this?

Think'st thou, I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No: to be once in
doubt,

Is — once to be resolv'd: Exchange me for
a goat,

When I shall turn the business of my
soul

To such exsufficate and blown surmises,
Matching thy inference. 'T is not to make
me jealous,

To say — my wife is fair, feeds well, loves
company,

Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances
well:

Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt:
For she had eyes, and chose me: No,

Iago;

I'll see, before I doubt; when I doubt,
prove;

And, on the proof, there is no more but
this, —

Away at once with love, or jealousy.

O., III: 3. 1511.

—Full of Eyes.

Wor. * *

Suspicion shall be all stuck full of eyes:

For treason is but trusted like the fox;

Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and
lock'd up,

Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.

H. IV., 1 pt., V: 2. 758.

—Hard to Excite.

Iago. * *

Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk.

O., III: 3. 1514.

—How Fed.

Shy. O father Abram! what these Christians are,

Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others!

M. V., I: 3. 366.*Leon.* How bless'd am I

In my just censure!—in my true opinion!
Alack, for lesser knowledge!—How accur'd

In being so bless'd!—There may be in the cup

A spider steep'd, and one may drink; depart,

And yet partake no venom: for his knowledge

Is not infected: but if one present

The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known

How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides

With violent hefts:—I have drunk, and seen the spider.

Camillo was his help in this, his pander:—There is a plot against my life, my crown;

All's true that is mistrusted:—that false villain,

Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:

He has discover'd my design, and I

Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick

For them to play at will:—How came the posterns

So easily open?

W. T., II: 1. 587.

—Its ready Tongue.

North. * *

See, what a ready tongue suspicion hath!

H. IV., 2 pt., I: 1. 774.

—Leads to Questioning.

Ban. * *

And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,

To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:

In the great hand of God I stand; and, thence,

Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.

M., II: 3. 1367.

—Makes a Stain.

Paul. * *

Here 's such ado to make no stain a stain,
As passes colouring.

W. T., II: 2. 590.

—May Come too late.

Flav. No, my most worthy master, in whose breast

Doubt and suspect, alas, are placed too late:

You should have fear'd false times, when you did feast:

Suspect still comes where an estate is least.

T. A., IV: 3. 1311.

—Signs of Well-founded.

War. Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding fresh,

And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect, 't was he that made the slaughter?

Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,

But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?

Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

H. VI., III: 2. 928.*K. Hen.* So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf:

So the first harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,

And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.

What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?

Glo. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind

The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

K. Hen. The bird, that hath been limed in a bush,

With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush:

And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird, Have now the fatal object in my eye,

Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.

Glo. Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,

That taught his son the office of a fowl!

And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.

H. VI., 3 pt., V: 6. 991.

—To be Crushed.

Bru. * *

And therefore think him as a serpent's egg, Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous;

And kill him in the shell.

J. C., II: 1. 1329.

SUSPICIONS.—Worse than Certainities.

Imo. You do seem to know Something of me, or what concerns me:

'Pray you,

(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more

Than to be sure they do: For certainties

Either are past remedies; or, timely knowing,

The remedy then born,) discover to me

What both you spur and stop.

Cym., I: 7. 1597.

SUTLER.—For Profit.

Pist. For I shall sutler be Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.

H. V., II: 1. 826.

SWAGGERER.—Compelled to Eat the Leek.

Flu. I peseech you heartily, scurvy, lousy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek; because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections, and your appetites, and your digestions, does not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader, and all his goats.

Flu. There is one goat for you. Will you be so goot, scald knave, as eat it?

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scald knave, when Got's will is: I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals; come, there is sauce for it. You called me yesterday, mountain-squire; but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to: if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain; you have astonish'd him.

Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days:—Pite, I pray you; it is goot for your green wound, and your ploody coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite?

Flu. Yes, certainly; and out of doubt, and out of questions too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge; I eat, and eke I swear—

Flu. Eat, I pray you: Will you have some more sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see, I eat.

* *

To England will I steal, and there I'll steal:

And patches will I get unto these scars,

And swear, I got them in the Gallia wars.

H. V., V: 1. 852.

SWAGGERING.—Never Thrives.

Cleo. * *

By swaggering could I never thrive.

T. N., V: 1. 570.

SWEARING.—False, Inspires Confidence.

Cleo. Why should I think you can be mine, and true,

Thou who in swearing shake the throned gods,

Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,

To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,

Which break themselves in swearing.

A. C., I: 3. 1544.

—Like a Comfit-maker.

Hot. Not yours, in good sooth! 'Heart, you swear like a comfit-maker's wife! Not you, in good sooth; and, As true as I live; and, As God shall mend me; and, As sure as day:

And giv'st such sarcenet surety for thy oaths,
As if thou never walk'dst further than Finsbury.

Swear me, Kate, like a lady, as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath; and leave in sooth,

And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,
To velvet-guards, and Sunday-citizens.

H. IV., 1 pt., III: 1. 747.

SWEETNESS.—Female.

Gre. * *

For she is sweeter than perfume itself.

T. S., I: 2. 459.

Pet. * * Sweet as spring-time flowers.

T. S., II: 1. 464.

SWIFTNESS.—A rhetorical Quality of Lead.

Moth. As swift as lead, sir.

Arm. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull and slow?

Moth. *Minime*, honest master; or rather, master, no.

Arm. I say, lead is slow.

Moth. You are too swift, sir, to say so:
Is that lead slow which is fir'd from a gun?

Arm. Sweet smoke of rhetoric!

L. L., III: 1. 281.

SWIMMER.—Sure of Life.

Fran. Sir, he may live:

I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,

Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head

'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd

Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bowed,

As stooping to relieve him; I not doubt,
He came alive to land.

T., II: 1. 16.

SWIMMING.—A Proficient in.

Cap. True, madam; and to comfort you with chance,

Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you, and those poor number sav'd with you,

Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,

Most provident in peril, bind himself
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)

To a strong mast, that liv'd upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.

T. N., I: 2. 541.

SYCOPHANCY.

Iago. * *

Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,

For nought but provender.

O., I: 1. 1491.

Poet. * *

Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
Make sacred even his stirrop, and through him

Drink the free air.

T. A., I: 1. 1237.

2 *Lord.* The swallow follows not summer more willing, than we your lordship.

T. A., III: 6. 1302.

—Clings to the Skirts of Power.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a camel?

Pol. By the mass, and 't is a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or, like a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale.

H., III: 2. 1416.

—Common.

Clif. * *

The common people swarm like summer flies:

And whither fly the gnats, but to the sun?

H. VI., 3 pt., II: 6. 909.

Wol. * * O, how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' fa-
vours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire
to,

That sweet aspect of princees, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women
have;

And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

H. VIII., III: 2. 1081.

Cæs. * * This common body,
Like a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to, and back, lackeying the varying
tide,

To rot itself with motion.

A. C., I: 4. 1545.

—Its Punishment.

Cleo. * *
Against the blown rose may they stop their
nose,
That kneel'd unto the buds.

A. C., III: 11. 1565.

—Universal.

Poet. I'll unbolt to you.
You see how all conditions, how all minds,
(As well of glib and slippery creatures, as
Of grave and austere quality,) tender down
Their services to lord Timon: his large fort-
une,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and
tendence
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-
fac'd flatterer

To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself: even he drops
down

The knee before him, and returns in peace,
Most rich in Timon's nod.

T. A., I: 1. 1287.

SYCOPHANTS.—How Used.

Ham. * * But such officers do the
king best service in the end: He keeps
them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw;
first mouthed, to be last swallowed: When
he needs what you have gleaned, it is but
squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be
dry again.

H., IV: 2. 1421.

SYMPATHY.—(See Pity.) Its Power.

North. Had he been slaughter-man to all
my kin,
I should not for my life but weep with him,
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

H. VI., 3 pt., I: 4. 961.

—Tender.

K. Hen. * *
Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for
tear;
And let our hearts, and eyes, like civil
war,
Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd
with grief.

H. IV., 3 pt., II: 5. 968.

—True.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition
of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

A. Y., I: 2. 409.

T

TAILOR.—Abused.

Pet. O monstrous arrogance! Thou
liest, thou thread,
Thou thimble,
Thou yard, three quarters, half-yard, quar-
ter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket
thou:

Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of
thread!

Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant,
I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou
liv'st!

I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

T. S., IV: 3. 476.

TALKERS.—Not Doers.

1 *Murd.* Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to prate;

Talkers are no good doers; be assur'd
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

R. III., I: 3. 1010.

TARDINESS.—A Trick.

P. John. Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while?

When every thing is ended, then you come:
These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,
One time or other break some gallows' back.

Fal. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus; I never knew yet, but re-buke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility; I have foundered nine-score and odd posts: and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken sir John Coleville of the dale, a most furious knight, and valourous enemy: But what of that? he saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome, —I came, saw, and overcame.

H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 3. 799.

TASTE.—Changes.

Bene. * * A man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age.

M. A., II: 3. 237.

—Very Poor.

Ste. * *

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral.

T., II: 2. 19.

TATTERDEMALIONS.—Falstaff's.

Fal. * * Now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores: and such as, indeed, were never soldiers; but discarded unjust serving men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world, and a long peace; ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old faced ancient: and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think, that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals, lately come

from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had unloaded all the gibbets, and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scare-crows. I 'll not march through Coventry with them, that 's flat: —Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There 's but a shirt and a half in all my company: and the half shirt is two napkins, tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at Saint Albans, or the red-nose inkeeper of Daintry. But that 's all one; they 'll find linen enough on every hedge.

* *

P. Hen. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut; good enough to toss; food for powder, food for powder; they 'll fill a pit, as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

H. IV., 1 pt., IV: 2. 753.

TATTLER.—Cursed.

North. Nay, speak thy mind; and let him ne'er speak more

That speaks thy words again to do thee harm.

R. II., II: 1. 694.

TATTLING.—Not the happy Mean.

Beat. He were an excellent man that were made just in the mid-way between him and Benedick; the one is too like an image, and says nothing; and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

M. A., II: 1. 230.

TAUNT.—A bitter.

Q. Mar. I call'd thee then, vain flourish of my fortune;

I call'd thee then, poor shadow, painted queen;

The presentation of but what I was,
The flattering index of a direful pageant,
One heav'd a high, to be hurl'd down below:
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;
A dream of what thou wast; a garish flag,
To be the aim of every dangerous shot;
A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?

Where be thy two sons? wherein dost thou joy?

Who sues, and kneels, and says — God save
the queen?

Where be the bending peers that flatter'd
thee?

Where be the thronging troops that follow'd
thee?

Decline all this, and see what now thou art.

For happy wife, a most distressed widow;

For joyful mother, one that wails the name:

For one being sued to, one that humbly
sues!

For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care:

For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of
me;

For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;

For one commanding all, obey'd of none.

R. III., IV: 4. 1035.

TAXATION.—Oppressive.

Nor. * * For, upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate man-
ner

Daring the event to the teeth, are all in up-
roar,

And Danger serves among them.

K. Hen. Taxation!

Wherein? and what taxation?—My lord
cardinal,

You that are blam'd for it alike with us,

Know you of this taxation?

H. VIII., I: 2. 1060.

TACT.—In Managing a Lover.

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him,
what he does:—

I did not send you:—If you find him sad,
Say, I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick.

A. C., I: 3. 1543.

TEACHING.—Easier than Practice.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know
what were good to do, chapels had been
churches, and poor men's cottages princes'
palaces. It is a good divine that follows
his own instructions. I can easier teach
twenty what were good to be done, than
be one of the twenty to follow mine own
teaching.

M. V., I: 2. 363.

TEARS.—A Father's, for his Son.

Tit. * *

For two and twenty sons I never wept,
Because they died in honour's lofty bed.

For these, these, tribunes, in the dust I
write

My heart's deep anguish, and my soul's sad
tears.

Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;

My sons' sweet blood will make it shame
and blush.

O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain,
That shall distil from these two ancient urns,
Than youthful April shall with all his
showers:

In summer's drought, I 'll drop upon thee
still;

In winter, with warm tears I 'll melt the
snow,

And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

O, reverend tribunes! gentle aged men!

Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death:

And let me say, that never wept before,

My tears are now prevailing orators.

Tit. And., III: 1. 1214.

—An old Man's.

Ari. * * "The good old lord, Gon-
zalo;"

His tears run down his beard, like winter's
drops

From eaves of reeds.

T., V: 1. 30.

—Befitting a Boy.

Mar. Alas, the tender boy, in passion
mov'd,

Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

Tit. Peace, tender sapling; thou art
made of tears,

And tears will quickly melt thy life away.

Tit. And., III: 2. 1218.

—Belong to Woe.

Exe. * *

But all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to tears.

H. V., IV: 6. 847.

Fri. * *

Nature's tears are reason's merriment.

R. J., IV: 5. 1272.

King. * * *

Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep;
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee.

L. L., IV: 3. 287.

Jul. * * *

Back, foolish tears, back to your native
spring;

Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.

R. J., III: 3. 1262.

—**Bribe Heaven.**

Const. * * *

Draw those heaven-moving peals from his
poor eyes,

Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee;
Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall
be brib'd

To do him justice.

K. J., II: 1. 651.

—**Excite Inquiry.**

Count. * * * What's the matter,
That this distemper'd messenger of wet,
The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?

A. W., I: 3. 500.

—**Holy Water.**

Gent. * * * There she shook

The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamour moisten'd: then away she
started

To deal with grief alone.

K. L., IV: 3. 1473.

—**Impossible.**

Rich. I cannot weep; for all my body's
moisture

Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burn-
ing heart:

Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great
burden;

For self-same wind, that I should speak
withal,

Is kindling coals, that fire all my breast,
And burn me up with flames, that tears
would quench.

H. VI., 3 pt., II: 1. 963.

—**Impotent.**

K. Rich. * * * Nay, dry your eyes;
Tears show their love, but want their rem-
edies.

R. II., III: 3. 705.

—**Joyous.**

3 Gent. * * * Their joy waded in tears.

W. T., V: 2. 614.

—**Lacking.**

Don. * * * Let's away: our tears

Are not yet brew'd.

M., II: 3. 1367.

—**Launce's Dog Lacking.**

Launce. * * * I think Crab my dog be
the sourest-natured dog that lives: my
mother weeping, my father wailing, my sis-
ter crying, our maid howling, our cat
wringing her hands, and all our house in a
great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-
hearted cur shed one tear: he is a stone, a
very pebble-stone, and has no more pity in
him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to
have seen our parting; why, my grandam,
having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind
at my parting. * * * Now come I to my
father: "Father, your blessing;" now
should not the shoe speak a word for
weeping; now should I kiss my father;
well, he weeps on. Now come I to my
mother, (O, that she should speak now like
an old woman;)—well, I kiss her;—why,
there 't is; here's my mother's breath up
and down. Now come I to my sister;
mark the moan she makes: now the dog all
this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a
word; but see how I lay the dust with my
tears.

T. G., II: 3. 54.

—**Like Honey-Dew.**

Tit. * * *

Look, Marcus! ah, son Lucius, look on
her!

When I did name her brothers, then fresh
tears

Stood on her cheeks; as doth the honey
dew

Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

Tit. And., III: 1. 1215.

—**Maidens'.**

Count. 'T is the best brine a maiden can
season her praise in.

A. W., I: 1. 495.

—**Make Women of Us.**

Tim. What, dost thou weep?—Come
nearer;—then I love thee,

Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankind, whose eyes do never give,

But thorough lust and laughter. Pity's
sleeping:
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not
with weeping!

T. A., IV: 3. 1311.

—Manly.

*Lew. * **

Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks:
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation:
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shower, blown up by tempest of the
soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more
amaz'd

Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renown'd Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this
storm:

Commend these waters to those baby eyes.

K. J., V: 2. 672.

—Modest.

*Obe. * **

And that same dew, which sometime on the
buds
Was wont to swell like round and orient
pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flow'rets' eyes,
Like tears that did their own disgrace be-
wail.

M. N., IV: 1. 338.

—Moved to.

*Glo. * **

That all the standers-by had wet their
cheeks,
Like trees bedash'd with rain: in that sad
time.

R. III., I: 2. 1005.

—Of Hypocrisy.

*Ham. * **

With which she follow'd my father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears.

Ham., I: 2. 1395.

Aum. 'Faith none by me: except the
north-east wind,
Which then blew bitterly against our faces,
Awak'd the sleeping rheum: and so, by
chance,
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

R. II., I: 4. 691.

Eno. * * The tears live in an onion,
that should water this sorrow.

A. C., I: 2. 1543.

—Of Joy.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Mess. In great measure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness.
There are no faces truer than those that
are so wash'd. How much better is it to
weep at joy, than to joy at weeping.

M. A., I: 1. 225.

—Powerless.

*Anne. * **

Lo, in these windows, that let forth my life,
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes.

R. III., I: 2. 1003.

—Protest against.

*Lear. * **

O, let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks.

K. L., II: 4. 1462.

—Shed by Villains.

Sal. Trust not those cunning waters or
his eyes,
For villainy is not without such rheum.

K. J., IV: 3. 670.

—Showers of.

*Fath. * **

Throw up thine eye; see, see, what showers
arise,
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and
heart.

H. VI., 3 pt., II: 2. 968.

—Sorrow Written with.

*K. Rich. * **

Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.

R. II., III: 1. 702.

—Suppressed.

K. Rich. * *

Now is this golden crown like a deep well,
That owes two buckets filling one another;
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen, and full of water;
That bucket down, and full of tears, am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

R. II., IV: 1. 709.

—Sympathizing.

K. Hen. * *

Weep, wretched man, I 'll aid thee tear for tear;
And let our hearts, and eyes, like civil war,
Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd
with grief.

H. VI., 3 pt., II: 5. 968.

—Their Abundance.

K. Hen. * * To drain

Upon his face an ocean of salt tears.

*H. VI., 2 pt., III: 2. 928**Const.* * *

Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?

K. J., III: 1. 656.

R. Rich. * * To drop them still upon
one place,

Till they have fretted us a pair of graves.

R. II., III: 3. 705.

Laun. Lose the ti'd, and the voyage,
and the master, and the service, and the
tide!—Why, man, if the river were dry, I
am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind
were down, I could drive the boat with my
sighs.

T. G., II: 3. 54.

—Their Power.

K. Hen. * *

For she's a woman to be pitied much:
Her sighs will make a battery in his breast;
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;
The tiger will be mild, while she doth
mourn;
And Nero will be tainted with remorse,
To hear, and see, her complaints, her brinish
tears.

H. VI., 3 pt., III: 1. 971.

—Too copious.

Lew. * *

Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks:
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears.

*K. J., V: 2. 672.**Cap.* * *

How now? a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?
Evermore showering? In one little body
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind:
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy
body is,
Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy
sighs;
Who,—raging with thy tears, and they
with them.

R. J., III: 5. 1266.

—Turned to Sparks of Fire.

Q. Kath. Sir,

I am about to weep; but, thinking that
We are a queen, (or long have dreamed so,)
certain

The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I 'll turn to sparks of fire.

H. VIII., II: 4. 1072.

—Unavailing.

Tit. * *

When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with
me;

And, were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.

*Tit. And., III: 1. 1214.**Pro.* * *

A sea of melting pearl, which some call
tears:

Those at her father's churlish feet she ten-
der'd;

With them, upon her knees, her humble self;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so
became them,

As if but now they wax'd pale for woe:

But neither bended knees, pure hands held
up,

Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding
tears

Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire.

T. G., III: 1. 62.

—Unbecoming a Soldier.

Reig. Suffolk, what remedy?
I am a soldier; and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.

H. VI., 1 pt. V: 3. 894.

—Unhelpful.

K. Hen. * *
Sad unhelpful tears.

H. VI., 2 pt. III: 1. 924.

—Woman's, Crocodile.

Oth. O devil, devil!
If that the earth could teem with woman's
tears,
Each drop she falls would prove a croco-
dile:—
Out of my sight!

O., IV: 1. 1521.

—Woman's, their Power.

Auf. * *
At a few drops of women's rheum, which
are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and la-
bour
Of our great action.

C., V: 5. 1192.

TEDIOUSNESS.—(See Brevity.) A
Play, ten Words long.

Philost. A play there is, my lord, some
ten words long;
Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,
Which makes it tedious: for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player
fitted.

M. N., V: 1. 342.

—Disgust at.

Tro. * * As tediously as hell.

T. C., IV: 2. 1128.

Ang. This will last out a night in
Russia,
When nights are longest there: I'll take
my leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the cause;
Hoping you'll find good cause to whip them
all.

M. M., II: 1. 149.

—Of long Titles.

Puc. Here is a silly stately style indeed!
The Turk, that two-and-fifty kingdoms
hath,
Writes not so tedious a style as this. —
Him, that thou magnifiest with all these
titles,
Stinking, and fly-blown, lies here at our
feet.

H. VI., 1 pt., IV: 7. 890.

TELEGRAPH.—Puck's Promise.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the
earth
In forty minutes.

M. N., II: 1. 327.

TEMPER.—Diversities of.

Salar. * * Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her
time:
Some that will evermore peep through their
eyes,
And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper;
And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they'll not show their teeth in way of
smile.
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

M. V., I: 1. 361.

TEMPERANCE.—Makes Age lusty.

Adam. * *
Though I look old, yet I am strong and
lusty:
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly.

A. Y., II: 3. 415.

—Practiced.

Pet. * *
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn.

T. S., II: 1. 465.

—Recommended.

Apem. * *
Great men should drink with harness on
their throats.

T. A., I: 2. 1290.

TEMPEST.—Furious.

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea, and by land;—but I am not to say, it is a sea, for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bod-kin's point.

W. T., III: 3. 597.

TEMPORIZER.—A hovering.

Leon. It is; you lie, you lie:
I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee;
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave;
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both.

W. T., I: 2. 584.

TEMPTATION.—Does not Imply Fall.

Ang. 'T is one thing to be tempted, Escalus,—
Another thing to fall.

M. M., II: 1. 148.

—Hopeful.

Claud. Bait the hook well; this fish will bite.

M. A., II: 3. 236.

—Opportunity, a Source of.

K. John. * *
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,
Makes ill deeds done.

K. J., IV: 2. 668.

—Self.

Per. * *
But I must tell you,—now my thoughts revolt,
For he's no man on whom perfections wait,
That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate.

P., I: 1. 1643.

—Self-induced.

Oth. * *
It is hypocrisy against the devil:
They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.

O., IV: 1. 1518.

—Self-originated.

Tro. * *
But I can tell, that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-discursive devil,
That tempts most cunningly; but be not tempted.
Cres. Do you think, I will?
Tro No.
But something may be done, that we will not:
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.

T. C., IV: 4. 1130.

—To be Avoided.

Sir To. * * * What, man; it is not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan.

T. N., III: 4. 559.

TEMPTED.—Self.

Ang. * * Most dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue: never could the strumpet,
With her all double vigour, art, and nature,
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite:—Ever till now,
When men were fond, I smil'd and wonder'd how.

M. M., II: 2. 153.

TEMPTER.—His Cunning.

Ang. * *
O cunning enemy, that to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook.

M. M., II: 2. 153.

TERMAGANT.—An intolerable One.

Bene. * * I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed: She would have made Hercules have turn'd spit; yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her: you shall find her the infernal Ate in good apparel. * * Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the antipodes, that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the farthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's foot; fetch you a

hair of the great Cham's beard; do you any
embassage to the Pigmies,—rather than
hold three words' conference with this
harpy.

M. A., II: 1. 232.

TERMS.—Fair, deceitful.

Bass. I like not fair terms, and a vil-
lain's mind.

M. V., I: 3. 366.

TERRITORY.—Dearly-bought.

Glo. Brave peers of England, pillars of
the state,

To you duke Humphrey must unload his
grief,

Your grief, the common grief of all the land.

What! did my brother Henry spend his
youth,

His valour, coin, and people in the wars?

Did he so often lodge in open field,

In winter's cold, and summer's parching
heat,

To conquer France, his true inheritance?

And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,

To keep by policy what Henry got?

H. VI., 2 pt., I: 1. 908.

—Indignation at the Surrender of.

War. * *

Anjou and Maine! myself did win them
both;

Those provinces, these arms of mine did
conquer;

And are the cities, that I got with wounds,

Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?

Mort Dieu!

H. VI., 2 pt., I: 1. 908.

TERROR.—From Within.

K. John. * *

I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen

Upon a parchment; and against this fire

Do I shrink up.

K. J., V: 7. 676.

—Its Effects.

Buck. Look I so pale, lord Dorset, as
the rest?

Dor. Ay, my good lord; and no man in
the presence,

But this red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

R. III., II: 1. 1015.

TERRORS.—Shadows Inspire.

K. Rich. Ratcliff, I fear, I fear,—

Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid
of shadows.

K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows
to-night

Have struck more terror to the soul of Rich-
ard,

Than can the substance of ten thousand sol-
diers,

Armed in proof, and led by shallow Rich-
mond.

R. III., V: 3. 1045.

TEST.—Of Character Invited.

Ang. Now, good my lord,

Let there be some more test made of my
metal

Before so noble and so great a figure

Be stamp'd upon it.

M. M., I: 1. 143.

THANKS.—Chicely Expressed.

Thai. My recompense is thanks, that's
all;

Yet my good will is great, though the gift
small.

P., III: 4. 1658.

—Empty.

Bene. * * Any pains that I take for
you is as easy as thanks.

M. A., II: 2. 237.

—Poor in.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor
in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear
friends, my thanks are too dear, a half-
penny.

H., II: 2. 1406.

—Sufficient.

Bas. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do till I die;

My faction if thou strengthen with thy
friends,

I will most thankful be: and thanks to
men

Of noble minds, is honourable meed.

Tit. And., I: 2. 1203.

—Tendered.

Anne. * * * 'Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obe-
dience,
As from a blushing handmaid, to his high-
ness;
Whose health, and royalty, I pray for.

H. VIII., II: 3. 1070.

—The Poor's Exchequer.

Boling. Evermore thanks, the exchequer
of the poor.

R. II., II: 3. 698.

THEFT.—Euphemism for.

Pist. Convey, the wise it call: Steal!
foh; a fico for the phrase.

M. W., I: 3. 92.

—Universal.

Tim. * * * There is boundless theft
In limited professions. Rascal thieves,
Here's gold: Go, suck the subtle blood of
the grape,
Till the high fever seethe your blood to
froth,
And so 'scape hanging: trust not the phy-
sician;
His antidotes are poison, and he lays
More than you rob: take wealth and lives
together;
Do villainy, do, since you profess to do 't,
Like workmen. I 'll example you with
thievery:
The sun's a thief, and with his great at-
traction
Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant
thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge re-
solves
The moon into salt tears: the earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture
stolen
From general excrement: each thing's a
thief;

* *

All that you meet are thieves. To Athens
go,
Break open shops; nothing can you steal,
But thieves do lose it.

T. A., IV: 3. 1310.

—Untimely.

Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of this
tinder-box; his thefts were too open; his
filching was like an unskilful singer,—he
kept not time.

M. W., I: 3. 92.

THEFTS.—That Impoverish.

Tro. * * * O theft most base:
That we have stolen what we do fear to
keep!
But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stolen,
That in their country did them that disgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place!

T. C., II: 2. 1114.

THIEF.—Everything Fits Him.

Clo. If it be too little for your thief,
your true man thinks it big enough; if it be
too big for your thief, your thief thinks it
little enough: so every true man's apparel
fits your thief.

M. M., IV: 2. 163.

—Qualifications of an Expert.

Aut. * * * To have an open ear, a
quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary
for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite
also, to smell out work for th' other senses
I see this is the time that the unjust man
doth thrive.

W. T., IV: 3. 608.

—Unscrupulous.

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits
your thief.

M. M., IV: 2. 164.

THIEVES.—Some against their Will

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see
Fortune would not suffer me; she drops
booties in my mouth. I am courted now
with a double occasion; * * let him
call me rogue for being so far officious;
for I am proof against that title, and what
shame else belongs to 't.

W. T., IV: 3. 610.

—Varieties of.

Shy. * * * There be land-rats and
water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves;
I mean pirates.

M. V., I: 3. 365.

THOUGHT.—A Slave.

Hot. * * *
Thought's the slave of life, and time's fool.

H. IV., 1 pt., 4. 761.

—Fleetness of.

York. * *

Faster than spring-time showers, comes
thought on thought.

H. VI., 2 pt., III: 1. 925.

—Gives Character.

Ham. * * For there is nothing either
good or bad, but thinking makes it so.

H., II: 2. 1406.

—Its Forge.

Chor. In the quick forge and working-
house of thought.

H. V., V: Chorus, 851.

THOUGHTS.—Easy to Some.

Nath. * *

Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee
like osiers bow'd.

L. L., IV: 2. 286.

—Love's Heralds.

Jul. * *

Love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's
beams,
Driving back shadows over low'ring hills.

R. J., II: 5. 1256.

—Our Own.

P. King. * *

Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of
our own.

H., III: 2. 1414.

—Slave's Right in.

Iago. * *

I am not bound to that all slaves are free
to.

Utter my thoughts? Why, say, they are
vile and false,—

As where's that palace, whereinto foul
things

Sometimes intrude not?

O., III: 3. 1511.

—Winged.

Chor. Heave him away upon your winged
thoughts.

H. V., V: Chorus. 851.

THREATENING.—The Consequences of.

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye,
I can tell who should down.

A. Y., I: 2. 411.*Shy.* * *

Thou call'dst me dog, before thou hadst a
cause:

But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs.

M. V., III: 3. 380.

THREE.—One too Many.

Aar. The empress, the midwife, and
yourself:

Two may keep counsel when the third's
away:

Go to the empress, tell her this I said:

Weke, weke—so cries a pig prepar'd to the
spit.

Tit. And., IV: 2. 1222.

THRIFT.—Jacob's, Recommended.

Shy. * * Mark what Jacob did.

When Laban and himself were compro-
mis'd

That all the eanlings which were streak'd
and pied

Should fall as Jacob's hire; the ewes, be-
ing rank,

In end of autumn turned to the rams:

And when the work of generation was

Between these woolly breeders in the act,

The skilful shepherd pill'd me certain
wands,

And, in the doing of the deed of kind,

He stuck them up before the fulsome
ewes;

Who, then conceiving, did in eaning-time

Fall partcolour'd lambs, and those were
Jacob's.

This was a way to thrive, and he was
bless'd;

And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

M. V., I: 3. 365.

TICKLING.—Trout Caught by.

Mar. * * For here comes the trout
that must be caught with tickling.

T. N., II: 5. 552.

TIDINGS.—Evil, Demand Attention.

Men. Cannot be!
 We have record, that very well it can;
 And three examples of the like have been
 Within my age. But reason with the fel-
 low,
 Before you punish him, where he heard
 this:
 Lest you shall chance to whip your infor-
 mation,
 And beat the messenger who bids beware
 Of what is to be dreaded.

C., IV: 6. 1183.

—Ill, like a Frost.

Doug. That's the worst tidings that I
 hear of yet.
Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a
 frosty sound.

H. IV., 1 pt., IV: 1. 753.

—Light of Foot.

Queen. Nimble mischance, that art so
 light of foot,
 Doth not thy embassage belong to me,
 And am I last that knows it? O, thou
 think'st
 To serve me last, that I may longest keep
 Thy sorrow in my breast.—Come, ladies,
 go,
 To meet at London London's king in woe.—
 What, was I born to this! that my sad
 look
 Should grace the triumph of great Boling-
 broke?—
 Gardener, for telling me this news of woe,
 I would, the plants thou graft'st, may never
 grow.

R. II., III: 4. 706.

TIME.—A bald Sexton.

Bast. Old time the clock-settèr, that
 bald sexton time.

K. J., III: 1. 660.

—A great Healer.

Tit. * *
 I have been troubled in my sleep this
 night.
 But dawning day new comfort hath in-
 spir'd.

Tit. And., II: 2. 1203.

—A Thief.

Adr. As if Time were in debt! how
 fondly dost thou reason!
Dro. S. Time is a very bankrupt, and
 owes more than he's worth to season.
 Nay, he's a thief too: Have you not heard
 men say,
 That Time comes stealing on by night and
 day?

C. E., IV: 2. 205.

—Bad.

Glo. 'Tis the times' plague, when mad-
 men lead the blind.

K. L., IV: 1. 1471.

—Bears Fruit.

Lucio. * * As blossoming time,
 That from the seedness the bare fallow
 brings
 To teeming foison.

M. M., I: 4. 147.

—Brings Issues.

Pan. * * Well, the gods are above;
 Time must friend, or end.

T. C., I: 2. 1105.

—Brings Its Revenge.

Clo. * * And thus the whirligig of
 time brings in his revenges.

T. N., V: 1. 569.

—Changes all Things.

Ulyss. * * O, let not virtue seek
 Remuneration for the thing it was:
 For beauty, wit,
 High birth, vigour of bone, desert in ser-
 vice,
 Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
 To envious and calumniating time.

T. C., III: 3. 1125.

—Its Changes Bemoaned.

Æge. Not know my voice! O, time's
 extremity!
 Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor
 tongue,
 In seven short years, that here my only son
 Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
 Though now this grained face of mine be hid
 In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
 And all the conduits of my blood froze up.

C. E., V: 1. 213.

—Its Deliverance sure.

Iago. * *

There are many events in the womb of time,
Which will be delivered.

O., I: 3. 1499

—Its Flight.

Hel. * *

Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy
lamp;
Or four-and-twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they
pass.

A. W., II: 1. 504.

—Its Sycophancy.

Ulyss. * *

Time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by
the hand;
And with his arms out-stretch'd, as he
would fly,
Grasps in the comer.

T. C., III: 3. 1125.

—Its Waste.

Oli. * *

The clock upbraids me with the waste of
time.

T. N., III: 1. 555.

—Lost, Atoned for.

King. All is whole;

Not one word more of the consumed time.
Let's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
Th' inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals, ere we can effect them.

A. W., V: 3. 526.

—Moves differently.

Ros. * * Time travels in divers paces
with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time
ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who
Time gallops withal, and who he stands still
withal.

Orl. I prithee who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young
maid, between the contract of her marriage
and the day it is solemniz'd: if the interim

be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard
that it seems the length of seven year.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and
a rich man that hath not the gout: for the
one sleeps easily, because he cannot study;
the other lives merrily, because he feels no
pain: the one lacking the burthen of lean
and wasteful learning; the other knowing
no burthen of heavy tedious penury: These
Time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows: for
though he go as softly as foot can fall, he
thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation: for
they sleep between term and term, and then
they perceive not how time moves.

A. Y., III: 2. 423.

—Out of Joint.

Ham. * *

The time is out of joint;—O cursed spite!
That ever I was born to set it right!

H., I: 5. 1401.

—Recompenses Men.

Per. * *

Whereby I see that Time's the king of men,
For he's their parent, and he is their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they
crave.

P., II: 3. 1651.

—Source of all Good.

Pro. Time is the nurse and breeder of
all good.

T. G., III: 1. 62.

—Test of all Things.

Hect. * * The end crowns all;
And that old common arbitrator, time,
Will one day end it.

T. C., IV: 5. 1134.

—Uninterrupted.

Macb. Come what come may; time and
the hour runs through the roughest day.

M., I: 3. 1360.

—Upright.

Pro. * * Time
Goes upright with his carriage.

T., V: 1. 30.

—Wasted.

K. Rich. * *

I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.

*R. II., V: 5. 716.***TIMES.—Changes of.***2 Sen.* At all times alikeMen are not still the same: 'T was time,
and griefs,That fram'd him thus: time, with his fairer
hand,

Offering the fortunes of his former days,

The former man may make him.

*T. A., V: 2. 1313.***TIME-SERVER.—A Summer-bird.***K. Hen.* O Westmoreland, thou art a
summer-bird,Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
The lifting up of day.*H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 4. 801.***TIME-SERVERS.—Fly.***2 Lord.* The swallow follows not sum-
mer more willing, than we your lordship.*Tim.* Nor more willingly leaves winter:
such summer-birds are men.*T. A., III: 6. 1302.*

—Ready for Anything.

Ant. * * For all the rest,They'll take suggestion, as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.*T., II: 1. 18.***TITLE.—Hanging loose.***Ang.* * * Now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.*M., V: 2. 1382.***TITLES.—Abuse of.***Dol.* Captain! thou abominable * *
cheater, art thou not ashamed to be called
—captain? If captains were of my mind,
they would truncheon you out, for taking
their names upon you before you have
earned them. You a captain, you slave!
for what? * * He a captain! Hang him,
rogue! He lives upon mouldy stewed prunes,
and dried cakes. A captain! these villains
will make the word captain as odious as the
word occupy, which was an excellent good
word before it was ill sorted; therefore
captains had need look to it.*H. IV., 2 pt., II: 4. 786.*

—Bombastic Use of.

Shal. Sir Hugh, persuade me not; I
will make a Star-chamber matter of it; if
he were twenty sir John Falstaffs, he shall
not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.*Slen.* In the county of Gloster, justice
of peace and *coram*.*Shal.* Ay, cousin Slender, and *Cust-
alorum*.*Slen.* Ay, and *ratolorum* too; and a
gentleman born, master parson; who writes
himself *armigero*; in any bill, warrant,
quittance, or obligation, *armigero*.*Shal.* Ay, that I do; and have done any
time these three hundred years.*Slen.* All his successors, gone before
him, have done 't; and all his ancestors,
that come after him, may.*M. W., I: 1. 88.*

—Refused till Won.

Com. Yet one time he did call me by
my name:I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together: Coriolanus
He would not answer to: forbade all names;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
'Till he had forg'd himself a name i' the fire
Of burning Rome.*C., V: 1. 1186.***TITTLE-TATTTLING.—A Maid's Vice.***Clo.* Is there no manners left among
maids? will they wear their plackets, where
they should bare their faces? Is there not
milking time, when you are going to bed,
or kill-hole, to whistle off these secrets;
but you must be tittle-tattling before all our
guests? 'T is well they are—whisp'ring:
charm your tongues, and not a word more.*W. T., IV: 3. 603.***TOKEN.—Pure Heart, the best.***Suf.* * *But, madam, I must trouble you again—
No loving token to his majesty?*Mar.* Yes, my good lord, a pure un-
spotted heart,

Never yet taint with love, I send the king.

*H. VI., 1 pt., V: 3. 894.***TOMB.—Consigning the Brave to the.***Tit.* * *Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that king Priam had,
Behold the poor remains, alive, and dead!

These, that survive, let Rome reward with
love;

These, that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial amongst their ancestors.
Here Goths have given me leave to sheath
my sword.

Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shores of Styx?
Make way to lay them by their brethren.
There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's
wars?

Tit. And., I: 2. 1202.

—Horrors of a living.

Jul. * *

How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air
breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo
comes?

Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place, —
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for these many hundred years, the
bones

Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in
earth,

Lies fest'ring in his shroud; where, as they
say,

At some hours in the night spirits resort; —
Alack, alack! is it not like, that I,
So early waking, — what with loathsome
smells;

And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the
earth,

That living mortals hearing them, run mad;
O! If I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environed with all these hideous fears?

And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his
shroud?

And, in this rage, with some great kins-
man's bone,

As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?

R. J., IV: 3. 1270.

—Illuminated.

Rom. * * Here lies Juliet, and her
beauty makes

This vault a feasting presence full of light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.
How oft when men are at the point of death,
Have they been merry? which their keepers
call

A lightning before death.

R. J., V: 3. 1275.

TO-MORROW.—Creeps in.

Macb. * *

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time.

M., V: 5. 1383.

—Its Uncertainty.

K. Rich. Up with my tent: Here will I
lie to-night;

But where, to-morrow? — Well, all's one
for that.

R. III., V: 3. 1042.

TONGUE.—A lost, Extolled.

Mar. Oh, that delightful engine of her
thoughts,

That blabb'd them with such pleasing elo-
quence,

Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear.

Tit. And., III: 1. 1215.

—A Woman's, quick.

Bene. I would my horse had the speed
of your tongue, and so good a continuer.

M. A., I: 1. 226.

—Lady, Loved not.

Bene. O God, sir, here's a dish I love
not; I cannot endure my lady Tongue.

M. A., II: 1. 233.

Native, Love of.

Nor. * *

My native English, now I must forego:
And now my tongue's use is to me no more
Than an unstringed viol or a harp;
Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,
Or, being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony.

R. II., I: 3. 689.

—Sufficient.

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much
of her lips,
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You 'd have enough.

O., II: 1. 1501.

—Sweet, its Power.

Mort. * * For thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly
penn'd,
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
With ravishing division, to her lute.

H. IV., 1 pt., III: 1. 746.

Fal. I have a whole school of tongues
in this belly of mine.

H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 3. 799.

—Woman's.

Pet. * *

And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to
hear,
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?

T. S., I: 2. 460.

—Woman's, a Bar to Matrimony.

Inn. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never
get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of
thy tongue.

M. A., II: 1. 230.

—Woman's, courageous.

Paul. * *

He must be told on 't, and he shall: the
office
Becomes a woman best; I'll take 't upon
me:
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue
blister;
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more.

W. T., II: 2. 590.

—Woman's, irrepressible.

Ros. * * You shall never take her
without her answer, unless you take her
without her tongue.

A. Y., IV: 2. 430.

—Woman's, no Terror in a

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that
intent?

Think you, a little din can daunt mine
ears?

Have I not in my time heard lions roar?

Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with
winds,

Rage like an angry boar, chafed with
sweat?

Have I not heard great ordnance in the
field,

And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?

Have I not in a pitched battle heard

Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trump-
ets' clang?

And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to hear,
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?

Tush! tush! fear boys with bugs.

T. S., I: 2. 460.

—Woman's, with a Tang.

Ste. * *

The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate:
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, "Go hang."

T., II: 2. 19.

TONGUES.—Women's, Keenness of.

Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches
are as keen

As is the razor's edge invisible,

Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen,—

Above the sense of sense: so sensible

Seemeth their conference; their conceits
have wings,

Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought,
swifter things.

L. L., V: 2. 296.

TOOL.—Used and Spurned.

Boling. They love not poison that do
poison need,

Nor do I urge thee; though I did wish him
dead,

I hate the murderer, love him murdered.

The guilt of conscience take thou for thy la-
bour,

But neither my good word, nor princely favour;
With Cain go wander through the shade of night,
And never show thy head by day nornight.

R. II., V: 6. 718.

—Protest against Being a.

Ham. 'T is as easy as lying; govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

Ham. Why look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me? You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think, I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

H., III: 2. 1416.

TOOTHACHE — Defies Philosophy.

Leon. I pray thee, peace; I will be flesh and blood;

For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently,
However they have writ the style of gods,
And made a push at chance and sufferance.

M. A., V: 1. 249.

TOWNS.—Their Dangers.

*Ant. S. * **

They say this town is full of cozenage;
As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,
Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches that deform the body,
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such like liberties of sin.

C. E., I: 2. 195.

TRAINING.—For a Warrior.

*Aar. * **

Come on, you thick-lipp'd-slave, I'll bear you hence;
For it is you that puts us to our shifts;

I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,
And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
And cabin in a cave; and bring you up
To be a warrior, and command a camp.

Tit. And., IV: 2. 1222.

—Princely, Invoked.

*Per. * ** My babe Marina (whom,
For she was born at sea, I have nam'd so)
here

I charge your charity withal, and leave her
The infant of your care; beseeching you
To give her princely training, that she may
Be manner'd as she is born.

P., III: 3. 1658.

TRAITOR.—A harmless.

*Laf. * **

A traitor you do look like; but such traitors
His majesty seldom fears.

A. W., II: 1. 503.

TRAITORS.—Imprecation on.

K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption!

Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!
Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart!

Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas!

Would they make peace? terrible hell make war

Upon their spotted souls for this offence!

R. II., III: 2. 702.

—Not to be Redeemed.

*K. Hen. * ** Shall our coffers then
Be emptied, to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?

No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend,
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost

To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

H. IV., 1 pt., I: 3. 731.

—Numerous.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors, that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so, is a traitor, and must be hanged.

Son. And must they all be hanged, that swear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools: for there are liars and swearers enough to beat the honest men, and hang up them.

M., IV: 2. 1377.

—Protest their Innocence.

Duke F. Thus do all traitors.

If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself.

A. Y., I: 3. 413.

—Rebuked.

K. Hen. * *

Thinks he, that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
Can chase away the first-conceived sound?
Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words.

Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say;
Their touch affrights me, as a serpent's sting.

Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!
Upon thy eye-balls murderous tyranny
Sits in grim majesty, to fright the world.
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding.

H. VI., 2 pt., III: 2. 927.

—Smooth.

West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves!

As if allegiance in their bosom sat,
Crowned with faith, and constant loyalty.

H. V., II: 2. 826.

TRAMPS.—Affinity for.

Lucio. * *. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He's now past it; yet and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic: say, that I said so.

M. M., III: 2. 161.

TRANSFORMATION.—Result of beastly.

Tim. * * If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee; if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accused by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee; and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou should'st hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou would'st be killed by the horse; wert thou a horse, thou would'st be seized by the leopard; wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy safety were remotion; and thy defence, absence. What beast could'st thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation.

T. A., IV: 3. 1309.

TRANSMIGRATION.—Into a Wolf.

Gra. Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,

To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men; thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hanged for human slaughter,

Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,

Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

M. V., IV: 1. 384.

TRAPS.—Not Set for poor Birds.

L. Macd. Poor bird: thou 'dst never fear the net, nor lime,

The pit-fall, nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for.

M., IV: 2. 1377.

TRAVEL.—Cure for mental Ills.

King. There's something in his soul,
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood,
And, I do doubt, the hatch, and the disclose,

Will be some danger: Which for to prevent,

I have, in quick determination,
Thus set it down: He shall with speed to
England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute:
Haply, the seas, and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expel
This something-settled matter in his heart.

H., III: 1. 1412.

—**Needed by the Young.**

Val. * *

Home-keeping youth have ever homely
wits:
Were't not affection chains thy tender
days

To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I would rather entreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than, living dully sluggardiz'd at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.

T. G., I: 1. 47.

—**Needed for Youth.**

Pan. He wonder'd that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at
home;

While other men, of slender reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek perferment out:
Some, to the wars, to try their fortune
there;

Some, to discover islands far away;
Some, to the studious universities.
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said that Proteus, your son, was meet:
And did request me to importune you,
To let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment to his
age,

In having known no travel in his youth.

T. G., I: 3. 50.

TRAVELER.—A foolish, worthless.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordi-
naries, to be a pretty wise fellow; thou
didst make tolerable vent of thy travel; it
might pass: yet the scarfs and the banner-
ets about thee did manifoldly dissuade me
from believing thee a vessel of too great a
burthen. I have now found thee; when I
lose thee again I care not: yet art thou
good for nothing but taking up; and that
thou'rt scarce worth.

A. W., II: 3. 507.

—**A, Reason to be sad.**

Ros. A traveller! By my faith, you
have great reason to be sad; I fear you have
sold your own lands, to see other men's;
then, to have seen much, and to have noth-
ing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gain'd by experience.

A. Y., IV: 1. 428.

—**Must Assume Airs.**

Ros. Farewell, monsieur traveller. Look
you lisp, and wear strange suits; disable
all the benefits of your own country; be
out of love with your nativity, and almost
chide God for making you that countenance
you are; or I will scarce think.

A. Y., IV: 1. 429.

TRAVELERS.—Curious.

Ant. S. * * I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down, to view the city.

C. E., I: 2. 194.

—**(See Honour.) Never Lie.**

Touch. Ay, now am I in Arden; the
more fool I! when I was at home, I was in
a better place; but travellers must be con-
tent.

A. Y., II: 4. 416.

Ant. * * Travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn them.

T., III: 3. 25.

—**Sight-seeing.**

Seb. What's to do?

Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

* *

I pray you let us satisfy our eyes,
With the memorials, and the things of fame,
That do renown this city.

T. N., III: 3. 557.

—**Their Recreations.**

Ant. S. * *

Within this hour it will be dinner-time:
Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return, and sleep within mine inn;
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.

C. E., I: 2. 194.

—**Their Stories.**

Seb. A living drollery: Now I will be-
lieve

That there are unicorns; that in Arabia

There is one tree, the phœnix' throne; one
phœnix

At this hour reigning there.

Ant. I'll believe both;

And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 't is true: Travellers
ne'er did lie,

Though fools at home condemn them.

T., III: 3. 24.

Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear:

When we were boys,

Who would believe that there were mount-
aineers

Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had
hanging at them

Wallets of flesh? or that there were such
men,

Whose heads stood in their breasts? which
now we find,

Each putter-out at five for one will bring us
Good warrant of.

T., III: 3. 25.

TREACHERY.—A Release.

Mel. * *

What in the world should make me now
deceive,

Since I must lose the use of all deceit?

Why should I then be false; since it is true
That I must die here, and live hence by
truth?

I say again, if Lewis do win the day,

He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours

Behold another day break in the east:

But even this night, — whose black conta-
gious breath

Already smokes about the burning crest

Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun, —

Even this ill night, your breathing shall ex-
pire;

Paying the fine of rated treachery,

Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,

If Lewis by your assistance win the day.

K. J., V: 4. 674.

—Countess of Auvergne's.

Count. The plot is laid: if all things fall
out right,

I shall as famous be by this exploit,
As Scythian Thomyris by Cyrus' death.

* *

Mess. Madam,

According as your ladyship desir'd,

By message crav'd, so is lord Talbot come.

Count. And he is welcome. What! is
this the man?

* *

Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble
you:

But, since your ladyship is not at leisure,
I'll sort some other time to visit you.

Count. What means he now? — Go ask
him whither he goes.

Mess. Stay, my lord Talbot; for my lady
craves

To know the cause of your abrupt depart-
ure.

Tal. Marry, for that she's in a wrong
belief,

I go to certify her, Talbot's here.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou
prisoner.

H. VI., 1 pt., II: 3. 874.

—Excusing itself.

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I
would discover,

The law of friendship bids me to conceal:

But, when I call to mind your gracious fa-
vours

Done to me, undeserving as I am,

My duty pricks me on to utter that

Which else no worldly good should draw
from me.

* *

Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose

To cross my friend in his intended drift,

Than, by concealing it, heap on your head

A pack of sorrows, which would press you
down,

Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.

T. G., III: 1. 59.

—Its own Punishment.

Laer. Why, as a woodcock to my own
springe, Osric;

I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

H., V: 2. 1436.

—Its Signs Betray.

York. What seal is that, that hangs with-
out thy bosom?

Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writ-
ing.

Aum. My lord, 't is nothing.

York. No matter then who sees it :
I will be satisfied, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech your grace to pardon me ;

It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

York. Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.

I fear, I fear. —

Duch. What should you fear?
'T is nothing but some bond that he is enter'd into

For gay apparel, 'gainst the triumph day.

York. Bound to himself? what doth he with a bond

That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool. —

Boy, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech you, pardon me ; I may not show it.

York. I will be satisfied ; let me see it, I say.

Treason ! foul treason ! — villain ! traitor ! slave !

R. II., V : 2. 713.

—Its Subterfuges.

Arch. Will you thus break your faith?

P. John. I pawn'd thee none :
I promis'd you redress of these same grievances,

Whereof you did complain ; which, by mine honour,

I will perform with a most christian care.

But, for you, rebels, — look to taste the due

Meet for rebellion, and such acts as yours.

Most shallowly did you these arms commence,

Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence. —

Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray ;

Heaven, and not we, have safely fought to-day.

Some guard these traitors to the block of death :

Treason's true bed, and yielder up of breath.

H. IV., 2 pt., IV : 2. 798.

—Of Friends, a Punishment.

Buck. * * God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love !

When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he unto me ! this do I beg of heaven,
When I am cold in love, to you, or yours.

R. III., II : 1. 1014.

—Uses Pit-falls.

Aar. * *

Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,

Where I espy'd the panther fast asleep.

Quin. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Mart. And mine, I promise you ; were 't not for shame,
Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.

Quin. What, art thou fallen? What subtle hole is this !

Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars ;

Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,

As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers?

A very fatal place it seems to me : —

Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

Mart. O, brother, with the dimmallest object

That ever eye, with sight, made heart lament.

Aar. Now will I fetch the king to find them here ;

That he thereby may give a likely guess,
How these were they that made away his brother.

Tit. And., II : 4. 1211.

—Unmasked.

K. Hen. * *

What shall I say to thee, lord Scroop ; thou cruel,

Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature !

Thou, that didst bear the key of all my counsels,

That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,

That almost might'st have coin'd me into
gold,
Would'st thou have practis'd on me for thy
use?

May it be possible, that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil,
That might annoy my finger? 't is so
strange,

That, though the truth of it stands off as
gross

As black from white, my eye will scarcely
see it,

Treason, and murder, ever kept together,
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's pur-
pose,

Working so grossly in a natural cause,
That admiration did not whoop at them :
But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring
in

Wonder, to wait on treason, and on mur-
der :

And whatsoever cunning fiend it was,
That wrought upon thee so preposterously,
H' ath got the voice in hell for excellence :
And other devils, that suggest by treasons,
Do botch and bungle up damnation
With patches, colours, and with forms be-
ing fetch'd

From glistening semblances of piety ;
But he, that temper'd thee, bade thee stand
up,

Gave thee no instance why thou should'st
do treason,

Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.
If that same dæmon that hath gull'd thee
thus,

Should with his lion gait walk the whole
world,

He might return to vasty Tartar back,
And tell the legions—I can never win
A soul so easy as that Englishman's.

H. V., II: 2. 827.

TREASON.--Boldly Charged.

*Suf. * **

Smooth runs the water, where the brook is
deep ;

And in his simple show he harbours trea-
son.

The fox barks not, when he would steal the
lamb.

H. VI., 2 pt., III: 1. 922.

*Boling. * **

Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well ; for what I
speak,

My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.

Thou art a traitor, and a miscreant ;
Too good to be so, and too bad to live ;
Since, the more fair and crystal is the
sky,

The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.
Once more, the more to aggravate the
note,

With a foul traitor's name'stuff I thy throat ;
And wish, (so please my sovereign,) ere I
move,

What my tongue speaks, my right-drawn
sword may prove.

R. II., I: 1. 684.

*Buck. * ** Now this follows,
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam, treason.)

H. VIII., I: 1. 1059.

—How Made successful.

York. We thank you, lords. But I am
not your king

Till I be crown'd ; and that my sword be
stain'd

With heart-blood of the house of Lancas-
ter :

And that 's not suddenly to be perform'd ;
But with advice, and silent secrecy.

War. My heart assures me that the earl
of Warwick

Shall one day make the duke of York a king.

York. And, Nevil, this I do assure my-
self, —

Richard shall live to make the earl of War-
wick

The greatest man in England but the king.

H. VI., 2 pt., II: 2. 919.

—Its just Punishment.

*K. Hen. * **

Touching our person, seek we no revenge ;
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
Whose ruin you three sought, that to her
laws

We do deliver you. Get you therefore
hence,

Poor miserable wretches, to your death :
The taste whereof, God, of his mercy, give
you
Patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offences!—Bear them
hence.

H. V., II: 2. 828.

—Its Tools.

*Glo. * **

Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's
malice,
And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate;
Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his
tongue

The envious load that lies upon his heart;
And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,
Whose overweening arm I have pluck'd
back,

By false accuse doth level at my life:—
And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head;
And, with your best endeavour, have stirr'd
up

My liefest liege to be mine enemy:—
Ay, all of you have laid your heads to-
gether:

Myself had notice of your conventicles.
I shall not want false witness to condemn
me,

Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt;
The ancient proverb will be well affected,—
A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.

H. VI., 2 pt., III: 1. 923.

—Its Tools ignorant and cruel.

*York. * ** For a minister of my intent,

I have seduc'd a head-strong Kentishman,
John Cade of Ashford,

To make commotion, as full well he can,
Under the title of John Mortimer:

In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade
Oppose himself against a troop of Kernes;
And fought so long, till that his thighs with
darts

Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porcu-
pine:

And, in the end being rescued, I have seen
him

Caper upright like a wild Morisco,
Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.

Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty Kerne,
Hath he conversed with the enemy;
And undiscovered come to me again,
And given me notice of their villanies.

H. VI., 2 pt., III: 1. 926.

—Mercenary.

Boling. Look, what I speak my life shall
prove it true;—

That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand
nobles,

In name of lendings for your highness' sol-
diers;

The which he hath detain'd for lewd employ-
ments,

Like a false traitor, and injurious villain.

R. II., I: 1. 685.

—Murder, its Tool.

*Suf. * ** Do not stand on quillets,
how to slay him:

Be it by gins, by snares, by subtilty,
Sleeping, or waking, 't is no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit
Which mates him first, that first intends de-
ceit.

Q. Mar. Thrice-noble Suffolk, 't is res-
olutely spoke.

Suf. Not resolute, except so much were
done;

For things are often spoke, and seldom
meant:

But that my heart accordeth with my
tongue,—

Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,—
Say but the word, and I will be his priest.

Car. But I would have him dead, my
lord of Suffolk,

Ere you can take due orders for a priest:
Say, you consent, and censure well the
deed,

And I'll provide his executioner,
I tender so the safety of my liege.

Suf. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy
doing.

Q. Mar. And so say I.

York. And I: and now we three have
spoke it,

It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.

H. VI., 2 pt., III: 1. 925.

—Not Inherited.

Ros. * *

Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What 's that to me? my father was no traitor:

Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much

To think my poverty is treacherous.

A. Y., I: 3. 413.

—Often fearless.

York. Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,

And find no harbour in a royal heart.

Faster than spring-time showers, comes thought on thought;

And not a thought, but thinks on dignity.

My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,

Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.

Well, nobles, well, 't is politically done,

To send me packing with an host of men:

I fear me, you but warm the starved snake,

Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.

'T was men I lacked, and you will give them me:

I take it kindly: yet, be well assur'd

You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.

H. VI., 2 pt., III: 1. 925.

—Successful, Gloried in.

Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,

Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:

So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd

His time of fearing death. — Stoop, Romans, stoop,

And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood

Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords: Then walk we forth, even to the marketplace;

And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,

Let 's all cry, Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!

Cas. Stoop then, and wash. — How many ages hence,

Shall this our lofty scene be acted over, In states unborn, and accents yet unknown?

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,

That now on Pompey's basis lies along, No worthier than the dust?

Cas. So oft as that shall be, So often shall the knot of us be call'd The men that gave our country liberty.

J. C., III: 1. 1336.

TRIBUTE.—Britain's Protest against.

Clo. Come, there 's no more tribute to be paid: Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsars: other of them may have crooked noses; but, to own such straight arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as Cassibelan: I do not say, I am one; but I have a hand. — Why tribute? why should we pay tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light: else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

Cym., I: 1. 1605.

—Britons will never Pay.

Clo. There be many Cæsars,

Ere such another Julius. Britain is A world by itself; and we will nothing pay For wearing our own noses.

Cym., III: 1. 1604.

TRICKERY.—Outwitted.

Glo. Alas, that Warwick had no more forecast

But, while he thought to steal the single ten,

The king was slyly finger'd from the deck!

You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace, And, ten to one, you 'll meet him in the Tower.

H. VI., 3 pt., V: 1. 987.

TRIFLES.—A Snapper-up of.

Aut. * * My father nam'd me Autolycus; who, being as I am, litter'd under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles.

W. T., IV: 2. 599.

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the
water has,
And these are of them.

M., I: 3. 1359.

TRIMMER.—An excessive.

Fool * * Thou hast pared thy wit o'
both sides, and left nothing in the middle.
Here comes one o' the parings.

K. L., I: 4. 1451.

TRIUMPH.—Boastful and unseemly.

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'er-
spreads the earth,
And, stickler like, the armies separate.
My half-supp'd sword, that frankly would
have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to
bed.—
Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;
Along the field I will the Trojan trail.

T. C., V: 9. 1143.

—Its Sweets.

K. Edw. * *

And now what rests, but that we spend the
time

With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
Such as befit the pleasures of the court?

Sound, drums and trumpets!—farewell,
sour annoy!

For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy.

H. V., 3 pt, V: 7. 993.

TROOPS.—Unserviceable.

Par. Five or six thousand; but very
weak, and unserviceable: the troops are
all scattered, and the commanders very
poor rogues. * * so that the muster-
file, rotten and sound, upon my life,
amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half
of the which dare not shake the snow from
off their cassocks, lest they shake them-
selves to pieces.

A. W., IV: 3. 520.

TROUBLE.—World full of.

Ros. * *

O, how full of briars is this working-day
world!

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown
upon thee in holiday foolery; if we walk not
in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will
catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat;
these burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

A. Y., I: 3. 412.

**TRUCKLING.—The Scorn of the No-
ble.**

Cor. * *

Why did you wish me milder? Would you
have me

False to my nature? Rather say I play
The man I am.

Vol. O, sir, sir, sir,

I would have had you put your power well
on,

Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let go.

Vol. You might have been enough the
man you are,

With striving less to be so: Lesser had been
The thwartings of your dispositions, if

You had not show'd them how you were dis-
pos'd

Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

C., III: 2. 1173.

TRUST.—Misplaced.

Glo. * * For you, Edmund,

Whose virtue and obedience doth this in-
stant

So much commend itself, you shall be ours;
Natures of such deep trust we shall much
need;

You we first seize on.

K. L., II: 1. 1455.

Fool. He's mad, that trusts in the tame-
ness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's
love, or a whore's oath.

K. L., III: 6. 1467.

TRUTH.—Always Truth.

Isab. * *

Truth is truth

To th' end of reck'ning.

M. M., V: 1. 170.

—Confounds Falsehood.

P. Hen. We two saw you four set on
four; you bound them, and were masters of
their wealth.—Mark now, how plain a
tale shall put you down.—Then did we two

set on you four : and, with a word out-faced you from your prize, and have it ; yea, and can show it you here in the house :—and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard a bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done ; and then say, it was in fight ? What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame ?

H. IV., 1 pt., II : 4. 740.

—Eternal.

Prince. But say, my lord, it were not register'd ;
Methinks, the truth should live from age to age,

As 't were retail'd to all posterity,
Even to the general all-ending day.

R. III., III : 1. 1020.

—Hated.

Fool. Truth 's a dog that must to kennel ; he must be whipped out, when Lady, the brach, may stand by the fire and stink.

K. L., I : 4. 1450.

—Killing itself.

Hel. * *

When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray !

M. N., III : 2. 334.

—Seems like Lies.

Mar. Should I tell you my history
'T would seem like lies disdain'd in the reporting.

P., V : 1. 1668.

—Sense in.

Mari. * *

As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue.

M. M., V : 1. 172.

—Simplicity of.

Tro. * *

I with great truth catch mere simplicity ;
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.

Fear not my truth ; the moral of my wit
Is — plain, and true, — there 's all the reach of it.

T. C., IV : 4. 1131.

—The best-speaking.

Leon. Thou didst speak but well,
When most the truth.

W. T., III : 2. 596.

—The Devil's Relation to the.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true ?

M., I : 3. 1359.

—The Ground of Pity.

Pol. Madam, I swear, I use no art at all.
That he is mad, 't is true : 't is true, 't is pity ;

And pity 't is, 't is true : a foolish figure ;
But farewell it, for I will use no art.

H., II : 2. 1404.

—Transparent.

Som. * *

So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

H. VI., 1 pt., II : 4. 875.

TRUTHS —Told Us to Betray.

Ban. * * But 't is strange :
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths ;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.

M., I : 3. 1359.

TWINS.—Their Resemblance.

Dro. E. Methinks, you are my glass,
and not my brother :

I see, by you, I am a sweet-fac'd youth.
Will you walk in to see their gossiping ?

Dro. S. Not I, sir ; you are my elder.

Dro. E. That 's a question : how shall we try it ?

Dro. S. We 'll draw cuts for the senior ;
till then lead thou first.

Dro. E. Nay, then, thus :
We came into the world like brother and brother :

And now let 's go hand in hand, not one before another.

C. E., V : 1. 214.

TWITTING.—Unbecoming.

Tal. * *

Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
And twit with cowardice a man half dead ?

H. VI., 1 pt., III : 2. 881.

TYRANNY.—A Father's, abusive.

Cap. How now! how now, chop-logic!

What is this?

Proud, — and, I thank you, — and, I thank you not; —

And yet not proud; — Mistress minion, you,

Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,

But settle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,

To go with Paris to St. Peter's church,

Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!

You tallow face!

* *

Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!

I tell thee what, — get thee to church o' Thursday,

Or never after look me in the face:

Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;

My fingers itch. — Wife, we scarce thought us bless'd,

That God had sent us by this only child;

But now I see this one is one too much,

And that we have a curse in having her: Out on her, hilding!

* *

God's bread! it makes me mad: Day, night, late, early,

At home, abroad, alone, in company,

Waking, or sleeping, still my care hath been

To have her match'd: and having now provided

A gentleman of princely parentage,

Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,

Stuff'd (as they say,) with honourable parts, Proportion'd as one's heart could wish a

man, —

And then to have a wretched puling fool,

A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender, To answer — "I'll not wed, — I cannot

love,

I am too young, — I pray you, pardon me;" —

But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you: Graze where you will, you shall not house with me;

Look to 't, think on 't, I do not use to jest. Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:

An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend; An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the streets,

For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,

Nor what is mine shall never do thee good.

R. J., III: 5. 1266.

—Cruel.

Richm. * *

The reckless, bloody, and usurping boar, That spoiled your summer fields, and fruitful vines,

Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough

In your embowell'd bosoms, this foul swine Lies now even in the centre of this isle,

Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn: From Tamworth thither, is but one day's

march.

R. III., V: 2. 1042.

—Murderous.

K. Hen. * *

Upon thy eye-balls murderous tyranny Sits in grim majesty, to fright the world.

H. VI., 2 pt., III: 2. 927.

—Of new Rulers.

Glo. * * I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered.

K. L., I: 2. 1447.

Claud. * *

And the new deputy now for the duke, — Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness;

Or whether that the body public be

A horse whereon the governor doth ride,

Who, newly in the seat, that it may know

He can command, lets it straight feel the spur;

Whether the tyranny be in his place,

Or in his eminence that fills it up,

I stagger in: — But this new governor

Awakes me all the enrolled penalties,

Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by th' wall

So long, that nineteen zodiacs have gone round,
And none of them been worn; and, for a name,
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me:—'t is surely for a name.

M. M., I: 2. 146.

—**Shaken off by Daggers.**

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then,
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants to defeat:
* *
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
I can shake off at pleasure.

Casca. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

J. C., I: 3. 1327.

TYRANT.—A powerful One.

Men. * * What he bids be done, is finished with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

C., V: 5. 1191.

Bru. * *

They have chose a consul, that will from them take
Their liberties; make them of no more voice

Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to do so.

C., II: 3. 1167.

TYRANTS.—Made by the People.

Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know, he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weak straws: What trash is Rome.

J. C., I: 3. 1328.

—**Their Agreement alarming.**

Per. * *
'T is time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss.

P., I: 2. 1645.

—**Their Fears Grow fast.**

Per. * *
I knew him tyrannous, and tyrants' fears
Decrease not, but grow faster than the years.

P., I: 2. 1645.

U

UGLINESS.—In Body and Mind.

Adv. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.
He is deformed, crooked. old, and sere,
Ill-fac'd, worse-bodied, shapeless everywhere;
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind;
Stigmatical in making, worse in mind,

C. E., IV: 2. 205.

—**In Looks.**

Flu. * * His face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames of fire; and his lips plows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue, and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire 's out.

H. V., III: 6. 836.

UNBORN.—To be Protected.

Q. Mar. * * I the rather wean me from despair,
For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:

This is it that makes me bridle passion,
And bear with mildness my misfortune's
cross;

Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,
Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or
drown

King Edward's fruit, true heir to the En-
glish crown.

H. VI., 3 pt., IV: 4. 981.

UNCERTAINTY.—Easily Moved.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart,
nor can
Her heart inform her tongue; the swan's
down feather,
That stands upon the swell at th' full of
tide,
And neither way inclines.

A. C., III: 2. 1558.

—Its painfulness.

Oth. By the world,
I think my wife be honest, and think she is
not;
I think that thou art just, and think thou
art not:
I'll have some proof: Her name, that was
as fresh
As Dion's visage, is now begrim'd and
black
As mine own face.—If there be cords, or
knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure it — Would, I were satis-
fied.

O., III: 3. 1514.

—Perplexing.

Edw. I wonder, how our princely father
scap'd;
Or whether he be 'scaped away, or no,
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pur-
suit;
Had he been ta'en, we should have heard
the news;
Had he been slain, we should have heard
the news;
Or, had he 'scap'd, methinks, we should have
heard
The happy tidings of his good escape.

H. VI., 3 pt., II: 1. 962.

—Seeks Confirmation.

Bass. * *

I come by note, to give and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's
eyes,
Hearing applause and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing, in a doubt
Whether those pearls of praise be his or no.

M. V., III: 2. 378.

UNCLEANLINESS.—Personal.

Ari. * * I left them

I' the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul
lake
O'erstunk their feet.

T., IV: 1. 28.

UNCONCERN.—Dangerous.

North. * *

But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm:
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.

R. II., II: 1. 695.

—Dull.

Ghost. I find thee apt;

And duller shouldst thou be than the fat
weed,
That rots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
Would'st thou not stir in this.

H., I: 5. 1399.

UNDERMINING.—Its Sweetness.

Ham. * *

But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon; O, 'tis most
sweet,
When in one line two crafts directly meet.

H., III: 4. 1420.

UNDERSTANDING.—A private.

Pem. Who brought that letter from the
cardinal?

Sal. The count Melun, a noble lord of
France;

Whose private with me, of the Dauphin's
love,

Is much more general than these lines im-
port.

K. J., IV: 3. 669.

UNFAITHFULNESS.—In Men.

Nurse. There 's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd,
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.

R. J., III: 2. 1261.

UNFORTUNATE.—Not to be Loaded.

Crom. My lord of Winchester, you are
a little,
By your good favour, too sharp; men so
noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: 't is a cruelty,
To load a falling man.

H. VIII., V: 2. 1091.

—Wedded to Calamity.

Fri. Romeo, come forth: come forth,
thou fearful man;
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

R. J., III: 3. 1262.

UNHAPPINESS.—Universal.

Duke S. Thou seest, we are not all
alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the
scene
Wherein we play in.

A. Y., II: 7. 419.

UNION.—Gives Strength.

Adr. * *
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine,
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger
state,
Makes me with thy strength to communi-
cate:
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, briar, or idle moss:
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

C. E., II: 2. 198.

—Inseparable.

Adr. * * * As easy mayst thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulf,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition or diminishing,
As take from me thyself, and not me too.

C. E., II: 2. 198.

—Perfect.

War. * *

We 'll yoke together, like a double shadow.

H. VI., 3 pt., IV: 6. 983.

Hel. * *

Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart,
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.

M. N., III: 2. 335.

UNITY.—In Partition.

Hel. * *

We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one
flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and
minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew to-
gether,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition.

M. N., III: 2. 334.

UNKINDNESS.—Bitterness of a Child's.

Lear. * * Beloved Regan,
Thy sister's naught: O Regan, she hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture,
here,—
I can scarce speak to thee; thou 'lt not be-
lieve,
Of how deprav'd a quality—O Regan!

K. L., II: 4. 1460.

—Buried in Wine.

Bru. Speak no more of her.—Give me
a bowl of wine:—
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius.
Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble
pledge:—

Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup:
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

J. C., IV: 3. 1346.

—Cannot Destroy Love.

Des. * * Unkindness may do much;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love.

O., IV: 2. 1524.

—Triumphed o'er.

Cam. * *

'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness; th'
 one
 He chides to hell, and bids the other grow
 Faster than thought or time.

W. T., IV: 3. 607.

**UNSUSPECTING.—The, suddenly
 Destroyed.**

K. Hen. So flies the reckless shepherd
 from the wolf:

So first the harmless sheep doth yield his
 fleece,
 And next his throat unto the butcher's
 knife.

H. VI., 3 pt., V: 6. 991.

**UPBRAIDINGS.—A Queen's persist-
 ent.**

K. Rich. Harp not on that string, mad-
 am; that is past.

Q. Eliz. Harp on it still shall I; till
 heart-strings break.

K. Rich. Now, by my George, my gar-
 ter, and my crown, —

Q. Eliz. Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the
 third usurp'd.

R. III., IV: 4. 1058.

USE.—Its Power.

Ham. * *

For use almost can change the stamp of
 nature.

H., III: 4. 1420.

USEFULNESS.—Outliving, Deplored.

King. * * "Let me not live," quoth he
 "After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
 Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive
 senses

All but new things disdain; whose judg-
 ments are

Mere fathers of their garments; whose con-
 stancies

Expire before their fashions: "—— This he
 wish'd:

I, after him, do after him wish too,
 Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,
 I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
 To give some labourers room.

A. W., I: 2. 498.

USURPATION.—Complete.

Wor. * *

And, being fed by us, you us'd us so
 As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,
 Useth the sparrow: did oppress our nest;
 Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
 That even our love durst not come near
 your sight,

For fear of swallowing.

H. IV., V: 1. 757.

—Denounced.

K. Rich. * * Gentle Northumberland,
 If thy offences were upon record,
 Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop,
 To read a lecture of them? If thou would'st,
 There should'st thou find one heinous ar-
 ticle, —

Containing the deposing of a king,
 And cracking the strong warrant of an oath.
 Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of
 heaven: —

Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon
 me,

Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait my-
 self, —

Though some of you, with Pilate, wash
 your hands,

Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates
 Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,
 And water cannot wash away your sin.

R. II., IV: 1. 709.

—Disturbed by Fears.

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my
 prisoners;

And when I urg'd the ransom once again
 Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd
 pale;

And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
 Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

H. IV., 1 pt., I: 3. 732.

—Imprudent.

K. Hen. And shall I stand, and thou sit
 in my throne?

York. It must and shall be so. Con-
 tent thyself.

War. Be duke of Lancaster, let him be
 king.

West. He is both king and duke of Lan-
 caster;

And that the lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.

War. And Warwick shall disprove it.

You forget,

That we are those, which chas'd you from the field,

And slew your fathers, and with colours spread

March'd through the city to the palace gates.

North. Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;

And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.

H. VI., 3 pt., I: 1. 955.

—*Insatiable.*

K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal

The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,—

The time shall not be many hours of age More than it is, ere foul sin, gathering head,

Shall break into corruption: thou shalt think,

Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,

It is too little, helping him to all.

E. II., V: 1. 711.

—*Insidious and ungrateful*

Hot. * * *

Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurg;

And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees,

That lie too heavy on the commonwealth:

Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep

Over his country's wrongs: and, by this face, This seeming brow of justice, did he win

The heart of all that he did angle for.

Proceeded further; cut me off the heads

Of all the favourites, that the absent king

In deputation left behind him here,

When he was personal in the Irish war.

My father gave him welcome to the shore:

And,—when he heard him swear, and vow to God,

He came but to be duke of Lancaster,

To sue his livery, and beg his peace;

With tears of innocency, and terms of zeal,

My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,

Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too. Now, when the lords, and barons of the realm,

Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him, The more and less came in with cap and knee;

Met him in boroughs, cities, villages; Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes, Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,

Gave him their heirs; as pages follow'd him, Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.

He presently,—as greatness knows itself,— Steps me a little higher than his vow

Made to my father, while his blood was poor Disgrac'd me in my happy victories;

Sought to entrap me by intelligence;

Rated my uncle from the council-board;

In rage dismiss'd my father from the court; Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on

wrong:

And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out

This head of safety; and, withal to pry

Into his title, the which we find

Too indirect for long continuance.

H. IV., 1 pt., IV: 3. 755.

—*Involves life-long Strife.*

K. Hen. * * * Heaven knows, my son, By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways, I met this crown; and I myself know well, How troublesome it sat upon my head:

To thee it shall descend with better quiet,

Better opinion, better confirmation;

For all the soil of the achievement goes

With me into the earth. It seem'd in me,

But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand;

And I had many living, to upraid

My gain of it by their assistances;

Which daily grew to quarrel, and to bloodshed,

Wounding supposed peace: all these bold fears,

Thou see'st, with peril I have answered:

For all my reign hath been but a scene

Acting that argument; and now my death

Changes the mode: for what in me was purchas'd

Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort;

So thou the garland wear'st successively.

H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 4. 804.

—Popish.

K. John. * * No Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;
But as we under God are supreme head,
So, under him, that great supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without assistance of a mortal hand.
So tell the pope; all reverence set apart,
To him and his usurp'd authority.

K. J., III: 1. 658.

K. John. * *

Though you, and all the kings of Christendom
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out;
And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself:
Though you, and all the rest so grossly led,
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish;
Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose
Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.

K. J., III: 1. 658.

USURER.—Hates Liberality.

Shy. How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him for he is a Christian:
But more, for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe
If I forgive him!

M. V., I: 3. 365.

USURPER.—A Thing of Shreds.

Ham. A murderer and a villain:
A slave, that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent lord:—a vice of kings:
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule;
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket!

H., III: 5. 1419.

UTOPIA.—A Dream of.

Gon. I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things; for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known: riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none:
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil:
No occupation; all men idle, all,—
And women too; but innocent and pure:
No sovereignty:—

Seb. Yet he would be king on't.

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.

Gon. All things in common nature should produce

Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,

Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,

Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,

Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.

T., II: 1. 16.

UTTERANCES.—Obscurity of Dying.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Montague hath breath'd his last;
And to the latest gasp, cried out for Warwick,
And said—Commend me to my valiant brother.
And more he would have said; and more he spoke,
Which sounded like a cannon in a vault,
That might not be distinguish'd; but, at last,
I well might hear deliver'd, with a groan,—
O, farewell, Warwick!

H. VI., 3 pt., V: 2. 988.

V

VACILLATION.—Result of Fear.

K. Phi. Good reverend father, make my person yours,
And tell me how you would bestow yourself.

This royal hand and mine are newly knit,
And the conjunction of our inward souls
Married in league, coupled and link'd together

With all religious strength of sacred vows;
The latest breath that gave the sound of words

Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,

Between our kingdoms, and our royal selves;

And even before this truce, but new before,
No longer than we well could wash our hands,

To clap this royal bargain up of peace,—
Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and over-stain'd

With slaughter's pencil! where revenge did paint

The fearful difference of incensed kings;
And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,

So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,
Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regret
Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with heaven

Make such unconstant children of ourselves,
As now again to snatch our palm from palm;
Unswear faith sworn; and on the marriage bed

Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,
And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true sincerity? O holy sir,

My reverend father, let it not be so:

Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
Some gentle order; and then we shall be bless'd

To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

K. J., III: 1. 656.

VAGABOND.—Not Worth a Word.

Laf. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller; you are more saucy with lords and honourable personages, than the condition of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave.

A. W., II: 3. 508.

VALOR.—A Virtue.

Com. * * It is held,
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver.

C., II: 2. 1164.

—An Aid in Love.

Sir. To. Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my niece shall take note of it: and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman, than report of valour.

T. N., III: 2. 556.

—Ancient, Incentive to.

Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
And with your puissant arm renew their feats:

You are their heir, you sit upon their throne;

The blood and courage, that renowned them,

Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puisant liege

Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprizes.

Exe. Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth

Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,

As did the former lions of your blood.

H. V., I: 2. 822.

— And Discretion.

Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

The. True; and a goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so, my lord; for his valour cannot carry his discretion; and the fox carries the goose.

The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour; for the goose carries not the fox.

M. N., V: 1. 344.

— Applauded.

Ant. * * To-morrow,

Before the sun shall see us, we 'll spill the blood

That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all: For doughty-handed are you; and have fought

Not as you serv'd the cause, but as it had been

Each man's like mine; you have shown all Hector's.

Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends, Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears

Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss

The honoured gashes whole.

A. C., IV: 8. 1571.

— Boasting of, suspicious.

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that, by one that knows him better than you.

Orl. What 's he?

Con. Marry, he told me so himself; and he said, he cared not who knew it.

Orl. He needs not, it is no hidden virtue in him.

Con. By my faith, sir, but it is; never any body saw it, but his lackey: 't is a hooded valour; and, when it appears, it will bate.

H. V., III: 7. 838.

— Destruction, Waiting for.

Gen. * *

Lo! there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,

Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit: This is the latest glory of thy praise, That I, thy enemy, due thee withal;

For ere the glass, that now begins to run, Finish the process of his sandy hour, These eyes, that see thee now well coloured, Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead.

H. VI., 1 pt., IV: 2. 887.

— Developed in Storms.

Nest. With due observance of thy god-like seat,

Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance Lies the true proof of men: The sea being smooth,

How many shallow bauble boats dare sail Upon her patient breast, making their way With those of nobler bulk?

But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,

Bounding between the two moist elements, Like Perseus' horse? Where 's then the saucy boat,

Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now Co-rival'd greatness? either to harbour fled, Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so Doth valour's show, and valour's worth divide

In storms of fortune.

T. C., I: 3. 1107.

— Its inglorious End.

3 *Mess.* * *

Having full scarce six thousand in his troop, By three and twenty thousand of the French Was round encompassed and set upon; No leisure had he to enrank his men; He wanted pikes to set before his archers; Instead whereof, sharp stakes, pluck'd out of hedges,

They pitched in the ground confusedly, To keep the horsemen off from breaking in. More than three hours the fight continued; Where valiant Talbot, above human thought, Enacted wonders with his sword and lance. Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him;

Here, there, and every where, enrag'd he slew:

The French exclaim'd, The devil was in arms;

All the whole army stood agaz'd on him :
His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,
A Talbot ! a Talbot ! cried out amain,
And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.
Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,
If sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward ;

He being in the vaward, (plac'd behind,
With purpose to relieve and follow them,)
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
Hence grew the general wreck and massacre.

H. VI., 1 pt., 1: 1. 865.

— **Its Nobility.**

York. Old Salisbury, who can report of him ;

That winter lion, who, in rage, forgets
Aged contusions and all brush of time ;
And, like a gallant in the bloom of youth,
Repairs him with occasion ?

* *

Rich. My noble father,
Three times to-day I help him to his horse,
Three times bestrid him, thrice I led him off,
Persuaded him from any further act :
But still, where danger was, still there I met him,

And like rich hangings in a homely house,
So was his will in his old feeble body.

H. VI., 2 pt., V: 3. 945.

— **Makes Men immortal.**

Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man ;

With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set down to make his valour live :
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror ;
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.

R. III., III: 1. 1020.

— **Misbegotten and True.**

1 *Sen.* * *

Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd

To bring manslaughter into form, set quarrelling

Upon the head of valour ; which, indeed,
Is valour misbegot, and came into the world

When sects and factions were newly born ;
He 's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer.

T. A., III: 5. 1301.

— **Not a just Cause of Praise.**

Pri. Paris, you speak
Like one besotted on your sweet delights :
You have the honey still, but these the gall ;
So to be valiant, is no praise at all.

T. C., II: 2. 1115.

— **Questionable.**

Flu. * * As valiant as Mark Antony.

H. V., III: 6. 835.

— **Rough, Plea for.**

Men. Consider further,
That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier : Do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds,
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
Rather than envy you.

C., III: 3. 1176.

— **Skilful**

Tro. The Greeks are strong, and skilful
to their strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness
valiant.

T. C., I: 1. 1102.

VALUE.—Differently Fixed.

Tim. A mere satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for 't as 't is extoll'd,
It would unclew me quite.

Jew. My lord, 't is rated
As those, which sell, would give : But you
well know

Things of like value, differing in the owners,

Are prized by their masters ; believe 't, dear
lord,

You mend the jewel by wearing it.

T. A., I: 1. 1288.

— **Set too high.**

Hect. Brother, she is not worth what
she doth cost

The holding.

Tro. What is aught, but as 't is valued ?

Hect. But value dwells not in particular
will ;

It holds his estimate and dignity

As well wherein 't is precious of itself
As in the prizer.

T. C., II: 2. 1114.

VANITY.—Boasts of its Titles.

Basil. Knight, knight, good mother,—
Basilisco-like:

What! I am dubb'd: I have it on my
shoulder.

K. J., I: 1. 649.

—Despised.

Mor. * *

A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross.

M. V., II: 8. 372.

—In Dress.

Laf. * *

The soul of this man is his clothes.

A. W., II: 5. 510.

—Of human Hopes.

Wol. * *

This is the state of man: To-day he puts
forth

The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blos-
soms,

And bears his blushing honours thick upon
him:

The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost;
And, — when he thinks, good easy man, full
surely

His greatness is a ripening, — nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do.

H. VIII., III: 2. 1081.

—Rustic.

Rich. * *

Trimmed like a younker, prancing to his
love.

H. VI., 3 pt., II: 1. 962.

—Self-consuming.

Gaunt. * *

Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.

R. II., II: 1. 692.

VARIETY.—In Men and Dogs.

Mach. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for
men;

As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels,
spaniels, curs,

Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are
cleped

All by the name of dogs: the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,

The house-keeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nat-
ure

Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does re-
ceive

Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and so of men.

M., III: 1. 1369.

VEHEMENCE.—Wanting Voice.

Const. * *

O, that my tongue were in the thunder's
mouth!

Then with a passion would I shake the
world.

K. J., III: 4. 662.

VENGEANCE.—A Soldier's.

Alcib. * *

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the
time

With all licentious measure, making your
wills

The scope of justice; till now, myself, and
such

As slept within the shadow of your power,
Have wander'd with our travers'd arms, and
breath'd

Our sufferance vainly: Now the time is
flush,

When crouching marrow, in the bearer
strong,

Cries, of itself, "No more:" now breathless
wrong

Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of
ease;

And pury insolence shall break his wind,
With fear, and horrid flight.

T. A., V: 5. 1315.

—Excited to Extremities.

Y. Clif. * * Even at this sight,

My heart is turned to stone: and, while 't
is mine,

It shall be stony. York not our old men
spares;

No more will I their babes: tears virginal
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;

And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.

Henceforth, I will not have to do with pity:

Meet I an infant of the house of York,
Into as many gobbets will I cut it,
As wild Medea young Absyrtus did:
In cruelty will I seek out my fame.

H. VI., 2 pt., V: 2. 945.

—**Heavenly, Invoked.**

Oth. Are there no stones in heaven,
But what serve for the thunder?—Precious
villain.

O., V: 2. 1531.

—**Impending.**

Men. * * Now he 's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head,
Which will not prove a whip.

C., IV: 6. 1184.

—**Invoked.**

Cal. As wicked dew as e'er my mother
brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both!

T., I: 2. 12.

Tim. * * Thatch your poor thin roofs
With burdens of the dead;—some that
were hang'd.

T. A., IV: 3. 1307.

Anne. * * *

Either, heaven, with lightning strike the
murderer dead,
Or, earth, gape open wide, and eat him
quick;
As thou dost swallow up this good king's
blood,
Which his hell govern'd arm hath butchered.

R. III., I: 2. 1004.

—**Makes Men great.**

Com. * * Coriolanus
He would not answer to: forbad all names;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forg'd himself a name i' the fire
Of burning Rome.

C., V: 1. 1186.

—**Mocks.**

Glo. * * *

See, how my sword weeps for the poorking's
death!
O, may such purple tears be always shed
From those that wish the downfall of our
house!

H. VI., 3 pt., V: 6. 992.

—**Not Measured by the Offence.**

Post. * * Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults,
I never
Had liv'd to put on this; so had you sav'd
The noble Imogen to repent; and struck
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance.

But, alack,
You snatch some hence for little faults;
that's love,
To have them fall no more: you some per-
mit

To second ills with ills, each later worse;
And make them dread it to the doer's thrift.
But Imogen is your own: Do your best
wills,

And make me bless'd to obey!

Cym., V: 1. 1621.

—**Prayed for.**

Vol. Take my prayers with you.
I would the gods had nothing else to do,
But to confirm my curses! Could I meet
them
But once a day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to 't.

C., IV: 2. 1178.

—**Remorseless.**

Q. Eliz. * *
No doubt the murderous knife was dull and
blunt,
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,
To revel in the entrails of my lambs.
But that still use of grief makes wild grief
tame,
My tongue should to thy ears not name my
boys,
Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine
eyes;
And I, in such a desperate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling
reft,
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

R. III., IV: 4. 1037.

—**Stronger than Love.**

Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your
desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine:
What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
My silence, and my cloudy melancholy?

My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls,
Even as an adder, when she doth unroll
To do some fatal execution?

No, madam, these are no venereal signs;
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my
hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my
head.

Tit. And., II: 3. 1209.

—Stunning.

Tro. * *

My sword should bite it: not the dreadful
spout,

Which shipmen do the hurricano call,
Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's
ear,

In his descent, than shall my prompted
sword

Falling on Diomed.

T. C., V: 2. 1138.

—The, Due to Slander.

Leon. * *

If they wrong her honour,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of
mine,

Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life left me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awak'd in such a kind,
Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.

M. A., IV: 1. 246.

—Threatened.

Tit. * *

Hark, villains; I will grind your bones to
dust,

And with your blood and it, I'll make a
paste;

And of the paste a coffin I will rear,
And make two pasties of your shameful
heads:

And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.
This is the feast that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on.

Tit. And., V: 2. 1229.

Tro. * *

No space of earth shall sunder our two
hates;

I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience
still,

That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy
thoughts.

T. C., V: 11. 1143.

Ant. * * But were I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a
tongue

In every wound of Cæsar, that should
move

The stones of Rome to rise in mutiny.

J. C., III: 2. 1341.

Cleo. * * Pr'ythee, go hence;

Or I shall show the cinders of my spirit
Through the ashes of mischance.

A. C., V: 2. 1580.

Pro. If thou murmur'st, I will rend an
oak,

And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

T., I: 2. 11.

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead so
as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack;
I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

M. W., II: 3. 101.

Pro. * * Thy food shall be

The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots,
and husks

Wherein the acorn cradled.

T., I: 2. 14.

K. John. * *

There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust.

K. J., V: 7. 676.

—Timing it.

Ham. * * Or about some act

That has no relish of salvation in 't:

Then trip him, that his heels may kick at
heaven:

And that his soul may be as damn'd, and
black,

As hell, whereto it goes.

R., III: 3. 1418.

Tim. * * Swear against objects;
Put armour on thine ears and on thine eyes;
Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids,
nor babes,
Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleed-
ing,
Shall pierce a jot.

T. A., IV: 3. 1306.

—**Too hot for Tears.**

Rich. I cannot weep; for all my body's
moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burn-
ing heart:
Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great
burden;
For self-same wind, that I should speak
withal,
Is kindling coals, that fire all my breast,
And burn me up with flames, that tears
would quench.
To weep, is to make less the depth of grief:
Tears, then, for babes; blows, and revenge,
for me! —
Richard, I bear thy name, I'll venge thy
death,
Or die renowned by attempting it.

H. VI., 3 pt., II: 1. 963.

—**Vows of United.**

Rich. Ah, Warwick, why hast thou with-
drawn thyself?
Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath
drunk,
Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's
lance:
And, in the very pangs of death, he cried, —
Like to a dismal clangor heard from far, —
“Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my
death!”
So underneath the belly of their steeds,
That stained their fetlocks in his smoking
blood,
The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.
War. Then let the earth be drunken
with our blood;
I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.
Why stand we like soft-hearted women
here,
Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth
rage;
And look upon, as if the tragedy

Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting act-
ors?

Here on my knee I vow to God above,
I'll never pause again, never stand still,
Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of
mine,

Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

Edw. O Warwick, I do bend my knee
with thine;

And, in this vow, do chain my soul to thine.
And, ere my knee rise from the earth's
cold face,

I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to
Thee,

Thou setter up and plucker down of kings!
Beseeching Thee, — if with Thy will it
stands,

That to my foes this body must be prey, —
Yet that Thy brazen gates of heaven may
ope,

And give sweet passage to my sinful soul!

H. VI., 3 pt., II: 3. 967.

—**Winged.**

Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel
nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce
sister

In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.

The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endur'd, would have
buoy'd up,

And quench'd the stelled fires: yet, poor
old heart,

He help the heavens to rain.

If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern
time,

Thou should'st have said, “Good porter,
turn the key;”

All cruels else subscrib'd: — But I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such chil-
dren.

K. L., III: 7. 1463.

—**Wordy.**

Rug. 'T is past the hour, sir, that sir
Hugh promis'd to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat
he is no come; he has pray his Pible vell,
dat he is no come; by gar, Jack Rugby, he
is dead already if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, sir; he knew your
worship would kill him, if he came.

M. W., II: 3. 101.

VENTURES.—A Merchant's.

Shy. * * His means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England; and other ventures he hath, squander'd abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves; I mean, pirates; and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks: The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient;—three thousand ducats;—I think I may take his bond.

M. V., I: 3. 365.

—Control our Thoughts.

Salar. My wind, cooling my broth, Would blow me to an ague, when I thought What harm a wind too great might do at sea. I should not see the sandy hour-glass run, But I should think of shallows and of flats, And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand, Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs, To kiss her burial. Should I go to church, And see the holy edifice of stone, And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,

Which, touching but my gentle vessel's side, Would scatter all her spices on the stream; Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks; And, in a word, but even now worth this, And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought

To think on this, and shall I lack the thought That such a thing, bechanc'd, would make me sad?

But tell not me; I know Antonio Is sad, to think upon his merchandise.

Ant. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,

My ventures are not in one bottom trusted, Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate Upon the fortune of this present year: Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad.

Salar. Why, then you are in love.

Ant. Fie, fie!

Salar. Not in love neither? Then let us say you are sad

Because you are not merry: and 't were as easy

For you to laugh, and leap, and say you are merry,

Because you are not sad.

M. V., I: 1. 361.

—Some, safe.

Ulyss. * * But, hit or miss, Our project's life this shape of sense assumes, — Ajax, employ'd, plucks down Achilles' plumes.

T. C., I: 3. 1111.

—Wisely repeated.

Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,

I shot his fellow of the self-same flight The self-same way, with more advised watch

To find the other forth; and, by adventuring both,

I oft found both.

M. V., I: 1. 362.

VENUS.—Smiles not.

Par. * *

For Venus smiles not in a house of tears. Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous, That she doth give her sorrow so much sway,

And, in his wisdom, hastes our marriage, To stop the inundation of her tears.

R. J., IV: 1. 1268.

VERBOSITY.—All Chaff.

Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them, and when you have them, they are not worth the search.

M. V., I: 1. 362.

VETERAN.—Recognition by a

Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,

Labouring for destiny, make cruel way Through ranks of Greekish youth: and I have seen thee,

As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed, Despising many forfeits and subduements, When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' the air,

Not letting it decline on the declin'd; That I have said to some my standers-by, "Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!"

And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,

When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
 Like an Olympian wrestling: This have I seen;
 But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
 I never saw till now. I knew thy grand-sire,
 And once fought with him: he was a soldier good;
 But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,
 Never like thee: Let an old man embrace thee;
 And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

T. C., IV: 5. 1133.

VICE.—Destroys itself.

Ant. You have been a boggler ever:—
 But when we in our viciousness grow hard,
 (O misery on't!) the wise gods seal our eyes;
 In our own filth drop our clear judgments;
 make us
 Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we strut
 To our confusion.

A. C., III: 11. 1566.

—Its Face of Fire.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life: Thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop,—but 't is in the nose of thee; thou art the knight of the burning lamp.

Bard. Why, sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a death's head, or a *memento mori*: I never see thy face, but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be, By this fire: but thou art altogether given over: and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou ran'st up Gads-hill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern: but the

sack that thou hast drunk me, would have bought me lights as good cheap, at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire, any time this two-and-thirty years: Heaven reward me for it!

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly!

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burned.

H. IV., 1 pt., III: 3. 749.

—Its Pretences.

P. Hen. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content:—This chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

P. Hen. Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown, for a pitiful bald crown!

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of sack, to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in king Cambyeses' vein.

H. IV., 1 pt., II: 4. 742.

—Its Relation to Virtue.

Duke. * *

When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,

That for the fault's love is th' offender friended.

M. N., IV: 2. 165.

—Lustful, Finds Fuel enough.

Macd. Boundless intemperance

In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
 The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
 And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
 To take upon you what is yours: you may

Enjoy your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
 And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink.

We have willing dames enough; there cannot be

That vulture in you, to devour so many
 As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
 Finding it so inclin'd.

M., IV: 3. 1378.

VICES.—Bolder, impudent.

Leon. I ne'er heard yet,
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did,
Than to perform it first.

W. T., III: 2. 594.

—Make their own Scourges.

Edg. * *
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us:
The dark and vicious place where thee he
got,
Cost him his eyes.

K. L., V: 3. 1483.

VICTOR.—Entitled to Prize.

Ant. * * Win and wear me.

M. A., V: 1. 250.

VICTORS.—Their Approach.

E. Her. * * Like a jolly troop of
huntsmen, come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
Died in the dying slaughter of their foes:
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

K. J., II: 2. 653.

VICTORY.—Enhanced by Difficulty.

K. Edw. The harder match'd, the greater
victory;
My mind presageth happy gain, and con-
quest.

H. VI., 3 pt., V: 1. 987.

—Not dependent on Numbers.

York. Five men to twenty!—though
the odds be great,
I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.
Many a battle have I won in France,
When as the enemy hath been ten to one;
Why should I not now have the like success?

H. VI., 3 pt., I: 2. 959.

—Twice glorious.

Leon. A victory is twice itself when the
achiever brings home full numbers.

M. A., I: 1. 225.

VIGILANCE.—Unslumbering.

Fal. Tut, never fear me; I am as vigi-
lant as a cat to steal cream.

H. IV., 1 pt., IV: 2. 754.

VILE.—The, Think Goodness vile.

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile,
seem vile;
Filths savour but themselves.

K. L., IV: 2. 1472.

VILLAIN.—A smiling.

Ham. * *
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
My tables, my tables,—meet it is I set it
down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a
villain;
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark.

H., I: 5. 1400.

—Describing himself.

Fal. A good portly man, i' faith, and a
corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing
eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I
think, his age some fifty, or, by'r-lady, in-
clining to threescore; and now I remember
me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should
be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for,
Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then
the tree may be known by the fruit, as the
fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak
it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep
with, the rest banish.

H. IV., 1 pt., II: 4. 742.

VILLAINY.—Aggregated.

Cas. * * You shall find there
A man, who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

A. C., I: 4. 1545.

—Black, Gloried 'in.

Aar. * *
Even now I curse the day, (and yet, I
think,
Few come within the compass of my curse,)
Wherein I did not some notorious ill:
As kill a man, or else devise his death;
Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;
Accuse some innocent, and forswear my-
self;
Set deadly enmity between two friends;
Make poor men's cattle break their necks;
Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the
night,
And bid the owners quench them with their
tears:
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye,—

Tut; I have done a thousand dreadful things,
As willingly as one would kill a fly;
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Tit. And., V: 1. 1226.

—Defiant.

Glo. * *

And, like a Sinon, take another Troy.

H. VI., 3 pt., III: 3. 974.

—Different from Amorousness.

Iack. * * Well may you, sir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villanous.

Cym., V: 5. 1628.

--Easily Punished.

Bast. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair,
And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest
thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be
A beam to hang thee on; or would'st thou
drown thyself,

Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up. —
I do suspect thee very grievously.

K. J., IV: 3. 670.

—Finds ready Tools.

Glo. What! think you we are Turks, or
infidels?
Or that we would, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death;
But that the extreme peril of the case,
The peace of England, and our persons'
safety,

Enforc'd us to this execution?

May. Now, fair befall you, he deserv'd
his death;
And your good graces both have well pro-
ceeded,
To warn false traitors from the like at-
tempts.

I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with mistress Shore.

R. III., III: 5. 1026.

—How to be Punished.

Emil. * *

O, heaven, that such companions thou 'dst
unfold,

And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascal naked through the world,
Even from the east to the west!

O., IV: 2. 1523.

—Its Price.

Con. Is it possible that any villainy
should be so dear?

Bora. Thou shouldst rather ask, if it
were possible any villainy should be so
rich; for when rich villains have need of
poor ones, poor ones may make what price
they will.

M. A., III: 3. 241.

—Its Punishment.

Cleo. What say you?—Hence,
Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head;
Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd
in brine,
Smarting in ling'ring pickle.

A. C., II: 5. 1552.

—Makes a Plea for itself.

Fal. * * If sack and sugar be a fault,
God help the wicked! If to be old and mery
be a sin, then many an old host that I
know, is damned: if to be fat be to be hated,
then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved.
No, my good lord; Banish Peto, banish
Bardolph, banish Poins: but for sweet Jack
Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Fal-
staff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore
more valiant, being as he is, old Jack Fal-
staff, banish not him thy Harry's company;
banish plump Jack, and banish all the
world.

H. IV., 1 pt., II: 4. 742.

—Never Ends well.

York. * *

If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,
Call in the letters patents that he hath
By his attornies-general to sue
His livery, and deny his offer'd homage,
You pluck a thousand dangers on your
head,
You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,
And prick my tender patience to those
thoughts

Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

K. Rich. Think what you will; we seize
into our hands
His plate, his goods, his money, and his
lands.

York. I 'll not be by, the while: My
liege, farewell:
What will ensue hereof, there 's none can
tell;
But by bad courses may be understood,
That their events can never fall out good.

R. II., II: 1. 694.

—Overreached by Revenge.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets
of Rome;
And when thou find'st a man that 's like
thyself,
Good Murder, stab him; he 's a murderer.—
Go thou with them; and when it is thy hap,
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, stab him; he 's a ravisher.—
Go thou with them; and in the emperor's
court
There is a queen, attended by a Moor;
Well may'st thou know her by thy own
proportion,
For up and down she doth resemble thee;
I pray thee, do on them some violent
death.

Tit. And., V: 2. 1228.

—Superlative.

Aar. I go, Andronicus: and for thy
hand,
Look by and by to have thy sons with
thee:—
Their heads, I mean.—O, how this vil-
lany
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!
Let fools do good, and fair men call for
grace.
Aaron will have his soul black like his
face.

Tit. And., III: 1. 1216.

—The basest.

Glo. If you thrive well bring them to
Baynard's castle;
Where you shall find me well accompanied
With reverend fathers, and well-learned
bishops.

R. III., III: 5. 1026.

—Wordy, not popular.

Buck. * * Withal, I did infer your
lineaments,—
Being the right idea of your father,
Both in your form and nobleness of mind:
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;
Indeed, left nothing, fitting for your pur-
pose,
Untouch'd, or slightly handled, in discourse.
And, when my oratory grew to an end,
I bade them, that did love their country's
good,
Cry—"God save Richard, England's royal
king!"

Glo. And did they so?

Buck. No, so God help me, they spake
not a word;
But, like dumb statues, or breathless stones,
Star'd on each other, and look'd deadly pale.
Which when I saw, I reprehended them;
And ask'd the mayor, what meant this wilful
silence:
His answer was,—the people were not us'd
To be spoke to, but by the recorder.
Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again;—
"Thus said the duke, thus hath the duke
infern'd;"

But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.
When he had done, some followers of mine
own,
At lower end o' the hall, hurl'd up their caps,
And some ten voices cried, "God save king
Richard!"
And thus I took the vantage of those few,
"Thanks, gentle citizens, and friends,"
quoth I;
"This general applause, and cheerful shout,
Argues your wisdom, and your love to
Richard:"
And even here brake off, and came away.

Glo. What tongueless blocks were they!
Would they not speak?

R. III., III: 7. 1027

VINDICTIVENESS.—Cruel.

Bru. * *
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards;
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.

J. C., II: 1. 1330.

— Woman's.

Q. Mar. * *

What! was it you, that would be England's king?

Was't you that revell'd in our parliament,

And made a preachment of your high descent?

Where are your mess of sons to back you now?

The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?
And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,

Dicky your boy, that, with his grumbling voice,

Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?

Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?

Look, York; I stain'd this napkin with the blood

That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,

Made issue from the bosom of the boy:

And, if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.

Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,

I should lament thy miserable state.

I pr'ythee, grieve, to make me merry,
York;

Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.

What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails,

That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?

Why art thou patient, then? thou should'st be mad;

And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.

Thou would'st be fee'd, I see, to make me sport;

York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.

A crown for York;—and, lords, bow low to him.

Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.

Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king!

Ay, this is he that took king Henry's chair;

And this is he was his adopted heir.—

But how is it that great Plantagenet

Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?

As I bethink me, you should not be king,
Till our king Henry had shook hands with death.

And will you pale your head in Henry's glory,

And rob his temples of the diadem,

Now in his life, against your holy oath?

O, 't is a fault, too, too unpardonable!—

Off with the crown; and, with the crown,
his head;

And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.

H. VI., 3 pt., I: 4. 960.

VIRAGO.—A desperate.

Bene. * * I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed: she would have made Hercules have turn'd spit; yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her: you shall find her the infernal Ate in good apparel. I would to God some scholar would conjure her; for, certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary.

M. A., II: 1. 232.

VIRGIN.—Born, to Die a.

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England,

An aged princess; many days shall see her,

And yet no day without a deed to crown it.

'Would I had known no more! but she must die,

(She must, the saints must have her;) yet a virgin,

A most unspotted lily shall she pass

To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

H. VIII., V: 3. 1094.

VIRGINITY.—Lacks Adaptation.

Par. * * Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unsuitable: just like the brooch and the toothpick, which wear not now.

A. W., I: 1. 497.

—Old.

Par. * * Your old virginity is like one of our French wither'd pears; it looks ill, it eats drily.

A. W., I: 1. 497.

—Perpetual.

Her. * *

But I beseech your grace that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the society of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your de-
sires,

Know of your youth, examine well your
blood,

Whether, if you yield not to your father's
choice,

You can endure the livery of a nun;
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless
moon.

Thrice blessed they that master so their
blood,

To undergo such maiden pilgrimage:
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
Than that which, withering on the virgin
thorn,

Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

M. N., I: 1. 322.

—Self-destructive.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a
father, (O, that *had!* how sad a passage 't
is!) whose skill was almost as great as his
honesty; had it stretch'd so far, would have
made nature immortal, and death should
have play for lack of work.

A. W., II: 1. 495.

VIRTUE.—Dearer than Life.

Isab. O, 't is the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In princely guards! Dost thou think, Clau-
dio,

If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou might'st be freed?

Claud. O, heavens! it cannot be.

Isab. Yes, he would give 't thee, from
this rank offence,

So to offend him still. This night's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou diest to-morrow.

Claud. Thou shalt not do 't.

Isab. O, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

M. M., III: 1. 157.

—Demands its Rites.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine: if
you mean well,

Now go with me, and with this holy man,
Into the chantry by; there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace.

T. N., IV: 3. 565.

—Depends on Circumstances.

Fri. Virtue itself turns vice, being mis-
applied.

R. J., II: 3. 1253.

—In a Fool.

Wol. * * He was a fool,

For he would needs be virtuous: That good
fellow,

If I command him, follows my appointment;
I will have none so near else. Learn this,
brother,

We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

H. VIII., II: 2. 1069.

—Its Effect on Woman.

York. * *

'T is virtue, that doth make them most ad-
mir'd;

The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at.

H. VI., 3 pt., I: 4. 961.

—Makes Blacks fair.

Duke. * *

If virtue no delighted beauty lack,

Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

O., I: 3. 1495.

—Not unmixed.

1 *Lord.* The web of our life is of a
mingled yarn, good and ill together: our
virtues would be proud, if our faults whipp'd
them not; and our crimes would despair, if
they were not cherish'd by our virtues.

A. W., IV: 3. 520.

—Of More Value than Life.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his
life,

(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the case of question,) that you, his
sister,

Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great
place,

Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-binding law; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your
body

To this supposed, or else to let him suffer;
What would you do?

Isab. As much for my poor brother as
myself:

That is, were I under the terms of death,
Th' impression of keen whips I'd wear as
rubies,

And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That long I have been sick for, ere I'd
yield

My body up to shame.

M. M., II: 4. 155.

— **Outraged, revenged.**

Tit. * * Die, die, Lavinia, and thy
shame with thee;

And, with thy shame, thy father's sorrow
die!

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural,
and unkind?

Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have
made me blind.

I am as woful as Virginius was:

And have a thousand times more cause than
he

To do this outrage;—and it is now done.

Sat. What, was she ravish'd? tell, who
did the deed.

Tit. Will't please you eat? will't please
your highness feed?

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only
daughter thus?

Tit. Not I; 'twas Chiron, and Demetrius:
They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 't was they, that did her all this
wrong.

Sat. Go, fetch them hither to us present-
ly.

Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in
that pie;

Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.
'T is true, 't is true; witness my knife's
sharp point.

Sat. Die, frantic wretch, for this ac-
cursed deed.

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father
bleed?

There's meed for meed, death for a deadly
deed.

Tit. And., V: 3. 1230.

— **Public, remorseless.**

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard

For his private friends: His answer to me
was,

He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome, musty chaff: He said, 't was
folly,

For one poor grain or two, to leave un-
burnt,

And still to nose the offence.

C., V: 1. 1186.

— **That Transgresses, patched.**

Clo. Anything that 's mended, is but
patched: virtue that transgresses is but
patched with sin; and sin that amends is
but patched with virtue.

T. N., I: 5. 544.

— **Untasted.**

Agam. * * Yet all his virtues, —

Not virtuously on his own part beheld, —

Do, in our eyes, begin to lose their gloss;

Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome
dish,

Are like to rot untasted.

T. C., II: 3. 1117.

VIRTUES.—Men's, Written in Water.

Grif. Noble madam,

Men's evil manners live in brass; their virt-
ues

We write in water.

H. VIII., IV: 2. 1085.

— **Nameless, near to Vice.**

Speed. Item, "She hath many name-
less virtues."

Laun. That's as much as to say, bas-
tard virtues; that, indeed, know not their
fathers, and therefore have no names.

Speed. Here follow her vices.

Laun. Close at the heels of her virtues.

T. G., III: 1. 62.

—Not to be hidden.

Duke. * * Thyself and thy belongings

Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do;
Not light them for themselves: for if our
virtues

Did not go forth of us, 't were all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not fine-
ly touch'd

But to fine issues: nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use.

M. M., I: 1. 143.

—Stuffed with them.

Mess. * * Stuffed with all honourable
virtues.

M. A., I: 1. 225.

VISIONS.—Appalling.

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of
Banquo; down!

The crown does sear mine eye-balls:—
And thy hair,

Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the
first:—

A third is like the former:—Filthy hags!
Why do you show me this?—A fourth?—
Start, eyes!

What! will the line stretch out to the crack
of doom?

Another yet?—A seventh?—I'll see no
more:—

And yet the eighth appears, who bears a
glass,

Which shows me many more; and some I
see,

That two-fold balls and treble sceptres
carry:

Horrible sight!—Ay, now, I see, 't is true;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon
me,

And points at them for his.

M., IV: 1. 1376.

—Preceding Death.

Kath. No? Saw you not, even now, a
blessed troop

Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces

Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promis'd me eternal happiness;
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I
feel

I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall,
Assuredly.

H. VIII., IV: 2. 1085.

VIXEN.—A young.

Hel. O, when she's angry, she is keen
and shrewd:

She was a vixen when she went to school;
And, though she be but little, she is fierce.

M. N., III: 2. 336.

VOCABULARY.—A Copious.

Val. * * You have an exchequer of
words.

T. G., II: 4. 55.

VOICE.—A bad.

Balth. O, good my lord, tax not so bad
a voice

To slander music any more than once.

M. A., II: 3. 235.

—A soft.

Lear. * * Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in wo-
man.

K. L., V: 3. 1485.

—A womanlike.

Duke. * * Thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.

T. N., I: 4. 543.

—Fascination of a Woman's.

Flo. * * When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever; when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
Pray so; and, for the ord'ring your affairs,
To sing them too.

W. T., IV: 3. 602.

—Low, its Power.

Cleo. Didst hear her speak? Is she
shrill-tongu'd, or low?

Mess. Madam, I heard her speak: she
is low-voic'd.

Cleo. That 's not so good.

A. C., III: 3. 1559.

VOLUBILITY.—Suspicious.

Iago. A knave very voluble; no further conscionable, than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? why, none; why, none.

O., II: 1. 1503.

VOLUPTUOUSNESS.—Description of.

Eno. * * For her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion, (cloth of gold and tissue,)
O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see,
The fancy out-work nature: on each side
her,

Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,

With diverse-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem

To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,

And what they undid, did.

* * From the barge

A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; And Antony,
Enthron'd in the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

A. C., II: 2. 1550.

VOW.—Involving Murder

Iago. Do not rise yet.—
Witness, you ever-burning lights above
You elements that clip us round about!
Witness, that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service! let him command,

And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody work soever.

Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance
bounteous,

And will upon the instant put thee to 't:
Within these three days let me hear thee say,
That Cassio's not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead: 't is done, at
your request;
But let her live.

O., III: 3. 1515.

VOWS.—Conflicting.

Pand. So mak'st thou faith an enemy
to faith;

And, like a civil war, sett'st oath to oath,
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy
vow

First made to heaven, first be to heaven
perform'd;

That is, to be the champion of our church!
What since thou swor'st, is sworn against
thyself,

And may not be performed by thyself:
For that, which thou hast sworn to do amiss,
Is not amiss when it is truly done;
And being not done, where doing tends to
ill,

The truth is then most done not doing it;
The better act of purposes mistook
Is, to mistake again; though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct.
And falsehood falsehood cures; as fire cools
fire,

Within the scorched veins of one new
burn'd.

It is religion, that doth make vows kept;
But thou hast sworn against religion;
By what thou swear'st, against the thing
thou swear'st;

And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth
Against an oath: The truth, thou art unsure
To swear, swear only not to be forsworn;
Else, what a mockery should it be to swear?
But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;
And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost
swear.

K. J., III: 1. 659

—Hasty, may be broken.

Pro. * *
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken.

T. G., II: 6. 58.

—Men's, Woman's Traitors.

Imo. * *
Men's vows are women's traitors! All good
seeming,
By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villainy; not borne where 't
grows,
But worn a bait for ladies.

Cym., III: 4. 1608.

VOX-POPULI.—In Times of Misfortune.

Cit. Tear him to pieces, do it presently.
He killed my son;—my daughter;—He
killed my cousin Marcus;—He killed my
father.

C., V: 5. 1193.

—Its Contradictions.

Sic. Where is this viper,
That would depopulate the city, and
Be every man himself?

Men. You worthy tribunes. —

Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tar-
peian rock

With rigorous hands; he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further
trial

Than the severity of the public power,
Which he so sets at naught.

1 *Cit.* He shall well know,
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.

C., III: 1. 1172.

—Unreliable.

Mar. Thanks. — What 's the matter,
you dissentious rogues,
That rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?

1 *Cit.* We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to
thee, will flatter

Beneath abhorring. — What would you have,
you curs,

That like nor peace, nor war? the one af-
frights you,

The other makes you proud. He that trusts
you,

Where he should find you lions, finds you
hares;

Where foxes, geese: You are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,

To make him worthy, whose offence sub-
dues him,

And curse that justice did it. Who de-
serves greatness,

Deserves your hate: and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most
that

Which would increase his evil. He that
depends

Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang
ye! Trust ye?

With every minute you do change a mind;
And call him noble, that was now your
hate,

Him vile, that was your garland. What's
the matter,

That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which
else

Would feed on one another?

C., I: 1. 1151.

VULNERABILITY.—Sought for.

Achil. Thou art too brief; I will the
second time,

As I would by thee, view thee limb by limb.

Hect. O, like a book of sport thou 'lt
read me o'er;

But there's more in me than thou under-
stand'st.

Why dost thou so oppress me with thine
eye?

Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which
part of his body

Shall I destroy him? whether there, there,
or there?

That I may give the local wound a name;
And make distinct the very breach, where-
out

Hector's great spirit flew: Answer me,
heavens!

T. C., IV: 5. 1134.

W

WAITING.—Patient.

Tro. * * I stalk about her door,
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian
banks
Staying for waftage.

T. C., III: 2. 1121.

—Persistent.

Duke. Stand you awhile aloof.—Cesar-
rio,
Thou know'st no less but all: I have un-
clasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul:
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait un-
to her;
Be not deny'd access; stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall
grow,
Till thou have audience.

T. N., I: 4. 543.

WALL.—A speaking.

Wall. In this same interlude, it doth befall,
That I, one Snout by name, present a wall:
And such a wall as I would have you think,
That had in it a cranny'd hole, or chink,
Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisbe,
Did whisper often very secretly.
This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone doth show
That I am that same wall; the truth is so:
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

The. Would you desire lime and hair to
speak better?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever
I heard discourse, my lord.

M. W., V: 1. 343.

WANT.—Abject.

Cas. * * The gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate
then did deign
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture
sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st.

A. C., I: 4. 1545.

—Unnecessary.

Tim. Why should you want? Behold,
the earth hath roots;
Within this mile break forth a hundred
springs:
The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet hips;
The bounteous housewife, nature, on each
bush
Lays her full mess before you. Want? why
want?

I Thief. We cannot live on grass, on
berries, water,
As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the
birds and fishes;
You must eat men.

T. A., IV: 3. 1310

WANTONNESS.—Childlike.

Biron. * *
All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain.

L. L., V: 2. 303.

—Devise, to Punish.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our device;
That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us,
Disguis'd like Herne, with huge horns on
his head.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but
he'll come,
And in this shape: When you have brought
him thither,
What shall be done with him? what is your
plot?

Mrs. Page. That likewise have we
thought upon, and thus:
Nan Page my daughter, and my little son,
And three or four more of their growth,
we'll dress
Like urchins, ouphes, and fairies, green and
white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands; upon a sudden,
As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a sawpit rush at once

With some diffused song; upon their sight,
We two in great amazedness will fly:
Then let them all encircle him about,
And, fairy-like, to pinch the unclean knight;
And ask him, why, that hour of fairy revel,
In their sacred paths he dares to tread,
In shape profane.

Mrs. Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound,
And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. Page. The truth being known,
We'll all present ourselves; dis-horn the
spirit,
And mock him home to Windsor.

M. W., IV: 5. 113.

—How betrayed.

Ulyss.

There's language in her eye, her cheek,
her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits
look out

At every joint and motive of her body.
O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give accosting welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their
thoughts

To every ticklish reader!

T. C., IV: 5. 1132.

—Of Women, Hinders Marriage.

Ham. I have heard of your paintings
too, well enough; God hath given you one
face, and you make yourselves another:
you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nick-
name God's creatures, and make your wan-
tonness your ignorance: Go to; I'll no
more of't; it hath made me mad. I say,
we will have no more marriages.

H., III: 1. 1411.

WANTS.—To be Made known.

Cle. * *

Who wanteth food, and will not say he
wants it,

Or can conceal his hunger, till he famish?
Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep our
woes

Into the air; our eyes do weep, till lungs
Fetch breath that may proclaim them
louder; that,

If heaven slumber, while their creatures
want,

They may awake their helpers to comfort
them.

I'll then discourse our woes felt several
years,
And, wanting breath to speak, help me with
tears.

P., I: 4. 1646.

WAR.—A just.

Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs,
that lift their swords

In such a just and charitable war.

K. J., II: 1. 649.

—A last Resort.

K. John. What follows, if we disallow
of this?

Chat. The proud control of fierce and
bloody war,
To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

K. John. Here have we war for war, and
blood for blood,
Controlment for controlment: so answer
France.

K. J., I: 1. 646.

—Beastly.

Tim. * *

Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war.

T. A., V: 2. 1314.

—Between Christians, unnatural.

K. Hen. * * I always thought,
It was both impious and unnatural,
That such immanity and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.

H. VI., 1 pt., V: 1. 891.

—Cause of domestic Sorrow.

F. Her. * * This day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English
mother,
Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding
ground:

Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,
Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth.

K. J., II: 2. 653.

—Civil.

Car. * *

And temper clay with blood of Englishmen.

H. VI., 2 pt., III: 1. 925.

K. Hen. * * *

Civil dissension is a viperous worm,
That gnaws the bowels of the common-
wealth.

H. VI., 1 pt., III: 1. 878.

Bast. * * * And vast confusion waits
(As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast.)

K. J., IV: 3. 670.

Chorus. * * * And, at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine,
sword, and fire.

H. V., Chorus. 819.

—Civil, its Horrors.

Son. * * * O God! it is my father's face,
Whom in this conflict I unawares have kill'd.
O heavy times, begetting such events!
From London by the king was I press'd
forth;

My father, being the earl of Warwick's man,
Came on the part of York, press'd by his
master;

And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
Have by my hands of life bereaved him.

Fath. * * *

But let me see:—is this our foeman's face?
Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son!—

Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw up thine eye; see, see, what showers
arise,

Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and
heart!

O, pity, God, this miserable age!—

What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,

Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,

This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!

* *

K. Hen. Woe above woe! grief more
than common grief!

O, that my death would stay these ruthless
deeds!—

O pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!—

The red rose and the white are on his face,

The fatal colours of our striving houses;

The one, his purple blood right well re-
sembles;

The other, his pale cheeks, methinks, pre-
sent:

Wither one rose, and let the other flourish!
If you contend, a thousand lives must wither!

H. IV., 3 pt., II: 5. 968.

—Civil, Thanks for its Cessation.

Richm. * * *

We will unite the white rose with the red:
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,
That long hath frown'd upon their enmity!
What traitor hears me, and says not,—
amen?

England hath long been mad, and scarr'd
herself;

The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,
The son, compell'd, been butcher to the
sire;

All this divided York and Lancaster,
Divided, in their dire division.—

O, now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true succeders of each royal house,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!
And let their heirs, (God, if thy will be so,)
Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd
peace,

With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous
days!

Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would reduce these bloody days again,
And make poor England weep in streams of
blood!

Let them not live to taste this land's increase
That would with treason wound this fair
land's peace!

Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives
again;

That she may long live here, God say—
Amen!

R. III., V: 4. 1047.

—Closet.

Ulyss. The still and mental parts,—

That do contrive how many hands shall
strike,

When fitness call them on; and know, by
measure

Of their observant toil, the enemy's weight,—
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity;

They call this—bed-work, mappery, closet-
war:

So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness of his
poize,

They place before his hand that made the
engine.

T. C., I: 3. 1109.

—Defensive.

Bast. * *

No : Know the gallant monarch is in arms ;
And like an eagle o'er his airy towers,
To souse annoyance that comes near his
nest.

K. J., V : 2. 673.

—Dust Laid by its Blood.

Boling. * *

And lay the summer's dust with showers of
blood,
Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd En-
glishmen.

R. II., III : 3. 703.

—Evils of, Deplored.

Pucel. * *

O, turn thy edged sword another way ;
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those
that help !
One drop of blood, drawn from thy country's
bosom,
Should grieve thee more than streams of
foreign gore ;
Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stained spots !

H. VI., 1 pt., III : 4. 883.

—For unworthy Causes.

Bast. * *

Now for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest.

K. J., IV : 3. 670.

—Foreign, a Remedy.

Mar. Nay, let them follow :

The Volscians have much corn ; take these
rats thither,
To gnaw their garners.

C., I : 1. 1152.

—Foreign, a Relief.

K. Hen. So shaken as we are, so wan
with care,

Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new
broils

To be commenc'd in stronds afar remote.
No more the thirsty entrails of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's
blood ;

No more shall trenching war channel her
fields,

Nor bruise her flow'rets with the armed
hoofs

Of hostile paces : those opposed eyes,
Which, — like the meteors of a troubled
heaven,

All of one nature, of one substance bred, —
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way ; and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies.

H. VI., 1 pt., I : 1. 727.

—Foreshadowed.

Ind. * *

Whilst the big year, swoll'n with some other
grief,

Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war.

H. VI., 2 pt., I : 1. 773.

—Great.

Oth. * * The big wars,
That make ambition virtue !

O., III : 3. 1514.

—Hated.

K. Rich. * *

And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neigh-
bours' swords.

R. II., I : 3. 689.

—Its End.

Glo. * *

Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled
front.

R. III., I : 1. 1001.

—Its purple Testament.

K. Rich. * * He is come to ope
The purple testament of bleeding war ;
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers'
sons

Shall ill become the flower of England's
face ;

Change the complexion of her maid-pale
peace

To scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her pastures' grass with faithful English
blood.

R. II., III : 3. 704.

—Its three Attendants.

Tal. * * If you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire;
Who, in a moment, even with the earth
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,
If you forsake the offer of their love.

H. VI., 1 pt., IV: 2. 886.

—Its Uncertainty.

K. Hen. This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light;
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day, nor night,
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,
Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind;
Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea
Forc'd to retire by the fury of the wind;
Sometime, the flood prevails; and then, the wind;
Now, one the better; then, another best;
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered:
So is the equal poise of this fell war.
Here on this molehill will I sit me down.
To whom god will, there be the victory.

H. VI., 3 pt., II: 4. 967.

—Leaders in.

K. John. * *
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
For ere thou canst report I will be there.

K. J., I: 1. 646.

—Not always to be Suppressed.

Lew. * *
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars
Between this chastis'd kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
And now 't is far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to this land,

Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart;
And come you now to tell me, John hath made

His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?

I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;

And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back,
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?

Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne,

What men provided, what munition sent,
To underprop this action? is 't not I,
That undergo this charge? Who else but I,
And such as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this business, and maintain this war?

K. J., V: 2. 672.

—Paints in Blood.

K. Phi. * *
Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and over-stain'd
With slaughter's pencil! where revenge did paint
The fearful difference of incensed kings.

K. J., III: 1. 659.

—Preparation for.

Alex. * *
And, like as there were husbandry in war,
Before the sun rose, he was harness'd light,
And to the field goes he; where every flower
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw
In Hector's wrath.

T. C., I: 2. 1104.

—Quarrels Lead to.

Plan. * *
This quarrel will drink blood another day.

H. VI., 1 pt., II: 4. 876.

—Relentless.

K. Hen. * *
Defy us to our worst: for, as I am a soldier,
(A name, that, in my thoughts, becomes me best,)
If I begin the battery once again,
I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur,
Till in her ashes she lie buried.

The gates of mercy shall be all shut up;
And the flesh'd soldier—rough and hard of
heart—

In liberty of bloody hand, shall range
With conscience wide as hell; mowing like
grass
Your fresh-fair virgins, and your flowering
infants.

What is it then to me, if impious war, —
Array'd in flames, like to the prince of
fiends,—

Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell
feats

Enlink'd to waste and desolation?

H. V., III: 3. 833.

—Savage.

*Pand. * **

And tame the savage spirit of wild war;
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in show.

K. J., V: 2. 672.

—Swords.

*York. * ** Why have they dar'd to
march

So many miles upon her peaceful bosom;
Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war.

R. II., II: 3. 698.

—Takes all Vantages.

*North. * **

It is war's prize to take all vantages:
And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

H. VI., 3 pt., I: 4. 960.

*Pand. * ** Pick strong matter of re-
volt, and wrath,

Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.

K. J., III: 4. 663.

—Things worse.

*Ber. * ** War is no strife

To the dark house, and the detested wife.

A. W., II: 3. 508.

—Threatened.

K. Phi. Our thunder from the south,
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

K. J., II: 2. 654.

Hast. And though we here fall down,
We have supplies to second our attempt;

If they miscarry, theirs shall second them:
And so, success of mischief shall be born;
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel
up,

Whiles England shall have generation.

H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 2. 797.

—Unprofitable.

Boul. What would you have me? go to
the wars, would you? where a man may
serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and
have not money enough in the end to buy
him a wooden one?

P., IV: 6. 1666.

—Uncertain.

*Ant. * **

Cry "Havoc," and let slip the dogs of war.

J. C., III: 1. 1338.

—Who Assume its Consequences

*Exc. * ** On your head

Turns he the widows' tears, the orphans'
cries,

The dead men's blood, the pining maidens'
groans,

For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,
That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.

H. V., II: 4. 830.

WARNING.—Cæsar's, against Brutus.

Art. Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of
Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to
Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus
Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not, thou hast
wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in
all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou
be'st not immortal, look about you: Security gives
way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee!
Thy lover,

ARTEMIDORUS.

J. C., II: 2. 1334.

—Not Heeding a

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?

I have done no harm. But I remember
now

I am in this earthly world, where to do
harm

Is often laudable; to do good, sometime
Accounted dangerous folly: why then,
alas!

Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say I have done no harm? What are
these faces!

Mur. Where is your husband?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified,

Where such as thou may'st find him.

Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou li'st, thou shag-ear'd villain.

Mur. What, you egg?

Young fry of treachery?

Son. He has killed me, mother:

Run away, I pray you.

M., IV: 2. 1377.

WARS.—Cleave the World.

Octa. * *

Wars 'twixt you twain would be

As if the world should cleave, and that
slain men

Should solder up the rift.

A. C., III: 4. 1560.

WART.—“Thereby Hangs a Tale.”

Quick. * * Have not your worship a wart above your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

Quick. Well, thereby hangs a tale;—good faith, it is such another Nan;—but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread;—We had an hour's talk of that wart.

M. W., I: 4. 94.

WATCHFULNESS.—Warlike.

Grand. * *

There horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
With torch-staves in each hand.

H. V., IV: 2. 844.

WATCHMEN.—Dogberry's Idea of.

Dogb. * * You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge: You shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

2 Watch. How if 'a will not stand?

Dogb. Why, then take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects:—You shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and talk, is most tolerable and not to be endured.

2 Watch. We will rather sleep than talk; we know what belongs to a watch.

Dogb. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only have a care that your bills be not stol'n:—Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid them that are drunk get them to bed.

2 Watch. How if they will not?

Dogb. Why, then let them alone till they are sober; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say they are not the men you took them for.

2 Watch. Well, sir.

Dogb. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

2 Watch. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dogb. Truly, by your office, you may; but I think they that touch pitch will be defil'd: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Verg. You have been always call'd a merciful man, partner.

Dogb. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will; much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

2 Watch. How if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us?

Dogb. Why, then depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying: for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never answer a calf when it bleats.

Verg. 'T is very true.

Dogb. This is the end of the charge.

M. A., III: 3. 240.

WATER.—Weak, but honest.

Apem. * *

Here's that, which is too weak to be a sinner, Honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire.

T. A., I: 2. 1290.

WEAKNESS.—A Woman's.

Por. I must go in. — Ah me! how weak a thing

The heart of woman is! O Brutus!

The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise?

Sure, the boy heard me:—Brutus hath a suit,

That Cæsar will not grant. — O, I grow faint.

J. C., II: 4. 1335.

—Extreme.

Tro. * * *

But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance;
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

T. C., I: 1. 1102.

—Fits for Death.

Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death; the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me:
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

M. V., IV: 1. 383.

—No Right to Rule.

York. * * * Thou art not king;

Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
Which dar'st not, no, nor canst not rule a
traitor.

That head of thine doth not become a
crown;

Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,
And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.
That gold must round engirt these brows of
mine;

Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles'
spear,

Is able with the change to kill and cure.

Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up,
And with the same to act controlling laws.

Give place; by heaven, thou shalt rule no
more

O'er him, whom heaven created for thy
ruler.

H. VI., 2 pt., V: 1. 943.

—Strength in.

Ulyss. * * * To end a tale of length,

Troy in her weakness stands, not in her
strength.

T. C., I: 3. 1109.**WEALTH.—An Imposthume.***Ham.* * * *

This is the imposthume of much wealth and
peace,

That inward breaks, and shows no cause
without

Why the man dies.

H., IV: 4. 1423.

—Some, all in Blood.

Bass. * * * Gentle lady,

When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins,—I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true.

M. V., III: 2. 379

—The Burden of a Wooing.

Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such
friends as we

Few words suffice: and, therefore, if thou
know

One rich enough to be Petrucio's wife,
(As wealth is burthen of my wooing
dance)

Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,
As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd
As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse,
She moves me not, or not removes, at
least,

Affection's edge in me. Were she as
rough

As are the swelling Adriatic seas;
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

T. S., I: 2. 458.**WEARINESS.—An Impediment.**

Gon. By 'r lakin, I can go no further,
sir;

My old bones ache: here 's a maze trod,
indeed,

Through forth-rights and meanders! by
your patience,

I needs must rest me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down and
rest.

T., III: 3. 24.

—Can Snore upon Flint.

Bel. * * * Come; our stomachs

Will make what's homely, savoury: Weari-
ness

Can snore upon the flint, when restive
sloth

Finds the down pillow hard.

Cym., III: 6. 1612.

WEEDS.—Robbers of the Soil.*Gard.* * *

You thus employ'd, I will go root away
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

*R. II., III: 4. 706.***WEEPING.—Folly of.**

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be
a fool,

To put the finger in the eye and weep,
Whilst man and master laugh my woes to
scorn.

*C. E., II: 2. 199.***WELCOME.—A general.**

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from
his grace

Salutes ye all: This night he dedicates
To fair content, and you: none here, he
hopes,

In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One careabroad; he would have all as merry
As first-good company, good wine, good
welcome

Can make good people.

*H. VIII., I: 4. 1063.***—An impotent.***Arth.* * *

I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
But with a heart full of unstained love.

*K. J., II: 1. 649.***—Contrasted with Farewell.***Ulyss.* * * Welcome ever smiles,

And farewell goes out sighing.

*T. C., III: 3. 1125.***—Gives Zest to a Feast.**

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and
your welcome dear.

Ant. E. O, signior Balthazar, either at
flesh or fish,

A table full of welcome makes scarce one
dainty dish.

Bal. Good meat, sir, is common; that
every churl affords.

Ant. E. And welcome more common;
for that 's nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheer and great welcome
make a merry feast.

*C. E., III: 1. 199.***—Hearty.**

Val. Welcome, dear Proteus!—Mistress,
I beseech you

Confirm his welcome with some special fa-
vour.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his wel-
come hither.

*T. G., II: 4. 56.***—Nationality should Secure.**

Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou art
an Athenian; therefore welcome: I myself
would have no power: pr'ythee, let my meat
make thee silent.

*T. A., I: 2. 1290.***—To a Friend, Repeated.**

Lady M. * * The feast is sold,
That is not often vouch'd, while 't is a
making,

'T is given with welcome: To feed, were
best at home;

From thence, the sauce to meet is cere-
mony,

Meeting were bare without it.

*M., III: 4. 1371.***WHIPPING.—For Jades.***Clo.* * *

Whip me? No, no; let carman whip his
jade;

The valiant heart 's not whipped out of his
trade.

*M. M., II: 1. 150.***WIFE.—A Light.***Por.* * *

For a light wife doth make a heavy hus-
band.

*M. V., V: 1. 389.***—A Man's Chattels.***Pet.* * *

I will be master of what is mine own:

She is my goods, my chattels; 'she is my
house,

My household-stuff, my field, my barn,

My horse, my ox, my ass, my anything;

And here she stands, touch her whoever
dare.

T. S., III: 2. 470.

—A noble, Commended.

K. Hen. Go thy ways, Kate :
That man i' the world, who shall report he
has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that : Thou art, alone,
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wise-like govern-
ment,—
Obeying in commanding,—and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee
out,)
The queen of earthly queens.

H. VIII., II : 4. 1073.

—A, to be Trusted.

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should
intend this voyage toward my wife, I would
turn her loose to him; and what he gets
more of her than sharp words, let it lie on
my head.

M. W., II : 1. 97.

—A true.

Q. Kath. * *

In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeas-
ure,
That thus you should proceed to put me
off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven
witness,
I have been to you a true and humble
wife,
At all times to your will conformable :
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance; glad, or
sorry
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour,
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your
friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking, nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharged? Sir, call
to mind
That I have been your wife in this obedi-
ence,
Upward of twenty years.

H. VIII., II : 4. 1071.

—Acknowledged.

Bru. You are my true and honourable
wife;
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

J. C., II : 1. 1332.

—An unequaled.

Ant. * * As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another :
The third o' the world is yours; which with
a snaffle
You may pace easy.

A. C., II : 2. 1548.

—Her Influence over Cæsar.

Cal. * *

Do not go forth to-day : Call it my fear,
That keeps you in the house, and not your
own.

We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-
house;

And he shall say, you are not well to-day :
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say, I am not
well;

And, for thy humor, I will stay at home.

J. C., II : 2. 1333.

—Her Intuitions.

Cæs. Nor heaven, nor earth, have been
at peace to-night;

Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried
out,

"Help, ho! They murder Cæsar!" Who's
within?

J. C., II : 2. 1332.

—Her Rights.

K. Hen. Arise, and take place by us :—
Half your suit

Nevername to us; you have half our power :
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;
Repeat your will, and take it.

H. VIII., I : 2. 1060.

—Her Safety insured.

K. Edw. My love, forbear to fawn upon
their frowns :

What danger, or what sorrow can befall
thee,

So long as Edward is thy constant friend,

And their true sovereign, whom they must obey?

Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,

Unless they seek for hatred at my hands :
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

H. VI., 3 pt., IV : 1. 979.

—How defiled.

Glo. Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal,

How I have lov'd my king, and common-weal :

And, for my wife, I know not how it stands ;

Sorry I am to hear what I have heard :
Noble she is ; but if she have forgot
Honour and virtue, and convers'd with such

As, like to pitch, defile nobility,
I banish her, my bed, and company ;
And give her, as a prey, to law, and shame,
That hath dishonour'd Gloster's honest name.

H. VI., 2 pt., II : 1. 918.

—Needs Watching.

Biron. * *

What ! I love ! I sue ! I seek a wife !
A woman, that is like a German clock,
Still a repairing ; ever out of frame ;
And never going aright, being a watch,
But being watch'd that it may still go right ?

L. L., III : 1. 232.

—Opposite Duties of a.

Blanch. The sun's o'ercast with blood :
Fair day, adieu !

Which is the side that I must go withal ?
I am with both : each army hath a hand :
And, in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whirl asunder, and dismember me.
Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'st win ;

Uncle, I needs must pray that thou may'st lose ;

Father, I may not wish the fortune thine ;
Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive ;
Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose ;
Assured loss, before the match be play'd.

Lew. Lady, with me ; with me thy fortune lies.

Blanch. There, where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

K. J., III : 1. 660.

—Relation to her Husband.

Kath. * *

Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign ; one that cares for thee,

And for thy maintenance ; commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land :
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
While thou li'st warm at home, secure and safe ;

And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience, —
Too little payment for so great a debt.

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband :
And when she is froward, peevish, sullen,
sour,

And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she, but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord ?

I am asham'd, that women are so simple
To offer war, when they should kneel for peace ;

Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,

Unapt to toil, and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions, and our hearts,
Should well agree with our external parts ?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms !

My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great ; my reason, haply, more,
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown ;

But now, I see our lances are but straws :
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare, —

That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.

Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your husband's foot ;

In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

T. S., V : 2. 484.

—Separation from.

2 *Gent.* * * Did you not of late days
hear

A buzzing, of a separation
Between the king and Katharine?

1 *Gent.* Yes, but it held not;
For when the king once heard it, out of
anger

He sent command to the lord mayor, straight
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

2 *Gent.* But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now: for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was; and held for cer-
tain,

The king will venture at it. Either the car-
dinal,

Or some about him near, have, out of
malice

To the good queen, possessed him with a
scruple

That will undo her.

H. VIII., II: 1. 1067.

—Sneered at.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia?

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful
sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to
take the wife of a man from him, it shows
to man the tailors of the earth; comforting
therein, that when old robes are worn out,
there are members to make new. If there
were no more women but Fulvia, then had
you indeed a cut, and the case to belament-
ed: this grief is crowned with consolation;
your old smock brings forth a new petti-
coat;—and, indeed, the tears live in an
onion, that should water this sorrow.

A. C., I: 2. 1543.

—Some have Power to Awe.

Win. Gloster, whate'er we like, thou art
protector;

And lookest to command the prince and
realm,

Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in
awe,

More than God or religious churchmen
may.

H. VI., 1 pt., I: 1. 864.

—Unfaithful, Loathed.

Oth. * *

She's gone; I am abus'd; and my relief
Must be—to loath her. O curse of mar-
riage,

That we can call these delicate creatures
ours,

And not their appetites.

O., III: 3. 1513.

—Younger than her Husband.

Duke. * * Let still the woman take
An elder than herself: so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart.

T. N., II: 4. 550.

WILDNESS.—Youthful, a Disguise.

Ely. The strawberry grows underneath
the nettle,

And wholesome berries thrive and ripen
best,

Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality;

And so the prince obscur'd his contempla-
tion

Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by

night,

Unseen, yet crescive in his faculty.

H. V., I: 2. 820.

WILL.—A blunt.

Mar. * *

A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd,
Well fitted in arts, glorious in arms:

Nothing becomes him ill, that he would
well.

The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss

(If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil)

Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will;

Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will
still wills

It should none spare that come within his
power.

L. L., II: 1. 277.

—A wicked Woman's.

Eli. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
A will, that bars the title of thy son.

Const. Ay, who doubts that? a will! a
wicked will;

A woman's will; a canker'd grandam's will!

K. J., II: 1. 651.

—Cæsar's, not to be Questioned.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know
some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at, when I tell them so.

Cæs. The cause is in my will, I will not
come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.

J. C., II: 2. 1333.

—Guided.

Tro. * *

My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous
shores
Of will and judgment.

A. C., II: 2. 1114.

—Imperative.

Ant. My will is something sorted with
his wish:
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed,
For what I will, I will, and there an end.

T. G., I: 3. 51.

—Its Power.

Rich. * *

And like rich hangings in a homely house,
So was his will in his old feeble body.

H. IV., 2 pt., V: 3. 945.

—Luck of a Resolved.

Pro. * *

And he wants wit, that wants resolved will
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for
better.

T. G., II: 6. 58.

—Swayed by Reason.

Lys. * *

The will of man is by his reason sway'd.

M. N., II: 2. 329.

—The Body's Gardener.

Iago. Virtue? a fig! 'tis in ourselves, that
we are thus, or thus. Our bodies are our gar-
dens; to the which, our wills are gardeners:
so that if we will plant nettles, or sow let-
tuce; set hyssop, and weed up thyme; sup-
ply it with one gender of herbs, or distract
it with many; either to have it steril with
idleness, or manured with industry; why,
the power and corrigible authority of this
lies in our wills.

O., III: 3. 1498.

WINCHESTER.—His Answer to Gloster.

Win. Gloster, I do defy thee. — Lords,
vouchsafe

To give me hearing what I shall reply.
If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverse,
As he will have me, How am I so poor?
Or how haps it, I seek not to advance
Or raise myself, but keep my wonted call-
ing?

And for dissension, Who preferreth peace
More than I do, — except I be provok'd?
No, my good lords, it is not that offends;
It is not that, that hath incens'd the duke:
It is, because no one should sway but he;
No one, but he, should be about the king;
And that engenders thunder in his breast,
And makes him roar these accusations
forth.

H. VI., 1 pt., III: 1. 878.

WIND.—Its Power at Sea.

Mon. What from the cape can you dis-
cern at sea?

1 Gent. Nothing at all: it is a high-
wrought flood;

I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main,
Descry a sail.

Mon. Methinks, the wind hath spoke
aloud at land;

A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements:
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on
them,
Can hold the mortise? what shall we hear
of this?

2 Gent. A segregation of the Turkish
fleet:

For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chiding billow seems to pelt the clouds;
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and mon-
strous mane,
Seems to cast water on the burning bear,
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed
pole.

O., II: 1. 1500.

—The sweet South.

Duke. * * Like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour.

T. N., I: 1. 540.

WINE.—Drunk for the first time.

Ste. He's in his fit now, and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit.

T., II: 2. 20.

—(See Drunkenness.) "Let us call thee Devil."

Cas. * * Drunk? and speak parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustain with one's own shadow?—O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil!

O., II: 3. 1507.

—Tendered to Provoke a Quarrel.

Achil. I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,

Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow. —

Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

T. C., V: 1. 1035.

WINKING.—In Love.

K. Hen. Yet they do wink, and yield; as love is blind, and enforces.

Bur. They are then excused, my lord, when they see not what they do.

K. Hen. Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent to winking.

Bur. I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning.

H. V., V: 2. 856.

WINTER.—Mid, its Signs.

Arm. * *

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,

To-who;

Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw;
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,

To-who;

Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note.
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

L. L., V: 2. 304.

WISDOM.—Begotten by Antiquity.

Ulyss. Instructed by the antiquary times;
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise.

T. C., II: 3. 1118.

—Beyond Praise.

Ulyss. * * I will not praise thy wisdom,

Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines

Thy spacious and dilated parts.

T. C., II: 3. 1118.

—Disguised, the brightest.

Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright,

When it does tax itself: as these black masks

Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder

Than beauty could, displayed.

M. M., II: 4. 155.

WISH.—A dubious one.

Iago. He is that he is: I may not breathe my censure.

What he might be,—if, what he might, he is not,—

I would to heaven, he were.

O., IV: 1. 1521.

—A malicious.

Glend. * * His cheek looks pale; and with

A rising sigh, he wisheth you in heaven.

Hot. And you in hell, as often as he hears

Owen Glendower spoken of.

H. IV., 1 pt., III: 1. 744.

—Fathers Thought.

K. Hen. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought.

H., IV: 4. 803.

WISHERS.—Always Fools.

Cleo. * * Had I great Juno's power,
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,

And sit thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—

Wishers were ever fools.

A. C., IV: 13. 1575.

WISHES.—Good, well Expressed.

Count. Be thou blest, Bertram! and
succeed thy father
In manners, as in shape! thy blood, and
virtue,

Contend for empire in thee; and thy good-
ness

Share with thy birthright! Love all, trust
a few,

Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use; and keep thy
friend

Under thy own life's key: be check'd for
silence,

But never tax'd for speech. What Heaven
more will,

That thee may furnish, and my prayers
pluck down,

Fall on thy head!

A. W., I: 1. 496.

WISHING.—Powerless.

Hel. That wishing well had not a body
in 't,

Which might be felt: that we, the poorer
born,

Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And show what we alone must think; which
never

Returns us thanks.

A. W., I: 1. 497.

WIT.—A foolish.

Clo. * * Those wits that think that
they very oft prove fools; and, I that am
sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man:
For what says Quinapalus? Better a witty
fool than a foolish wit.

T. N., I: 5. 544.

—A voluble.

Ros. * * But a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal:
His eye begets occasion for his wit:
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished,
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

L. L., II: 1. 277.

—Accommodating.

Mer. O, here's a wit of cheverel, that
stretches from an inch narrow to an ell
broad!

R. J., II: 4. 1255.

—Blunt.

Marg. And yours as blunt as the fencer's
foils, which hit, but hurt not.

M. A., V: 2. 253.

—Cause of in Others.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to
gird at me: The brain of this foolish-com-
pounded clay, man, is not able to vent any
thing that tends to laughter, more than I
invent, or is invented on me: I am not
only witty in myself, but the cause that
wit is in other men.

H. IV., 1 pt., I: 2. 776.

—Good.

Clo. * * A sentence is but a cheveril
glove to a good wit.

T. N., III: 1. 554.

—Ignorant.

Fri. * *

Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skilless soldier's flask,
Is set on fire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismember'd with thine own de-
fence.

R. J., III: 3. 1264.

—Its seamy Side.

Emil. * *

That turn'd your wit the seamy side with-
out.

O., IV: 2. 1523.

—Lesser, Swallowed.

Biron. This jest is dry to me. Gentle
sweet,

Your wit makes wise things foolish; when
we greet,

With eyes best seeing, heaven's fiery eye,
By light we lose light: Your capacity
Is of that nature, that to your huge store
Wise things seem foolish, and rich things
but poor.

L. L., V: 2. 298.

—Modest.

Touch. Nay, I shall ne'er be 'ware of mine own wit, till I break my shins against it.

A. Y., II: 4. 416.

—Profits by Everything.

Fal. * * A good wit will make use of any thing; I will turn diseases to commodity.

H. IV., 2 pt., I: 2. 778.

—Quarrelsome.

Prin. Good wits will be jangling; but, gentles, agree.

L. L., II: 1. 279.

—Quick.

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth; it catches.

M. A., V: 2. 253.

Ther. * * There were wit in this head, an't would out; and so there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking.

T. C., III: 3. 1126.

—Short-lived.

Prin. Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.

L. L., II: 1. 277.

—Some Needs Winding up.

Seb. Look; he's winding up the watch of his wit; by and by it will strike.

T., II: 1. 15.

—Strength, no Proof of.

Ther. Even so?—a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains.

T. C., II: 1. 1113.

—True.

Arm. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterranean, a sweet touch, a quick veney of wit: snip, snap, quick, and home; it rejoiceth my intellect: true wit.

L. L., V: 1. 292.

—Turned Fool, surely Caught.

Prin. None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,

As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wisdom hatch'd,
Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school,

And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,

As fool'ry in the wise, when wit doth dote;
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

L. L., V: 2. 294.

—Women's Irrepressible.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder. Make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 't will out at the key-hole; stop that, 't will fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

A. Y., IV: 1. 430.

—Youthful.

York. * *

Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;
Because that I am little, like an ape,
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

Buck. With what a sharp provided wit he reasons!

To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself:
So cunning, and so young, is wonderful.

R. III., III: 1. 1021.

WITCH.—Cruelty of a.

Pro. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with child,

And here was left by the sailors: Thou, my slave,

As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant:

And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhor'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,

By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she dy'd,
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groans,

As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island

(Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with

A human shape.

T., I: 2. 11.

—The Sailor's Curse.

1 *Witch.* * * *

A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd:

— "Give me," quoth I:

"Aroint thee, witch!" the rump-fed ronyon
cries.

Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o'
the Tiger:

But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

2 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.1 *Witch.* Thou art kind.3 *Witch.* And I another.1 *Witch.* I myself have all the other;

And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.

I will drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall, neither night nor day,
Hang up his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid:

Weary sev'n-nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest toss'd.

Look what I have.

2 *Witch.* Show me, show me.

1 *Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd, as homeward he did come.

M., I: 3. 1358.

WITCHCRAFT.—Its Power.

Glo. * * *

Look how I am bewitch'd; behold mine
arm

Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up.

R. III., III: 4 1025.

WITCHES.—Dealing with.

Buck. * * *

A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent,—
Under the countenance and confederacy
Of lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,
The ringleader and head of all this rout,—
Have practis'd dangerously against your
state,

Dealing with witches, and with conjurers:
Whom we have apprehended in the fact;
Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,

Demanding of king Henry's life and death,
And other of your highness' privy council,
As more at large your grace shall under-
stand.

H. VI., 2 pt., II: 1. 917.

—Prophecies to Macbeth.

Macb. Speak, if you can;—What are you?1 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!2 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!3 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter.

* *

Ban. * * * Speak then to me, who
neither beg, nor fear,
Your favours, nor your hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail!2 *Witch.* Hail!3 *Witch.* Hail!1 *Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.2 *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.3 *Witch.* Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:

So, all hail, Macbeth, and Banquo!

1 *Witch.* Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell
me more:

By Sinel's death, I know, I am thane of
Glamis;

But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor
lives,

A prosperous gentleman; and, to be king,
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from
whence

You owe this strange intelligence?

M., I: 3. 1358.

—That Meet Macbeth.

1 *Witch.* Where the place?2 *Witch.* Upon the heath.3 *Witch.* There to meet with Macbeth.1 *Witch.* I come, Graymalkin!*All.* Paddock calls:—Anon.

Fair is foul, and foul is fair:

Hover through the fog and filthy air.

M., I: 1. 1357.

WITLING.—A small.

Biron. This fellow picks up wit, as pigeons peas,
And utters it again when Jove doth please.
He is wit's peddler, and retails his wares
At wakes, and wassails, meetings, markets,
fairs :
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
Hath not the grace to grace it with such show.

L. L., V : 2. 297.

WIVES.—For what they Hold Sovereignty.

Boyet. Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty
Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be
Lords o'er their lords?

Prin. Only for praise : and praise we may afford
To any lady that subdues a lord.

L. L., IV : 1. 283.

—Merry, but honest.

Mrs. Page. * *

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,

Wives may be merry, and yet honest too.

M. W., IV : 2. 112.

WOE.—Death, the supreme.

K. Rich. * *

The worst is worldly loss, thou canst unfold.

Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 't was my care;

And what loss is it, to be rid of care?

Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?

Greater he shall not be; if he serve God,

We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so :

Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend;

They break their faith to God, as well as us :

Cry, woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay;

The worst is death, and death will have his day.

R. II., III : 2. 701.

—Increased by Delay.

K. Rich. So two, together weeping, make one woe.

Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;

Better far off, than — near, be ne'er the near.

Go, count thy way with sighs; I, mine with groans.

Queen. So longest way shall have the longest moans.

K. Rich. Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being short,

And piece the way out with a heavy heart.

Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,
Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief.

R. II., V : 1. 712.

—Sympathy, useless.

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs :

Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say

That to her brother which I said to thee;

His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,

Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.

Oh, what a sympathy of woe is this!

As far from help as limbo is from bliss.

Tit. And., III : 1. 1215.

WOES.—Accumulated.

Tit. * *

This way to death my wretched sons are gone;

Here stands my other son, a banish'd man;

And here my brother, weeping at my woes;

But that, which gives my soul the greatest spurn,

Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul. —

Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,

It would have maddened me : What shall I do

Now I behold thy lively body so?

Thou hast no hands, to wipe away thy tears;

Nor tongue, to tell me who hath martyr'd thee :

Thy husband he is dead; and, for his death,

Thy brothers are condemned, and dead by this.

Tit. And., III : 1. 1215.

—Borne patiently.

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our woes,

We scarcely think our miseries our foes.

Who alone suffers, suffers most in the mind;

Leaving free things, and happy shows, behind :

But then the mind much sufferance doth
o'erskip,
When grief hath mates, and bearing fel-
lowship.
How light and portable my pain seems now,
When that, which makes me bend, makes
the king bow.

K. L., III: 6. 1468.

—**Clustered.**

York. * *

The nobles they are fled, the commons cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.
Sirrah,
Get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloster;
Bid her send me presently a thousand
pound:—
Hold, take my ring.

Serv. My lord, I had forgot to tell your
lordship:

To-day, as I came by, I called there;—
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

York. What is it, knave?

Serv. An hour before I came, the duch-
ess died.

York. God for his mercy! what a tide of
woes

Comes rushing on this woeful land at once!

R. II., II: 2. 696.

WOLSEY.—**Griffith's Character of.**

Grif. This cardinal,

Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour from his
cradle.

He was a scholar, and a ripe, and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuad-
ing:

Lofty, and sour, to them that lov'd him not;
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as
summer:

And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
(Which was a sin,) yet in bestowing,
madam,

He was most princely: Ever witness for him
Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in
you,

Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with
him,

Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,

So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his
virtue.

His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:
And, to add greater honours to his age
The man could give him, he died, fearing
God.

H. VIII., IV: 2. 1085.

—**Katharine's Picture of.**

Kath. So may he rest; his faults lie gen-
tly on him!

Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak
him,

And yet with charity,— He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes; one, that by sug-
gestion

Ty'd all the kingdom: simony was fair
play;

His own opinion was his law: i' the pres-
ence

He would say untruths; and be ever double,
Both in his words and meaning. He was
never,

But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

H., VIII., IV: 2. 1084.

WOMAN.—(See Wit.) **A bad De-
scribed.**

York. She-wolf of France, but worse
than wolves of France,

Whose tongue more poisonous than the ad-
der's tooth!

* *

I would assay, proud queen, to make thee
blush:

To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom
deriv'd,

Were shame enough to shame thee, wert
thou not shameless.

* *

'T is beauty, that doth oft make women
proud;

But, God he knows, thy share thereof is
small:

'T is virtue, that doth make them most admir'd;

The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at:
'T is government that makes them seem divine;

The want thereof makes thee abominable:

Thou art as opposite to every good,
As the Antipodes are unto us,
Or as the south to the septentrion.

O, tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide!
How could'st thou drain the life-blood of the child

To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
Though stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.

H. VI., 3 pt., I: 4. 961.

—A chaffless one, found.

Iach. * * The love I bear him
Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made you
Unlike all others, chaffless.

Cym., I: 7. 1598.

—A deservedly Famous.

Bass. * *

Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors; and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece.

M. V., I: 2. 363.

—A faulty, Incurable.

Biron. * *

A woman, that is like a German clock,
Still a repairing; ever out of frame.

L. L., III: 1. 282.

—A perfect.

Aar. * *

Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.

Tit. And., II: 1. 1207.

—A priceless.

Val. * * Why, man, she is mine own,
And I as rich in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.

T. G., II: 4. 56.

—A virtuous.

Vio. I am one that would rather go with
sir priest than sir knight: I care not who
knows so much of my mettle.

T. N., III: 4. 560.

—A weeping, Defeated.

K. Hen. * *

Ay, but she's come to beg; Warwick, to
give:

She, on his left side, craving aid for
Henry;

He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward.
She weeps, and says—her Henry is de-
pos'd;

He smiles, and says—his Edward is in-
stall'd;

That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak
no more:

Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the
wrong,

Inferreth arguments of mighty strength;
And, in conclusion, wins the king from
her,

With promise of his sister, and what else,
To strengthen and support king Edward's
place.

H. VI., 3 pt., III: 1. 971.

—An incomparable one.

Jes. * *

Why, if two gods should play some heavenly
match,

And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something
else

Pawned with the other; for the poor rude
world

Hath not her fellow.

M. V., III: 5. 382.

—An ugly.

Biron. * *

With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for
eyes.

L. L., III: 1. 282.

—An unwomanly, Loathed.

Patr. * *

A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
In time of action.

T. C., III: 3. 1125.

—At her worst.

Kath. * *

A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.

T. S., V: 2. 484.

—Chaste and unmoved.

Puc. I must not yield to any rites of love,
For my profession 's sacred from above:
When I have chased all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompense.

H. VI., 1 pt., I: 2. 867.

—Defending her own Honor.

Her. Since what I am to say must be
but that

Which contradicts my accusation, and
The testimony on my part no other
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce
boot me

To say, "Not guilty;" mine integrity,
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express
it,

Be so receiv'd. But thus,—If powers di-
vine

Behold our human actions, as they do,
I doubt not then but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience.—You, my lord, best
know,

(Whom least will seem to do so,) my past
life

Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devis'd,
And played, to take spectators: for behold
me,—

A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's
daughter,

The mother to a hopeful prince,—here
standing,

To prate and talk for life and honour 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I
prize it,

As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for
honour,

"T is a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal

To your own conscience, sir, before Polix-
enes

Came to your court, how I was in your
grace,

How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strain'd, t' appear thus: if one jot be-
yond

The bound of honour; or, in act or will,
That way inclining; harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry Fie! upon my grave!

W. T., III: 2. 594.

—Disappointment of an ambitious.

Q. Mar. * * I stood upon the hatches
in the storm:

And when the dusky sky began to rob
My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's
view,

I took a costly jewel from my neck,—
A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,—
And threw it towards thy land; the sea re-
ceiv'd it;

And so, I wish'd, thy body might my heart:
And even with this, I lost fair England's
view,

And bid mine eyes be packing with my
heart:

And call'd them blind and dusky specta-
cles,

For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.
How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue
(The agent of thy foul inconstancy,)

To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did,
When he to madding Dido, would unfold
His father's acts, commenc'd in burning
Troy?

Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not
false like him?

Ah me, I can no more? Die, Margaret!
For Henry weeps, that thou dost live so
long.

H. VI., 2 pt., III: 2. 927.

—Easily deceived.

Io. * *

How easy it is for the proper-false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we.

T. N., II: 2. 548.

—Her changeableness.

Ros. Now tell me, how long you would have her, after you have possessed her.

Orl. For ever, and a day.

Ros. Say a day, without the ever! No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen: more clamorous than a parrot against rain: more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are dispos'd to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclin'd to sleep.

A. Y., IV: 1. 430.

—Her frailty.

Duke. * *

For women are as roses, whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very
hour.

T. N., II: 4. 551.

—Her Pleadings.

Cor. * * Ladies, you deserve

To have a temple built you: all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace.

C., V: 3. 1190.

—Heroic Defense of her Honor.

Her. Sir,

You speak a language that I understand
not:

My life stands in the level of your dreams,
Which I'll lay down.

* *

Sir, spare your threats;

The bug which you would fright me with I
seek.

To me can life be no commodity:

The crown and comfort of my life, your
favour,

I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,

But know not how it went: My second joy,
And first fruits of my body, from his pres-
ence

I am barr'd, like one infectious: my third
comfort,

Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,
The innocent milk in its most innocent
mouth,

Hal'd out to murder: Myself on every
post

Proclaim'd a strumpet; with immodest
hatred,

The childbed privilege deny'd, which 'longs
To women of all fashion: Lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i' the open air, before
I have got strength of limit. Now, my
liege,

Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? Therefore, pro-
ceed.

But yet hear this; mistake me not;—No
life,

I prize it not a straw:—but for mine hon-
our,

(Which I would free,) if I shall be con-
demn'd

Upon surmises; all proofs sleeping else,
But what your jealousies awake; I tell
you

'T is rigour, and not law.—Your honours
all,

I do refer me to the oracle;

Apollo be my judge.

W. T., III: 2. 594, 595.

—Made to be Wooed.

Dem. Why mak'st thou it so strange?

She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;

She is a woman, therefore may be won;

She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.

Tit. And., II: 1. 1208.

—Of infinite Variety.

Eno. Never; he will not;

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale

Her infinite variety: Other women

Cloy th' appetites they feed; but she makes
hungry,

Where most she satisfies.

A. C., II: 2. 1551.

—Passions weaker than Man's.

Duke. There is no woman's sides

Can bide the beating of so strong a pas-
sion

As love doth give my heart: no woman's
heart

So big, to hold so much; they lack reten-
tion.

Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,—

No motion of the liver, but the palate, —
That suffers surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much: make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.

T. N., II: 4. 551.

—Prized according to Worth.

Clo. * * A woman's fitness comes by fits.

Cym., IV: 1. 1614.

Tro. Grecian, thou dost not use me
courteously,
To shame the zeal of my petition to thee,
In praising her: I tell thee, lord of Greece,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.
I charge thee, use her well, even for my
charge;
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost
not,
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy
guard,
I'll cut thy throat.

T. C., IV: 4. 1131.

—Shallow and changeable.

Q. Eliz. Shall I be tempted of the devil
thus?

K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt thee to
do good.

Q. Eliz. Shall I forget myself, to be
myself?

K. Rich. Ay, if your self's remem-
brance wrong yourself.

Q. Eliz. But thou didst kill my chil-
dren.

K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb
I bury them:

Where, in that nest of spicery, they shall
breed

Selves of themselves, to your recomfort-
ure.

Q. Eliz. Shall I go win my daughter to
thy will?

K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the
deed.

Q. Eliz. I go. — Write to me very
shortly,

And you shall understand from me her
mind.

K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss,
and so farewell.

Relenting fool, and shallow, changing —
woman!

R. III., IV: 4. 1039.

—Source of all Evil.

Post. * * Could I find out

The woman's part in me! For there's no
motion

That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part: Be it lying, note it.
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving,
hers;

Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, dis-
dain,

Nice longings, slanders, mutability,
All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell
knows,

Why, hers, in part, or all; but, rather, all:
For even to vice

They are not constant, but are changing still
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that.

Cym., II: 4. 1604.

—Tital to, uncertain.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours:
but, you know, strange fowl light upon
neighbouring ponds. Your right may be
stolen, too: so, of your brace of unprizable
estimations, the one is but frail, and the
other casual.

Cym., I: 5. 1593.

WOMANLINESS.—Laid aside.

Pis. Well then, here's the point

You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear, and niceness,
(The handmaids of all women, or, more
truly,

Woman its pretty self,) to a waggish cour-
age;

Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrellous as the weasel; nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it (but, O, the harder heart!
Alack no remedy!) to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan; and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

Imō. Nay, be brief:

I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Cym., III: 4. 1609.

WOMEN.—Angels.

Cres. * * Women are angels wooing.

T. C., I: 2. 1107.

—Beautiful, must be won.

Suf. How canst thou tell, she will deny thy suit,

Before thou make a trial of her love?

Mar. Why speak'st thou not? what ransom must I pay?

Suf. She's beautiful; and therefore to be woo'd.

She is a woman; therefore to be won.

H. VI., 1 pt., V: 3. 893.

—Falstaff's Opinion of.

Nym. They say, he cried out of sack.

Quick. Ay, that 'a did.

Bard. And of women.

Quick. Nay, that 'a did not.

Boy. Yes, that 'a did; and said, they were devils incarnate.

Quick. 'A could never abide carnation; 't was a colour he never liked.

Boy. 'A said once, the devil would have him about women.

Quick. 'A did in some sort, indeed, handle women: but then he was rheumatic; and talked of the whore of Babylon.

H. V., II: 3. 828.

—Fickle.

Laf. This woman's an easy glove, my lord; she goes off and on at pleasure.

A. W., V: 3. 529.

—Good, their Scarcity.

Clo. One good woman in ten, madam, which is purifying a' the song: 'Would God would serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tithe woman, if I were the parson: One in ten, quoth a'! an' we might have a good woman born but for every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 't would mend the lottery well; a man may draw his heart out, ere a' pluck one.

A. W., I: 3. 499.

—How Men are Ruled by

Glo. Why, this it is, when men are rul'd by women:—

'T is not the king, that sends you to the Tower;

My lady Grey, his wife, Clarence, 't is she, That tempers him to this extremity.

Was it not she, and that good man of worship,

Antony Woodville, her brother there, That made him send lord Hastings to the Tower,

From whence this present day he is deliver'd?

We are not safe, Clarence, we are not safe.

Clar. By heaven, I think, there is no man secure,

But the queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds

That trudge betwixt the king and mistress Shore.

Heard you not, what an humble suppliant Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?

* *

We speak no treason, man;—We say, the king

Is wise, and virtuous; and his noble queen Well struck in years; fair, and not jealous;

We ay, that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot, A cherry lip,

A bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue;

And the queen's kindred are made gentle-folks:

How say you, sir? can you deny all this?

R. III., I: 1. 1002.

—Iago's Description of.

Iago. Come on, come on; you are pictures out of doors,

Bells in your parlours, wild-cats in your kitchens,

Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,

Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds

O., II: 1. 1501.

—Must Speak what they Think.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

A. Y., III: 2. 423.

—Should Appear what they are.

Ang. * * Be that you are,

That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none;

If you be one, (as you are well express'd By all external warrants,) show it now,

By putting on the destin'd livery.

M. M., II: 4. 155.

—Softness of.

Isab. * * We are soft as our complexions are.

M. M., II: 4. 155.

—The rarest of all.

Genl. Women will love her, that she is a woman,
More worth than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.

W. T., V: 1. 612.

—Their frailty.

Ang. Nay, women are frail too.

Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;

Which are as easy broke as they make forms.

M. M., II: 4. 155.

Duke. * *

For women are as roses, whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

T. N., II: 4. 551.

—Their Power as Pleaders.

Lucio. * *

And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
Men give like gods.

M. M., I: 5. 148.

—Their power of Raillery.

Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen

As is the razor's edge invisible,
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen.

L. L., V: 2. 296.

—Their Proximity dangerous.

Biron.

Item, That no woman shall come within a mile of my court.

* *
A dangerous law against gentility.

L. L., I: 1. 272.

—Their Vows no Bondage.

Post. * *

Where there's another man: The vows of women

Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,

Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing:—

O, above measure false!

Cym., II: 4. 1603.

—Warlike.

Bast. * *

Like Amazons, come tripping after drums;
Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change.

K. J., V: 2. 673.

—Weak, when in Want.

Cæs. * * Women are not,

In their best fortunes, strong; but want will perjure

The ne'er-touch'd vestal.

A. C., III: 10. 1565.

WOOING.—A Murderer's, Resented.

Q. Eliz. Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd

Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.
Whose hands soever lanc'd their tender hearts,

Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction:

No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt,

Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,
To revel in the entrails of my lambs.

But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,

My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys,

Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;

And I, in such a desperate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

R. III., IV: 4. 1036.

—By Proxy.

Suf. As by your high imperial majesty

I had in charge at my depart for France,

As procurator to your excellence,

To marry princess Margaret for your grace;

So, in the famous ancient city, Tours,—

In presence of the kings of France and Sicil,

The dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne,
and Alencon,

Seven earls, twelve barons, twenty reverend bishops,—

I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd:

And humbly now upon my bended knee;

In sight of England and her lordly peers,

Deliver up my title in the queen.

H. VI., 2 pt., I: 1. 907.

—Directions for.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect
not words;

Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's
mind.

Duke. But she did scorn a present that
I sent her.

Val. A woman sometime scorns what
best contents her:

Send her another; never give her o'er;
For scorn at first makes after-love the
more.

If she do frown, 't is not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you:
If she do chide, 't is not to have you
gone;

For why, the fools are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say:
For "get you gone," she doth not mean
"away!"

Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their
graces;

Though ne'er so black, say they have angels'
faces.

That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no
man,

If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

T. G., III: 1. 60.

—In Haste.

Kath. * *

To be noted for a merry man,
He 'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of mar-
riage,

Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the
banns;

Yet never means to wed where he hath
woo'd.

Now must the world point at poor Katha-
rine,

And say, — "Lo, there is mad Petrucio's
wife,

If it would please him come and marry
her."

T. S., III: 2. 467.

—In Rhyme.

Biron. * *

Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's
song.

L. L., V: 2. 298.

—Infamous.

Glo. * *

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?

Was ever woman in this humour won?

I'll have her, — but I will not keep her
long.

What! I, that kill'd her husband, and his
father,

To take her in her heart's extremest hate;
With curses in her mouth, tears in her
eyes,

The bleeding witness of her hatred by;
With God, her conscience, and these bars
against me,

And I no friends to back my suit withal,
But the plain devil, and dissembling
looks,

And yet to win her, — all the world to noth-
ing!

R. III., I: 2. 1006.

—Petrucio's, original.

Pet. I will attend her here, —

And woo her with some spirit when she
comes.

Say, that she rail; why, then I 'll tell her
plain

She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:

Say, that she frown; I 'll say she looks as
clear

As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:

Say, she be mute, and will not speak a
word;

Then I 'll commend her volubility,

And say she uttereth piercing eloquence:

If she do bid me pack, I 'll give her
thanks

As though she bid me stay by her a week;

If she deny to wed, I 'll crave the day

When I shall ask the banns, and when be
married.

T. S., II: 1. 463.

—Variety in.

The. * *

Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,

And won thy love, doing thee injuries;

But I will wed thee in another key,

With pomp, with triumph, and with revel-
ling.

M. N., I: 1. 321.

—With what Followed.

Beat. * * Hero; Wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sinks into his grave.

M. A., II: 1. 230.

WORD.—Ill, Poisons Liking.

Hero. * * One doth not know
How much an ill word may empoison liking.

M. A., III: 1. 238.

—Power of one.

Boling. How long a time lies in one little word!
Four lagging winters, and four wanton springs,
End in a word: Such is the breath of kings.

R. II., I: 3. 690.

WORDINESS.—Deafening.

Aust. What cracker is this same, that
deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath?

K. J., II: 1. 651.

—Woman's, dangerous.

Edw. A whisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
To make this shameless callet know herself.—

Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
Although thy husband may be Menelaus;
And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd
By that false woman, as this king by thee.
His father revell'd in the heart of France,
And tam'd the king, and made the Dauphin stoop;

And, had he match'd according to his state,
He might have kept that glory to this day:
But, when he took a beggar to his bed,
And grac'd thy poor sire with his bridal day;
Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for him,
That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,
And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.

For what hath broach'd this tumult, but thy pride?

Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept.

H. VI., 3 pt., II: 2. 966.

WORDS.—Abundant.

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are suited!

The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; and I do know
A many fools, that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricky word

Defy the matter.

M. V., III: 5. 382.

—Before Blows.

Bru. Words before blows: Is it so, countrymen?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, "Long live! hail, Cæsar!"

Cas. Antony,

The posture of your blows are yet unknown;

But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,

And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too.

Bru. O, yes, and soundless too:

For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And, very wisely, threat before you sting.

J. C., V: 1. 1348.

—Bitter.

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Tit. And., I: 2. 1205.

—Bold, become Wounds.

Dun. So well thy words become thee as thy wounds:

They smack of honour both. — Go, get him surgeons.

M., I: 2. 1358.

—Defiant, Ridiculed.

Bast. * * Here's a large mouth, indeed,

That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and seas;

Talks as familiarly of roaring lions
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?

He speaks plain cannon, fire, and smoke, and bounce;

He gives the bastinado with his tongue;
Our ears are cudgel'd; not a word of his,
But buffets better than a fist of France:
Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words,

Since I first call'd my brother's father, dad.
K. J., II: 2. 654.

—Dying, Enforce Attention.

Gaunt. O, but they say, the tongues of dying men

Enforce attention, like deep harmony:
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain;

For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in pain.
R. II., II: 1. 692.

—Fitting.

Paul. * * I

Do come with words as medicinal as true.
W. T., II: 3. 591.

—Honest plain.

Biron. Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief.
L. L., V: 2. 302.

—Immodest.

War. 'T is needful, that the most immodest word

Be look'd upon, and learn'd: Which once attain'd,

Your highness knows, comes to no further use,

But to be known, and hated.
H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 4. 801.

—In Excess.

Cost. I marvel thy master hath not eaten thee for a word, for thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitibus*: thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.
L. L., V: 1. 292.

Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

Val. 'T is indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, servant?

Val. Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire: Sir 'Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows kindly in your company.

Thur. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, sir: you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers; for it appears, by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.
T. G., II: 4. 55.

—Instead of Bullets.

K. John. * *

And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke.
K. J., II: 1. 652.

—Medicinal.

Her. * *

That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns

Worse than tears drown.
W. T., II: 1. 588.

—Mere, empty.

Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart;

The effect doth operate another way. —
Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together. —

My love with words and errors still she feeds;

But edifies another with her deeds.
T. C., V: 3. 1140.

—No Garb of Wisdom.

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'T is no matter; I shall speak as much as thou, afterwards.
T. C., II: 1. 1113.

—None for Villains.

Macd. I have no words,

My voice is in my sword; thou bloodier villain

Than terms can give thee out!
M. V: 7. 1385.

—Power of Uttering.*Serv.* * *

He utters them as he had eaten ballads, and
all men's ears grew to his tunes.

W. T., IV: 3. 603.*North.* * *

And yet your fair discourse hath been as
sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.

R. II., II: 3. 697.**—Right, medicinal.***Paul.* Not so hot, good sir;

I come to bring him sleep. 'T is such as
you,—

That creep like shadows by him, and do
sigh

At each his needless heavings,—such as
you

Nourish the cause of his awaking: I
Do come with words as medicinal as true;
Honest as either; to purge him of that
humour

That presses him from sleep.

W. T., II: 3. 591.**—Sweet.***Cas.* * *

But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

T. C., V: 1. 1348.**—Their Power.***Gaunt.* * *

Where words are scarce, they are seldom
spent in vain;

For they breathe truth, that breathe their
words in pain.

He, that no more must say, is listen'd more
Than they whom youth and ease have taught
to glose;

More are men's ends mark'd, than their
lives before:

The setting sun, and music at the close.

R. II., II: 1. 692.**—Utterer Gives them Character.***Isab.* That in the captain's but a choleric
word,

Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

M. M., II: 2. 153.**—Windy Attornies.***Q. Eliz.* Windy attornies to their client
woes,

Airy succeders of intestate joys,

Poor breathing orators of miseries!

Let them have scope: though what they
do impart

Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.

R. III., IV: 4. 1035.**—Wise.***Tro.* Well know they what they speak,
that speak so wisely.*T. C.*, III: 2. 1122.**WORK.—Baseness.***Fer.* * * My sweet mistress

Weeps, when she sees me work; and says,
such baseness

Had never like executor.

T., III: 1. 21.**WORLD.—A Stage.***Ant.* I hold the world but as the world,
Gratiano;

A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

M. V., I: 1. 362.**—Its End.***Pro.* * *

Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:

And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous pal-
aces,

The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;

And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a wreck behind.

T., IV: 1. 28.**—Sick of its Falsity.***Tim.* * *

I am sick of this false world; and will
love nought

But even the mere necessities upon it.

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;
Lie where the light foam of the sea may

beat

Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph,
That death in me at others' lives may laugh.

T. A., IV: 3. 1309.

WORMS.—The End of Man.

King. Now, Hamlet, where 's Polonius?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper? Where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him.

H., IV, 3. 1422.

WORST.—To be Shown first.

Ulyss. * *

Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,

And think, perchance, they 'll sell; if not, The lustre of the better shall exceed,

By showing the worse first.

T. C., I: 3. 1111.

WORTHLESSNESS.—Of Grecian Dames.

Æne. * *

The Grecian dames are sun-burn'd, and not worth

The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

T. C., I: 3. 1110.

WOUND.—A small, fatal.

Mer. * * But 't is enough, 't will serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world:—A plague o' both your houses!—'Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic!—Why, the devil, came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

R. J., III: 1. 1259.

WOUNDS.—Cæsar's three-and-twenty.

Oct. * * I draw a sword against conspirators:

When think you that the sword goes up again?—

Never, till Cæsar's three and twenty wounds Be well aveng'd

J. C., V: 1. 1348.

—Disprove Treason.

Hot. * *

Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.

Never did bare and rotten policy

Colour her working with such deadly wounds,

Nor never could the noble Mortimer

Receive so many, and all willingly;

Then let him not be slander'd with revolt.

H. IV., 1 pt., I: 3. 732.

—Honorable, Graves.

Vol. O, he is wounded, I thank the gods for 't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much:—Brings 'a victory in his pocket?—The wounds become him.

Vol. On 's brows, Menenius: he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

* *

Men. True? I'll be sworn they are true:—Where is he wounded?—God save your good worships! Marcus is coming home: he has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded?

Vol. I' the shoulder, and i' the left arm: There will be large cicatrices to show the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin, seven hurts i' the body.

Men. One in the neck, and two in the thigh,—there 's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave.

C., II: 1. 1161.

—In front.

Siw. Had he his hurts before?

Rosse. Ay, on the front.

Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he! Had I as many sons as I have hairs, I would not wish them to a fairer death.

M., V: 7. 1385.

—Not Felt in War.

P. Hen. Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help:

And heaven forbid, a shallow scratch should drive

The prince of Wales from such a field as this.

H. IV., 1 pt., V: 4. 760.

—Of Soldiers, have Claims.

Alcib. * *

Rich only in large hurts:—All those, for this?

Is this the balsam, that the usuring senate

Pours into captains' wounds? Ha! banishment?

It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd;
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.
'T is honour, with most lands to be at odds;
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs, as
gods.

T. A., III: 5. 1302.

WRINKLES.—Falstaff's.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away
vilely since this last action? do I not bate?
do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs
about me like an old lady's loose gown; I
am wither'd like an old apple-John.

H. IV., III: 3. 749.

—Wrought by Time.

Æge. Oh! grief hath chang'd me, since
you saw me last;
And careful hours, with Time's deformed
hand,
Have written strange defeatures in my face,
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my
voice?

C. E., V: 1. 212.

WRONG.—Elements Employed to Punish.

Ar. You are three men of sin, whom
destiny
(That hath to instrument this lower world,
And what is in 't) the never-surfeited sea
Hath caus'd to belch up you, and on this
island,
Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongst
men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you
mad;
And even with such-like valour, men hang
and drown
Their proper selves. You fools! I and my
fellows
Are ministers of fate; the elements,
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as
well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-
at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowe that's in my plume; my fellow-
ministers

Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your
strengths,

And will not be uplifted. But, remember,
(For that's my busiaess to you,) that you
three

From Milan did supplant good Prospero:
Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit
it,

Him and his innocent child: for which foul
deed

The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the
creatures,

Against your peace. Thee, of thy son,
Alonso,

They have bereft; and do prouounce, by
me,

Ling'ring perdition (worse than any death
Can be at once) shall step by step attend
You and your ways; whose wraths to guard
you from

(Which here in this most desolate isle, else
falls

Upon your heads) is nothing but heart's
sorrow,

And a clear life ensuing.

T., III: 3. 25.

—The Doing of bitter.

Lew. There's nothing in this world can
make me joy:

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet
world's taste,

That it yields naught, but shame and bitter-
ness.

K. J., III: 4. 663.

WRONGS.—Great, a Whetstone.

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your
sword: let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, en-
rage it.

M., IV: 3. 1380.

—Heaven must Avenge its Own.

Gaunt. * *
Let heaven revenge; for I may never lift
An angry arm against his minister.

R. II., I: 2. 687.

—Not Self.

York. My lords of England, let me tell
you this, —

I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do him right :
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong, — it may not be.

R. II., II: 3. 699.

—Ought to be Listened to.

Arch. * *

When we are wrong'd, and would unfold
our griefs,

We are denied access unto his person,
Even by those men that most have done us
wrong.

The dangers of the days but newly gone,
(Whose memory is written on the earth,
With yet-appearing blood,) and the examples
Of every minute's instance, (present now,)
Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms :
Not to break peace, or any branch of it ;
But to establish here a peace indeed,
Concurring both in name and quality.

H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 1. 795.

—Sympathy for.

Bru. * *

Mine's not an idle cause: the duke him-
self,

Or any of my brothers of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 't were their
own ;

For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen
be.

O., I: 2. 1494.

—To be redressed.

Plan. * *

Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
Chok'd with ambition of the meaner sort : —
And, for those wrongs, those bitter inju-
ries,

Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house, —
I doubt not, but with honour to redress :
And therefore haste I to the parliament ;
Either to be restored to my blood,
Or make my ill the advantage of my
good.

H. VI., 1 pt., II: 5. 877.

Y

YESTERDAYS.—Lights Fools to Death.

Macb. * *

And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death.

M., V: 5. 1384.

YIELDING.—In Desperation.

Ant. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in
hell?

Sleeping, or waking? mad, or well-ad-
vis'd?

Known unto these, and to myself dis-
guis'd!

I'll say as they say, and persevere so,
And in this mist at all adventures go.

C. E., II: 2. 199.

YOUTH.—A Model.

Val. * *

Yet hath sir Proteus, for that 's his name.
Made use and fair advantage of his days ;
His years but young, but his experience old ;
His head unmelldow, but his judgment
riper ;

And, in a word, (for far behind his worth
Come all the praises that I now bestow,)
He is complete in feature, and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

T. G., II: 4. 55.

—Bragging, Counterfeiting.

Por. They shall, Nerissa ; but in such a
habit,

That they shall think we are accomplished

With that we lack. I'll hold thee any
wager,
When we are both accounted like young
men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;
And speak, between the change of man and
boy,
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing
steps
Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint
lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died;—
I could not do withal: then I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd
them:
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,
That men shall swear I have discontinued
school
About a twelvemonth:—I have within my
mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging
Jacks,
Which I will practise.

M. V., III: 4. 381.

—Carelessness becoming to.

King. * * For youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery it wears,
Than settled age his sables, and his weeds.

H., IV: 7. 1427.

Ant. To him again: Tell him, he wears
the rose
Of youth upon him; from which, the world
should note
Something particular.

A. C., III: 11. 1565.

—Frivolous.

Por. * *

Such a hare is madness, the youth, to
skip o'er the meshes of good counsel, the
cripple.

M. V., I: 2. 363.

Cleo. My sallad days;
When I was green in judgment:—Cold in
blood.

A. C., I: 5. 1547.

York. * *

The open ear of youth doth always listen;
Report of fashions in proud Italy;
Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
Limps after, in base imitation.
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,
(So it be new, there's no respect how
vile,)

That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.

R. II., II: 1. 602.

—Its Beauties.

Tro. * * Whose youth and freshness
Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes pale the
morning.

T. C., II: 2. 1114.

Laer. * *

In the morn and liquid dew of youth.

H., I: 3. 1397.

—Its Degeneracy.

King. I would I had that corporal sound-
ness now,

As when thy father and myself, in friend-
ship,

First tried our soldiership! He did look
far

Into the service of the time, and was
Disciplined of the bravest: he lasted long;
But on us both did haggish age steal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs
me

To talk of your good father: In his youth
He had the wit, which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords; but they may
jest

Till their own scorn return to them un-
noted,

Ere they can hide their levity in honour,
So like a courtier: contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride or sharpness; if they
were,

His equal had awak' them; and his hon-
our,

Clock to itself, knew the true minute
when

Exception bid him speak, and, at this time,
His tongue obey'd his hand: who were be-
low him,

He us'd as creatures of another place;
And bow'd his eminent top to their low
ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise he humbled. Such a
man
Might be a copy to these younger times;
Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate
' them now
But goes backward.

A. W., I: 2. 498.

—Its Vices Redeemed.

P. Hen. * *

So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;
And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly, and attract more
eyes,

Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;
Redeeming time, when men think least I
will.

H. IV., 1 pt., I: 2. 730.

—Sins of, Exaggerated.

P. Hen. So please your majesty, I would,
I could

Quit all offences with as clear excuse,
As well as, I am doubtless, I can purge
Myself of many I am charg'd withal:

Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof of many tales devis'd, —
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must
hear, —
By smiling pick-thanks and base newsmongers,
I may, for some things true, wherein my
youth
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

H. IV., 1 pt., III: 2. 947.

—To be Dealt with mildly.

York. The king is come: deal mildly
with his youth;
For young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage
the more.

R. II., II: 1. 692.

—Will not Endure.

Clo. O mistress mine, where are you roaming,
O stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, i' faith.

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

T. N., II: 3. 548.

Z

ZEAL.—Only Needs a Signal.

K. Edw. Brave followers, yonder stands
the thorny wood,
Which, by the heavens' assistance, and your
strength,
Must by the roots be hewn up, yet ere night.
I need not add more fuel to your fire,

For, well I wot, ye blaze to burn them out:
Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords.

H. VI., 3 pt., V: 4. 989.

ZED.—Surplusage.

Kent. * * * Zed! thou unnecessary letter!

K. L., II: 2. 1456.

GLOSSARY.

ABBREVIATIONS.

<i>Ang. Sax.</i> , Anglo Saxon.	<i>O. Eng.</i> , Old English.	<i>Fr.</i> , French.
<i>Ger.</i> , German.	<i>Obs.</i> , Obsolete.	<i>Goth.</i> , Gothic.
<i>Heb.</i> , Hebrew.	<i>Vul.</i> , Vulgarism.	<i>Lat.</i> , Latin.
<i>O. Fr.</i> , Old French.	<i>Col.</i> , Colloquial.	<i>Span.</i> , Spanish.

A-BIRDING, hawking.
ÆILARDS, a peculiar glance of the eye.
AFFECT THE LETTER, to alliterate.
AFFIN'D, related to.
AGATE, anything diminutive.
AGLET-BABY, image on a tag of lace.
AGNIZE, to avow.
ALDER-LIEFEST, dearest of all.
ALEVEN, (*Vul.*) for eleven.
ALL-AMORT, quite dispirited.
ALL-CLINQUANT, glittering, shining.
ALMS-DRINK, drank to relieve another.
AMAIMON, chief devil.
AMES-ACE, the lowest throw.
ANCHOR'S CHEER, hermit's cheer.
ANTHROPOPHAGINIAN, one who eats human flesh.
APPEACHED, impeached.
AQUA-VITÆ, not brandy, but usquebaugh.
ARGOSIES, ships of great burthen.
ARMIPOTENT, all-powerful.
AROINT, (*Ang. Sax.*) away, run.
ARRAS, tapestry.
ARTS-MAN, a man of art.
ASSINEGO, an ass.
ASTRINGER, a falconer.
AT-HIS-VERY-LOSE, the moment the arrow is loosed.
ATOMIES, old form, atoms.
AYE, ever, always.
BACCARE! go back, retire.
BALK, argue.
BANBURY-CHEESE, a very thin cheese.
BARBASON, the name of, a demon.
BARM, yeast.

BASILISK, a fabulous serpent.
BASTA, enough.
BASTARD, common sweet wine.
BATE, flutter.
BATTALIA, the order of battle.
BAVIN, brushwood burning quickly.
BEADSMEN, priests.
BEARING-CLOTH, rich mantle to carry to baptism.
BEING FAP, (*Vul.*) intoxicated.
BELDAM, grandmother.
BE-METE, measure.
BE-MOVED, persuaded.
BESTRAUGHT, mad, distracted.
BEZONIAN, a scoundrel.
BILBERRIES, whortleberries.
BILBO, a sword.
BISSON, blind.
BITE UPON NECESSITY, go to the wars when needful.
BLENCH, start, or fly off.
BLISTERED BREECHES, puffed out.
BODG'D, probably boggled.
BOHEMIAN TARTAR, one of wild, strange appearance.
BOLTERED, smeared.
BONA-ROBAS, ladies of pleasure.
BONNY PRISER, prize-fighter.
BOSHY, shrubby, woody.
BOURN, a limit; a rivulet or brook.
BRACH, female hound.
BRAVERY, fine dress.
BREAK UP THIS CAPON, carve.
BREAK WITH HIM, cease talking with him.
BREED-BATE, causer of strife.

- BREW, draw.
 BRIB'D, stolen,
 BRIZE, house or gad fly.
 BROWN AND WHITE BASTARD, mixed wines.
 BUCKRAM, a stiff cloth.
 BUCK-WASHING, beating clothes on a board.
 BULLY-ROOK, (*Vul.*) sharper.
 BUNTING, a bird resembling lark.
 BURN DAYLIGHT, waste no time.
 BUSSING, kissing.
 BUZ, term of greatest contempt.
 BY COCK AND PYE, (*Vul.*) an oath, being
 a corruption of the name of Deity and
 Pie, the sacred book of offices.
 BY GIS, probably a corruption of Jesus.
 BY MY HALIDOM, (*Ang. Sax.*) haligdom,
 sacrament.
 BY THE ROOD, image of Christ on the cross.
 BYRLAKIN, (*Col.*) by our lady's kin.
 CACODÆMON, evil spirit.
 CADENT, falling.
 CADDIS, coarse serge; worsted ribbon.
 CAIN-COLORED, yellow.
 CALIVER, an arm lighter than a musket.
 CALLET, a scold, a drab.
 CANARY, a quick dance.
 CANDLE WASTERS, (*Vul.*) for students.
 CANKER-BLOSSOM, a worm that eats the
 heart of buds.
 CANKER IN A HEDGE, a dog rose.
 CANTLET, a corner.
 CANZONET, a short song.
 CAP-A-PIE, from head to foot.
 CAPRICIO, caprice.
 CARACKS, Spanish galleons.
 CARBONADO, to cut or hack.
 CARDECUE, fourth part of a crown.
 CARKANET, a necklace.
 CARLOT, (*Ang. Sax.*) bondman.
 CARP, to censure.
 CARRION, (*Vul.*) a term of contempt.
 CASE, (*Vul.*) skin.
 CASQUE, a helmet.
 CASSOCK, a soldier's loose coat.
 CATAIAN, (*Vul.*) sharper.
 CATES, dainties.
 CAUTELOUS, dejected, treacherous.
 CAVETO, a hollowed molding.
 CAVIARE, roes of fish, a luxury.
 CEASE, extinction.
 CENSER, perfuming pan.
 CHAFE, to rage.
 CHAPMEN, merchants.
 CHARACTERY, writing by strange marks.
 CHARE, a task.
 CHARLES' WAIN, the constellation of the bear.
 CHARNECO, sweet wine.
 CHAUDRON, entrails.
 CHEVERIL, a glove of kid.
 CHEWET, a noisy chattering bird.
 CHILDIS, productive.
 CHOPINE, high shoe or clog.
 CHOUGH, jack-daw.
 CINCTURE, a belt.
 CITAL, reproof.
 CLACK-DISH, beggar's box with loose lid.
 CLAPPER-CLAW, to beat.
 CLINQUANT, glittering.
 COCKLE, a small velvet cap.
 COCK-SHUT-TIME, twilight.
 COCYTUS, a river of Epirus.
 COG, to talk to no purpose; to load dice.
 COIGNE, corner-stone; a jutting point.
 COLLIED, smutted with coal.
 COLLOP, a piece of flesh.
 COLOQUINTIDA, pith of a species of cucumber.
 COMMODITY, interest or selfishness; things
 bought of usurers.
 COMMONTY, comedy.
 COMPASSED-WINDOW, a circular or bow.
 COMPTIBLE, accountable.
 CON, to give.
 CONEY-CATCHING, cheating.
 CONSTER, to construe.
 CONVERTITE, convert.
 COPATAIN-HAT, a high sugar loaf hat.
 COPE, vault of heaven.
 COPPED-HILLS, hills rising to a head.
 CORAM, a corruption of quorum.
 CORANTOS, a dance.
 COROLLARY, a surplus number.
 CORRIVAL, a competitor.
 CORROBORATE, to strengthen.
 CORsLET, a little cuirass.
 COTED, to overtake.
 COUGHS, jack-daws.
 COUNTERFEIT, portrait.
 COUNTERPOINTS, counterpanes.
 COWL-STAFF, a pole for carrying basket with
 ears.
 COXCOMB OF FRIZE, a cap of coarse cloth.
 COY, to soothe or stroke.
 COYSTRL, one carrying, but not using arms.
 CRACK, a boy.

- CRACK-HEMP, a rascal.
 CRANTS, (*Ger.*) garlands.
 CRESCIVE, constantly increasing.
 CRIED I AIM? did I give you encouragement?
 CUCKOLD, a man whose wife is false.
 CULLION, a despicable fellow.
 CURST, shrewish.
 CURSY, old word for courtesy.
 CURTAIL-AXE, a cutlass.
 CURTALL DOG, a worthless dog.
 CUSTARD COFFIN, crust of a pie.
 CYGNETS, young swans.
 CYPRUS, thin transparent crape.
 DAFF ME, put me off.
 DAFF'D, put aside.
 DANCE THE HAY, a round country dance.
 DANKISH, damp.
 DARKLING, in the dark.
 DAUB, disguise.
 DAY-WOMAN, a dairy woman.
 DEARN, lonely, obscure.
 DEBONAIR, affability, gentleness.
 DEBOSHED, corruption of debauch.
 DECKED THE SEA, covered.
 DEFEATURES, (*Obs.*) defeats.
 DEFEND, forbid, prohibit.
 DERACINATE, to pluck up by the roots.
 DESCANT, variations.
 DEW-LAP, the flesh upon the human throat.
 DIBBLE, tool for making holes in the ground.
 DILDOS AND FADINGS.
 DIS-BENCH, to drive from a bench.
 DISCANDY, to melt.
 DISGRACE OF DEATH, obscurity of death.
 DISME, tithe or tenth.
 DISPOS'D, inclined to be merry.
 DOIT, a small coin.
 DOLE, portion.
 DOUBLE, full of duplicity.
 DOUT, do out, obliterate.
 DOWLE, particle of down.
 DOWN-GYVED, hanging down.
 DRACHMA, silver coin worth eighteen cents.
 DRAFF, offal.
 DREADFUL LAY, fearful wager.
 DRIBBLING, small, weak.
 DRUMBLE, slow or sluggish.
 DRY HE WAS, (*Vul.*) thirsty.
 DUCDAME, the burden of an old song.
 DUN'S THE MOUSE, probably, be still.
 ECSTASY, insanity.
 EFTEST, quickest.
 ELD, age.
 ELF-SHIN, eel, long, thin.
 ELVES, imaginary beings.
 EMBOSSED, foaming.
 EMPERY, power.
 EMPOISON, to poison.
 EMPRY, (*Obs.*) sovereign command.
 ENCELADUS, powerful giants.
 ENSHIELD, to cover.
 EPHESIAN, (*Vul.*) toper.
 EQUIPAGE, personal effects.
 ESPERANCE, hope.
 EVERLASTING LEIGER, resident ambassador.
 EXCREMENT, hair or beard.
 EXPEDIENCE, expedition.
 EXSUFFICATE, (*Obs.*) probably, swollen.
 EYAS-MUSKET, sparrow-hawk.
 EYNE, (*Obs.*) plural of eye.
 FADGE, suit, or agree.
 FADOM, (*Ang. Sax.*) fathom.
 FANTASIED, filled with fancies.
 FARDEL, a burden carried.
 FAR-FORTH, in advance.
 FARTHINGALE, a hoop petticoat.
 FAULCHION, a broad sword.
 FAULT AND GLIMPSE, faulty glimpse.
 FEDERARY, confederate.
 FEE FARM, prolonged.
 FEEDER, (*Obs.*) servant.
 FEERE, companion or husband.
 FEODARY, an old law term.
 FERN SEED, invisible seed.
 FILE, list.
 FILLIP, smart sudden blow.
 FINE ISSUES, great ends or purposes.
 FIRE DRAKE, will-o'-the-wisp.
 FITCHEW, a polecat.
 FLAMEN, priest.
 FLAP-DRAGON, raisins in burning brandy.
 FLEERING, to mock.
 FLEW'D, having hanging chaps.
 FOIN, fence.
 FOISON, abundance.
 FOND, foolish.
 FORFEITS, faults, crimes.
 FORGETIVE, from forge, to invent.
 FORMAL MAN, in his right senses.
 FOOT-CLOTH, a robe reaching the ground.
 FORTH-RIGHTS AND MEANDERS, straight and wandering paths.
 FOUL, homely looking.

- FOUL BUMBARD, dirty drinking can.
 FOUL JAFE, dirty rascal.
 FOX, (*Vul.*) sword.
 FOYSONS, plenty.
 FRACTED, a part displaced.
 FRAMPOLD, uneasy, troublesome.
 FRANKLIN, freeholder.
 FRET, stop of a musical instrument.
 FRIPPERY, old clothes shop.
 FUMITER, fumitory.
 FUSTY, mouldy, ill-smelling.
 GABARDINE, a coarse cloak.
 GALLIASS, a large galley.
 GALLY-MAWFERY, the whole fair sex.
 GAME OF TICK-TACK, complicated backgammon.
 GAN VAIL HIS STOMACH, to lose heart.
 GARDED, ornamented, trimmed.
 GARISH, showy.
 GENTILITY, politeness, urbanity.
 GIB-CAT, a mutilated cat.
 GIG, a kind of top.
 GIGLOTS, women of loose character.
 GILDER, a coin.
 GILLYVORS, gilly flowers.
 GIMMAL-BIT, a ring bit.
 GIVE ME NOT THE BOOTS, (*Vul.*) do not ridicule me.
 GLEEK, to joke.
 GOBBETS, mouthfuls.
 GOD'S SONTIES, God's saints.
 GOOD-JER, "what the devil."
 GOOD SPRANG MEMORY, quick.
 GOOD WORDS, pot herbs.
 GORGET, neck armor.
 GORSE, species of furze.
 GOSS, kind of low furze.
 GOSSIPS, sponsors, midwives.
 GOURD AND FULLAM, false dice.
 GRAINED FACE, furrowed.
 GRANGE, large detached farm house.
 GREE, agree.
 GREEN SLEEVE, popular old song.
 GRISE, a step.
 GUERDON'D, rewarded.
 GUILDED, deceiving.
 GYVES, fetters.
 HAGGARDS OF THE ROCK, a wild hawk.
 HAGGISH, ugly, horrid.
 HAGGLED, cut into small pieces.
 HALF-CUPS, only half removed.
 HALLOWMAS, first of November.
 HAS CENSUR'D HIM, passed sentence on him.
 HATCHMENT, escutcheon.
 HEDGE-PRIEST, an ignorant priest.
 HELMED, steered.
 HENCHMAN, an attendant on foot.
 HENT, (*Ang. Sax.*) seized, held.
 HER THRUMM'D HAT, coarse woolen hat.
 HEST, command.
 HILDING, cowardly.
 HIS COMPETITOR, partner, not rival.
 HOLY ALES, church ales.
 HOLY ROOD, the cross.
 HOODMAN, blind man.
 HOT-HOUSE, a bagnio.
 HOUSEHOLD COAT, arms on colored glass.
 HOXES, cutting the hamstrings.
 HUMOROUS, humid.
 I BID THE BASE, challenging to pursue.
 I GIVE THE BUCKLERS, I yield.
 I WIS, (*Ang. Sax.*) undoubtedly.
 IMMANTY, barbarity, savageness.
 IMP, bud of a tree.
 IMP OUT, supplying deficient feathers.
 IN SNUFF, being angry.
 INCLE, worsted for working flowers.
 INCONY, a term of endearment.
 INHIBIT, forbid.
 INKLES, inferior tape.
 INTENABLE, incapable of holding.
 INTERMISSION, delay, dilatoriness.
 INTRINSICATE, entangled, perplexed.
 JACK-A-LENT, a puppet.
 JACK GUARDANT, Jack in office.
 JACK OF THE CLOCK, a figure striking the hour.
 JERKIN, a short coat.
 JESSES, short straps about a hawk's foot.
 JUDICIOUS EYLIADS, soft glances.
 JUNKETS, sweetmeats, dainties.
 KAM, crooked, awry.
 KEECH, a mass of fat.
 KEEL THE POT, cool the pot.
 KERN, low Irish footman.
 KERNES AND GALLOWGLASSES, light and heavy-armed foot soldiers.
 KEY-COLD, stone cold.
 KIBES, chilblains.
 KICKY-WICKY, a jade.
 KITCHEN MALKIN, the kitchen wench.
 KNAP, to break off short.
 KNAPPED, nibbled.
 KNOT, band of persons.

<p>LABRAS, (<i>Span.</i>) lips.</p> <p>LACED MUTTON, a courtesan.</p> <p>LAMPASS, swelling of the roof of the mouth.</p> <p>LAND DAMN, correcting to purpose.</p> <p>LAND-RAKER, a foot-pad.</p> <p>LAPWING, bird that cries the most where its nest is not.</p> <p>LASHED WITH WOE, united as with a thong.</p> <p>LATCH, to catch.</p> <p>LATTEN BILBO, long and thin blades.</p> <p>LAUND, lawn.</p> <p>LAVOLTA, an old dance.</p> <p>LAW OF WRIT, rules of composition.</p> <p>LAY HER A-HOLD A-HOLD, to lie as near the wind as possible.</p> <p>LEAVE ME YOUR SNATCHES, cease your sharp answers.</p> <p>LEAVEND, not hasty.</p> <p>LEETS, a court; a law-suit.</p> <p>LEGERITY, lightness, nimbleness.</p> <p>LEMAN, lover.</p> <p>LIBBARD, leopard.</p> <p>LIEGE, sovereign.</p> <p>LIFTER, a thief.</p> <p>LIKE URCHINS, OUPHES, AND FAIRIES, assuming the shape of hedgehogs, elfs.</p> <p>LIMBECK, worm of a still.</p> <p>LINSTOCK, a match-holder.</p> <p>LITHER, flexible, pliant.</p> <p>LITTLE EYASES, nestlings.</p> <p>LOACH, a small prolific fish.</p> <p>LOCKRAM, cheap linen.</p> <p>LOFFE, (<i>Obs.</i>) laugh.</p> <p>LOUTS, an awkward fellow.</p> <p>LOWTED, baffled and insulted.</p> <p>LOZEL, (<i>Ang. Nor.</i>) worthless fellow.</p> <p>LUCE, a full grown pike.</p> <p>LUNATIC BANS, lunatic curses.</p> <p>LUNE, a fit of madness.</p> <p>LUSH, juicy, succulent.</p> <p>LUSTIQUE, cheerful, pleasant.</p> <p>MACULATE, impure.</p> <p>MALT-HORSE, a slow, heavy horse.</p> <p>MAMMERING, to hesitate.</p> <p>MAMMOCK, a large round hill.</p> <p>MANDRAGORA, a genus of plants.</p> <p>MANKIN, mop made of clouts.</p> <p>MARCHPANE, a delicious confection.</p> <p>MEAZEL, scurvy low fellow.</p> <p>MESH'D, mashed or mingled.</p> <p>METE-YARD, measuring yard.</p> <p>MICHER, a truant.</p>	<p>MICKLE, much.</p> <p>MIDDLE-EARTH, the world.</p> <p>MILK-SOP, bread sopped in milk.</p> <p>MILL-SIXPENCE, the first milled money.</p> <p>MINCE, trip away.</p> <p>MINOTAUR, a fabled monster.</p> <p>MISANTHROPOS, a hater of mankind.</p> <p>MISCONSTER'D, misconstrued.</p> <p>MISPRISED, mistaken.</p> <p>MODERN, slight, trivial.</p> <p>MODULE, model.</p> <p>MOCKWATER, water drained from dung hills.</p> <p>MOME, fool.</p> <p>MONTH'S MIND, strong inclination.</p> <p>MOONCALF, imperfectly developed fœtus.</p> <p>MORRIS-PIKE, a Moorish pike.</p> <p>MORSEL, a small person.</p> <p>MORT, dead.</p> <p>MOST CONTRARIOUS QUESTS, cross or contrary questions.</p> <p>MOTION, puppet show.</p> <p>MOULD-WARP, the mole.</p> <p>MOUNTEBANK, a quack.</p> <p>MOUSED, mangled by the mouth.</p> <p>MOUSE-HUNT, a weasel.</p> <p>MOY, a piece of money.</p> <p>MULLECHO, a skulker.</p> <p>MUMBUDGET, a cant term for silence.</p> <p>MURE, to inclose in walls.</p> <p>MUSCLE-SHELL, a simpleton standing with his mouth open.</p> <p>MY DAM'S GOD, SETEBOS, the supreme god of the Patagonians.</p> <p>NAY-WORD, a watchword.</p> <p>NEB, the bill of a bird.</p> <p>NEELD, same as needle.</p> <p>NEEZE, (<i>Obs.</i>) to sneeze.</p> <p>NEIF, the hand or fist.</p> <p>NEINY, people.</p> <p>NIGHT-RAVEN, owl.</p> <p>NINE MEN'S MORRIS, a game of nine pieces.</p> <p>NOOK-SHOTTEEN, irregular coast line.</p> <p>NOTT-PATED, hair cut short and round.</p> <p>NOURISH, to support.</p> <p>NOWL, head.</p> <p>OBSEQUIOUS, careful of funeral rites.</p> <p>OCCURRENTS, incidents.</p> <p>OLD-FACED ANCIENT, patched flag or standard.</p> <p>ONEYERS, accountants of the exchequer.</p> <p>OPPUGNANCY, opposition.</p> <p>ORGULOUS, proud, disdainful.</p>
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- ORIENT, bright or sparkling.
 ORISONS, prayers.
 OSTENT, show, appearance.
 OUPHE, a fairy, a goblin.
 OUT OF ALL NICK, out of all reckoning.
 OUT THREE YEARS, quite three years.
 OVER-SCUTCHED, dirty or grimed.
 PALING, a fence.
 PALLIAMENT, a white robe of lambskins.
 PANTLER, officer in charge of the pantry.
 PARCEL BAWD, partly a bawd.
 PARD, a leopard; any spotted beast.
 PARLE, speech.
 PARLOUS, perilous.
 PARMACITI, spermaceti.
 PASH, rough pressure.
 PASSY PAVIN, an old dance.
 PATCHES, fools, clowns.
 PATEN, small plate used at the altar.
 PAUCAS PALLABRIS, (*Span.*) few words.
 PEACH, to turn informer.
 PEIZE, to weigh.
 PELTING, paltry.
 PELTING FARM, mean.
 PERDU, on the watch.
 PERDURABLY, everlastingly.
 PERDY, corruption of par dieu.
 PEREGRINATE, having traveled.
 PERGGING, cheating, thieving.
 PERIAPTS, amulets or charms.
 PERPEND, consider attentively.
 PHEER, mate or companion.
 PHEESE, beat, chastise.
 PHILL-HORSE, shaft horse.
 PICKT-HATCH, rendezvous for bad characters.
 PIEL'D, peeled, the crown shaven.
 PILCHARD, a fish.
 PILCHER, scabbard.
 PLACKETS, pockets in a petticoat.
 PLAMER, one who cheats at dice.
 PLANTAGE, (*Obs.*) vegetation, plants.
 PLEACHED ARMS, folded arms.
 POINT DEVICE, precise.
 POINT-DE-VICE, (*Fr.*) in the extreme fashion.
 POISON'D VOICE, probably, poisoned.
 POKE, sack.
 POLACK, Polander.
 POMEWATER, sweet juicy apple.
 POOR INFORMAL WOMEN, women out of their senses.
 PORPENTINE, porcupine.
 PORT-SHOW, appearance.
 POSSET, milk curdled.
 POTCH, to push.
 POULTER, a poulterer.
 POUNCET-BOX, a small perfumed box.
 PRECISIAN, one who restrains.
 PREGNANT, ready, well informed.
 PRIAPUS, god of licentiousness.
 PRIMERO, the oldest known game of cards.
 PROBAL, probable.
 PREAMBULET, having precedence.
 PRONE, quick, ready.
 PUISNE, small and feeble.
 PUISSANCE, strength, potency.
 PUKE-STOCKINGS, of a russet black.
 PURSUIVANT, state messenger.
 PUTTOCK, worthless hawk.
 PYGMALEON'S IMAGES, his image was a virgin.
 QUAIL, slacken, relax.
 QUAIN, brisk, dexterous.
 QUEASINESS, nausea.
 QUEASY, squeamish, nice.
 QUELL, to take the life.
 QUERN, a hand-mill.
 QUILLET, nicety.
 QUINTAIN, a spindle on the top of a post.
 QUIPS, taunts, scoffs.
 QUIRED, put in the choir.
 QUITTANCE, return.
 QUOIF, a cap or hood.
 QUOTED, regarded.
 RABATO, a plaited ruff.
 RABBIT-SUCKER, a weasel.
 RACK THE VALUE, place the utmost on it.
 RAUGHT, reached.
 RAVEN, to eat with voracity.
 RAVIN DOWN, devour.
 RAW, ignorant.
 RAYED, made dirty.
 RAZURE, act of effacing.
 REAR-MICE, bats.
 RECHEAT, horn blast recalling dogs.
 RECK, to make account of.
 RECORDER, a flageolet.
 RED LATTICE, the sign of an ale-house.
 RED-LATTICE-PHRASES, ale-house phrases.
 REECHY, discolored by smoke or sweat.
 REEK, vapor.
 REEKY, smoky, foul.
 RENAGES, cast off.

- RENEGE, to deny.
 RESOLVE YOU, convince you.
 RESPECTIVE, regardful.
 REVERB. to reverberate.
 RHEUM, overaction of any organ.
 RIGO.
 RIM, the midriff, or diaphragm.
 RIVAGE, bank or shore.
 RIVALITY, (*Obs.*) emulation.
 RIVO, to be merry.
 ROASTED CRABS, roasted crab apples.
 ROMAGE, tumult, hurry.
 ROINISH, mangy.
 ROPERY, roguery.
 RONDEL, a roundelay.
 ROUNDURE, (*Fr.*) circle.
 ROW, successively.
 RUDESBY, a rude rough fellow.
 RUFFLE, noisy, turbulent.
 RUMP-FED, fed on offal.
 SACHERSON, a famous bear.
 SACK, white Spanish wine.
 SAGITTARY, a fictitious animal, man and horse.
 SALLET, helmet.
 SALVAGES, savages.
 SCALL, a term of reproach.
 SCAMELS, limpets.
 SCARFED, decorated with flags.
 SCATHFUL, destructive.
 SCONCE, helmet, old term for head.
 SCROYLE, a man of scrofulous habit, a leper.
 SCRUBBED, stunted.
 SCUT, a tail.
 SEA MONSTER, hippopotamus.
 SEAR UP, probably, soldering.
 SELD-SHOWN, seldom.
 SERPIGO, a disease of the skin.
 SHAFT, a thick short arrow.
 SHARDBORNE, with wings like shards.
 SHARDS, broken pots.
 SHENT, ruined.
 SHIP-TIRE, ribands floating like streamers.
 SHIVE, slice.
 SHOG OFF, (*Vul.*) will you go?
 SHOTTEN, one that has spawned.
 SHOUGHS, cross between dogs and wolves.
 SIMULAR, a pretender.
 SITH, since.
 SITHENCE, (*Ang. Sax.*) since.
 SKAINS-MATES, cut-throat companions.
 SKIN, to cover superficially.
 SLOPS, large loose trousers.
 SMOCK, a long coarse garment.
 SMUG, affected neatness.
 SNEAK, a street musician.
 SNEAK-CUP, one who evades drinking.
 SNEAP, a reprimand.
 SNEAPING, nipping.
 SNICK UP, (*Vul.*) go hang.
 SO-HOUGH! an old hunting cry.
 SOLIDARES, small pieces of money.
 SOUSE, to plunge into water.
 SOWTER, a cobbler.
 SPILTH, any thing spilt.
 SPITAL-HOUSE, a hospital.
 SPOTTED, stained, guilty.
 SPRIGHTED, haunted.
 SPRINGE, a noose to catch a bird.
 SPRING-HALT, probably, string-halt.
 SQUASH, an unripe peascod.
 STALE, laughing stock; a trap or decoy.
 STALKING HORSE, a pretense.
 STANIEL, a base kind of hawk.
 STARKLY, stiffly.
 STATIST, a statesman.
 ST. COLM'S INCH, a small island.
 STIGMATIC, a criminal branded.
 STITHED, stith, strong, rigid, an anvil.
 STOCCADO, a thrust with a rapier.
 STOMACH, (*Obs.*) appetite.
 STRAPPADO, a military punishment.
 STRICTURE, strictness.
 STUFFED, furnished.
 SUQRE OF SENSE, full compass of sense.
 SURCEASE, to stop.
 SWART, to make tawny.
 SWASHER, one who boasts of valor.
 SWASHING, noisy blustering.
 SWINGE-BUCKLER, a bully.
 SWOUND, to swoon.
 TAFFETY, very thin silk.
 TALLOWKEECH, fat of an ox rolled up.
 TARRE, to stimulate or set on.
 TARRIANCE, delay.
 TAXATION, censure, satire.
 TEEN, sorrow, trouble, grief.
 TEMPORARY MEDDLER, time-serving.
 TESTERNED ME, given me a sixpence.
 THE EATING CANKER, caterpillar.
 THE MOATED GRANGE, a large farm house.
 THE NUTHOOK HUMOR, calling a man thief.
 THE SWEAT, the plague.
 THE TRIUMVERY, three cornered gallows.

- THICK-PLEACHED, thickly interwoven.
 THIRDBOROUGH, an under constable.
 THRASONICAL, bragging, boasting.
 THREE-PIL'D, the finest kind.
 THREE VENIES, touches, or hits.
 THROSTLE, machines for spinning.
 THY VILD RACE, natural, inherited disposition.
 TIGHTLY, quickly.
 TIKE, a clown.
 TIRE-VALIANT, resisting fatigue.
 TIRING-HOUSE, the dressing room of theatres.
 'TIS IN HIS BUTTONS, he is the man for it.
 To AFFY, to betroth.
 To BIDE, to abide, endure.
 To BOTTOM, to wind as on a spool.
 To CART, to draw through the town on a cart.
 To CLIP, to embrace, to strike.
 To DANCE BAREFOOT, to be an old maid.
 To GIRD, to taunt, or sneer at.
 To GLEEK, to mock, scoff.
 To GLUT HIM, to swallow him.
 TOIL, enclosure.
 To POINT, perfection.
 To ROOK, to squat down.
 To SLUBBER, neglect.
 To SPERRE, to defend by bars.
 To TAKE THE HATCH, to leap a hedge in fear.
 To TROW, to believe.
 TOUZE, to pull or tear.
 To WEET, to know.
 TRAJECT, Venetian ferries.
 TRAY-TRIP, a game at dice.
 TRENCHED IN ICE, cut or carved in ice.
 TRICKSY, quick, clever, elegant.
 TROSSERS, close fitting breeches.
 TRUCKET, a flourish on the trumpet.
 TUCKET-SONANCE, trumpet flourish.
 TURN HIS GIRDLE, to give a challenge.
 TWIGGEN, covered with wicker work.
 UMBER, a dusky yellow earth.
 UNANEL'D, without extreme unction.
 UNCAPE, digging out the fox.
 UNEATH, not easily.
 UNHAired, beardless.
 UNHOUSED, free from domestic care.
 UNHOUSEL'D, without the sacrament.
 UNION, a precious pearl.
 UNSHAK'D, unmoved by solicitation.
 URCHINS, hedgehogs.
 USANCE, interest on money.
 UTIS, a merry festival.
 VAILING, bending, bowing.
 VAIL YOUR REGARD, lower.
 VANT-BRACE, armor for the arm.
 VELURE, shaggy hair.
 VIED, hazarded.
 VILLAIN, slave.
 VINEW'DEST, (*Obs.*) mouldy, musty.
 VIZAMENTS, deliberations.
 WALL-EY'D, large, white, distorted.
 WAPPENED, debilitated by disease.
 WARDER, truncheon.
 WASSAILS, (*Ang. Sax.*) merry-meetings.
 WATER-RATS, pirates.
 WEALS-MEN, statesmen, politicians.
 WEB AND PIN, diseases of the eye.
 WELKIN, the vault of heaven.
 WEZAND, windpipe.
 WHELK'D, varied with protuberance.
 WHERE HE MEAL'D, sprinkled, defiled.
 WHITING-TIME, bleaching time.
 WHITSTERS, bleachers of linen.
 WILD MORISCO, morris-dancer.
 WILTOL CUCKOLD, one who consents to his wife's infidelity.
 WOODCOCK, a foolish fellow.
 WOOLWARD, the wool next the skin.
 WOOSSEL-COCK, a blackbird.
 YARE, quick.
 Y-CLEPED, called.
 YOU FIRY OES, anything round.
 YOU MUST BE PREECHES, flogged.
 YOUNKER, a young fellow.
 ZANIES, a fool's baubles.

INDEX

TO

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS.

Aaron.—A Moor beloved by Tamora.

Tit. And.

A black skin gloried in, 49. A perfect woman, 611. Fatal gossip, 251. Final impenitence, 300. Horrible ransom, 456. Oath, 412. Sorrow perpetuated, 515. Stormy rage, 456. Stratagem inexplicable, 525. Three, one too many, 551. Training for a warrior, 557. Treachery, 561. Vengeance, 578. Vice superlative, 585. Villainous counsel, 106. Villainy gloried in, 583.

Achilles.—A Grecian Commander. *T. C.*

Longing for rare sights, 344. Power of the eye, 200. Reputation endangered, 463. Speculation, 517. Triumph, 565. Undeserved neglect, 404. Vulnerability, 591. Wounded pride, 444.

Agamemnon.—The Grecian Commander.

T. C.

A loud summons invoked, 534. A winnowing discrimination, 167. Action respected, 8. Foe nobly treated, 224. Fortune's frown a test, 232. Hope defeated, 282. Love captures soldiers, 357. Pride, 443. Private audience not for public matters, 35. Rebuking arrogance, 31. The signs of constancy, 99.

Angelo.—The Deputy (in the Duke's absence).

M. M.

Compelled sin, 497. Cunning of the tempter, 548. Pity shown in justice, 430. Prayer distracted, 440. Pretended justice, 329, 337. Rebellion against restraint, 470. Self-confessed guilt, 265. Self-tempted, 548. Sin counted charity, 74. Sin punished, 496. Tediousness, 547. Temptation, 548. Test of character, 549. Unblushing hypocrisy, 293. Wearisome goodness, 251.

Anne Bullen.—Maid of honor, afterwards Queen.

R. III.

Abhorrence bitterly expressed, 1. Bitterness of reaped curses, 126. Contentment better than golden sorrow, 103. Death desired, 136. Sleep denied, 502. Tears powerless, 545. Thanks tendered, 550. Vengeance, 577. Wounds of the murdered reveal, 397.

Antonio.—Merchant of Venice. *M. V.*

Civic reputation precious, 80. Devil quotes scripture, 484. Friendship unlocks all resources, 239. Hate repaying kindness, 270. Indefinable sadness, 481. Patience and fury, 422. Relentlessness rooted in hate, 461. Resigned to death, 468. The world a stage, 523. Unyielding power of avarice, 38.

Antony, Mark.—A Triumvir.

A. C. and J. C.

A mean spirited fool, 225. Bellowing a relief, 46. Cæsar killed by ingratitude, 310. Cæsar's death,

141. Cæsar's murderers upbraided, 466. Courage, 107. Crocodile, description of, 121. Desertion nobly treated, 156. Effect of bad news on the teller, 406. Fallen greatness, 256. Great events forecast, 228. Greatness in ruins, 256. Great perils, 426. Hope inspires comfort, 282. Imagination's pictures, 146. Inconstancy bemoaned, 303. Indecision, 305. Ingratitude hated, 310. Loud protestation, 449. National ingratitude, 310. Patching a quarrel, 453. Populace, 433. Regret sours pleasure, 461. Self-conquest, 92. Shame of flight, 491. Soliloquy over Cæsar's body, 507. Sorrow contagious, 512. Speech on death of Cæsar, 517. Suicide at our command, 531. Suicide intended, 530. Supremacy of affection, 536. The noblest Roman, 479. Uncertainty, 569. Utter despair, 156. Valor, 575. Vengeance on a betrayer, 47. Vice, 582. War, 597. Weak and foolish resentment, 468.

Apemantus.—A churlish Philosopher.

T. A.

Adversity unrelenting, 11. Claims of soldiers' wounds, 621. Courtesy ridiculed, 110. Danger environs greatness, 256. Flattery deafens counsel, 219. Flattery met by flattery, 220. Friendship full of dregs, 238. Grace before meat, 253. Men mutable, 400. Solitude cools revenge, 509. Temperance, 547. Universal depravity, 155. Willing misery, 382.

Archbishop of Canterbury. *H. V.*

All encompassing purpose, 451. Conversion, 104. Effects must have a cause, 470. Eloquence of the reformed, 184. Harmony in diversity, 269. Illimitable praise, 439. Order, 417. Singleness of purpose, 452. Spirit of ancestors invoked, 23. State, bees a model for, 45. Sudden and complete reform, 460. Universal genius, 243.

Arthur, Duke of Bretagne.—Elder brother of King John. *K. J.*

A child's confidence, 90. Affected sadness, 481. Cruelty expostulated with, 109. Expostulation with cruelty, 122. Eyes more precious than the tongue, 201. Fortitude in anguish, 230. Ingratitude aggravates cruelty, 308. Looks no index, 344. Nature excels man in mercy, 377. Poor, merry, 362. Rare devotion, 161. Strife, grief at occasioning, 525.

Autolycus.—A rogue.

W. T.

A snapper-up of trifles, 564. An expert thief, 550. Ballads, 498. Chance honesty, 277. Ingenious cruelty, 123. Society, its castes, 68. The success of humbug, 286. Thieves, 550.

Banquo.—A General in the service of the King. *M.*

Earth's bubbles, 64. New honors sit strangely, 281. Short duration of gratified ambition, 20. Sleep disturbed, 503. Suspicion questions, 538.

Bassanio.—Friend to Antonio. *M. V.*

A perfect friend, 235. Appearances not to be trusted, 29. Bewildering power of applause, 30. Cowards boastful, 112. Embarrassment of debt, 304. Fair terms deceitful, 549. False hair, 266. Friendship equal to any sacrifice, 239. Loquacity, 345. Loss regained, 345. Mirth a garment, 380. Mistrust, love's treason; 355. Mistrust, treason to love, 385. Modesty dislikes noise, 388. Ornament, 418. Portrait, a perfect, 436. Ring, its value depends on giver, 477. Uncertainty, 569. Ventures repeated, 581.

Bastard.—Philip Faulconbridge, natural son of King Richard the First. *K. J.*

Action enjoined, 8. Courage, exhortation to, 107. Courage, where strong, 103. Crimes beyond mercy, 121. Cruelty easily punished, 122. Death indiscriminate, 137. Defiance of a braggart, 149. Defiant words ridiculed, 619. Desertion of doubtful friends, 155. Example inspires, 195. Excuse for great grief, 260. Fear fed by rumors, 213. Growing power of selfishness, 488. Havoc and war desired, 103. Ignorance of new made honor, 280. Inglorious compromise, 86. Jealousness laughed at, 388. Love an excuse, 347. Murder a robbery, 392. Power crouching, 438. Private grudges, 262. Prophecy of evil, 448. Public quarrels, 454. Respectability desired, 469. Revenge must be prompt, 475. Soldier of honor, 505. Time baid, 552. Villainy easily punished, 584.

Beatrice.—Niece to Leonato. *M. A.*

An infamous satirist, 483. Failure of manhood, 368. Men's love, 105. Minimum of pleasure, 431. Tatling, 542.

Belarius.—A banished Lord, disguised under the name of Morgan. *Cym.*

A generous benediction, 47. Dangerous enterprises, 190. Fear as bad as danger, 129. Greatness hereditary, 273. Humility safe, 285. In what life is noble, 342. Melancholy, 373. Misery falling heavy, 383. Mountain life noble, 391. Rank ought to be respected in death, 224. Recovery of lost sons, 510. Royal blood will show, 51. Soft anger powerful, 25. Sudden calamity, 66.

Benedick.—A young Lord of Padua, favorite of Don Pedro. *M. A.*

Changes of taste, 542. Empty thanks, 549. Equivocal praise, 439. Love bewildering, 352. Mistaken quarrels, 454. Posthumous fame, 207. Power of music, 339. Resentment mistaken, 468. Rhymes difficult, 476. Satire defied, 483. Silence unattainable, 496. Termagant, 548. Virago, 586. Woman's quick tongue, 555.

Biron.—A Lord attending on the King of Navarre. *L. L.*

A faulty woman incurable, 611. A gallant described, 241. Cupid described, 125. Daintiness, 128. Excessive study, 525. Foolish conduct in love, 3. Fop described, 110. Hindrance to study, 526. Inadequate praise, 439. Keen sense of a lover, 361. Love speaking, 358. Love wanton, 359. Marplot, 369. Necessity defies oaths, 403. Ostentation, 418. Perjury, 427. Plagiarism, 431. Plodding tiresome, 431. Proof of sincerity demanded, 497. Rebellion against austerity, 35. Sensualism, 489. Simplicity of expression best, 12. Witling, 609. Woman's eyes, 202.

Bolingbroke.—Duke of Hereford, son to John of Gaunt, afterwards King Henry IV. *R. II.*

A desire to escape from conscience, 94. A dissolute son, 510. Bad advisers, 12. Civil disabilities, 164.

Confession lightens guilt's burden, 89. Content with fate, 102. Courage, incentive to, 103. Cowardice destroys the innocent, 113. Cry of innocent blood, 50. Forbearance towards an enemy, 188. Grief lengthens time, 261. Indignation fruitless, 297. Murder cries for vengeance, 392. Night, 410. Recantation impossible, 459. The poor's exchequer, 550. Tool spurned, 556. Treachery, 562, 563. War, 595.

Bottom.—The weaver. *M. N.*

A wondrous dream, 177. An ear for music, 398. An exposition of sleep, 502. Self conceit, 87.

Brutus, Junius.—A Tribune of the people. *C.*

Humility's napless vesture, 286. Moderation punished, 387. People infatuated by ingratitude, 311. Tyrant, 568.

Brutus, Marcus.—A conspirator against Julius Cæsar. *J. C.*

An awaking conscience, 94. Artistic murder, 392. Bribes dishonor the great, 61. Cæsar's ghost startles Brutus, 244. Choler defied, 77. Close consultation, 100. Conjugal fidelity, 216. Conspiracy, how hidden, 97. Cooling friendship ceremonious, 70. Covetousness destroys friendship, 112. Danger of the ides of March, 294. Dead, mighty, 132. Death, 134. Death ambition's debt, 130. Difficult ties between friends, 163. Early rising condemned, 477. False magnanimity, 366. Farewell to Cæsius, 208. Honesty fearless, 277. Honor more precious than life, 279. Ladder to ambition, 21. Opportunity like the tide, 416. Pity drives out pity, 430. Portia's suicide, 533. Prosperity dangerous, 448. Quarrels of friends, 453. Signs of affection withheld, 13. Sleep's leaden mace, 502. Sleep like honey-dew, 503. Speech in defense of assassination, 519. Successful treachery, 564. Suggestions of jealousy, 323. Suicide cowardly, 530. Suspicion to be crushed, 538. The tide of fortune, 233. Vindictiveness, 535.

Caius Marcius.—A Roman patrician. *C.*

A protest against dissimulation, 171. A wife's devotion, 160. A would-be poisoner, 433. Assumed humility, 285. Constancy prayed for, 98. Courage, 107. Dissimulation impossible to the noble, 171. Extremity the true test, 199. Fidelity during absence, 2. Firmness invoked, 218. Great misfortunes, 384. Greatness in disguise, 167. Hospitality remembered, 284. Indignation at popular arrogance, 305. Injustice affiliates with foes, 312. Intrepidity defies danger, 321. Memory tires, 374. Mobs mutable, 336. M other respected, 391. Natural affection, 13. Outspoken speech, 620. Policy of dissimulation, 171. Popular concessions impolitic, 88. Popular government rebuked, 252. Sncer at imperativeness, 300. The people, 426. Truckling, 565. Voices of nature, 420. Wisdom of true friendship, 239.

Caliban.—A savage and deformed slave. *T.*

All-pervading malaria, 367. Blessings of civilization cursed, 80. Clownish devotion, 160. Miserable music, 399. Secret power of books, 55.

Capulet.—The head of a noble house at variance with the Montagues. *R. J.*

Blabbing day, 132. Death changes everything, 135. Death of an only child, 139. Death sudden, 133. Passionate abuse, 567. Spring treads on winter, 523. Too copious tears, 526.

Cardinal Pandolph.—The Pope's Legate. *K. J.*

Alliances dangerous, 129. Crime cumulative, 119. Evils worst on departure, 193. Lust overreaching,

363. Murderers canonized, 397. Peace impossible, 424. Reconciliation to the Church, 78. Vows conflicting, 590.

Cardinal Wolsey. *H. VIII.*

Bitter end of ambition, 20. Culmination of greatness, 256. Dangerous ambition, 19. Defeat of ambition bewailed, 20. Earthly glory short lived, 247. Expression of contempt, 101. Far reaching malignity, 367. Fidelity, 216. Killing disappointment, 165. Malicious censurers, 69. Matchless peace of a good conscience, 95. Patriotism, 423. Stubbornness, 525. Sycophancy, 541. Vanity of human hopes, 577. Virtue in a fool, 587.

Cassius.—A conspirator against Julius Cæsar. *J. C.*

Abstract of all villainy, 583. A friend's infirmities, 308. Crime suggests crime, 121. Death always at command, 134. Declining affection, 13. Envy has a good memory, 190. Fate in our own hands, 209. Good companionship essential, 84. How conspiracies are formed, 96. Masterly inactivity, 302. Overpowering greatness, 257. Portents interpreted, 434. Sincerity never dangerous, 497. Small beginnings dangerous, 46. Suicide, 532. Superstition suspicious, 535. Tyrants, 568. Tyranny shaken off, 568.

Claudio.—A young gentleman. *M. M.*

Daring, 131. Hope a medicine, 283. Horrible uncertainties of death, 133. Persuasion, 428. The fear of death, 138. Tyranny of new rulers, 567.

Claudio.—A young Lord of Florence, favorite of Don Pedro. *M. A.*

Cat killed by care, 67. Claudio's epitaph, 191. Disguised love, 350. Effect of false accusation, 5. Friends inconstant in matters of love, 238. Peace revives love, 424. Perfect happiness silent, 263. Silence the sign of joy, 495. Sin cunning, 436. Temptation, 545. Virtuous in appearance only, 488.

Claudius.—King of Denmark. *H.*

Care destroys life, 67. Conscience a burden, 92. Difficulty of repentance, 465. Long continued sorrow, 514. Prayer profitless, 440. Ready giving, 246. Remorse invoking help, 463. Self-confessed insanity, 315. Sorrow's sign, 514. Travel, 558.

Cleopatra.—Queen of Egypt. *A. C.*

A perfect man, 367. A woman's infatuation, 307. Bad news hated, 405. Bad news should tell itself, 406. Burial, high Roman, 65. Celerity admired by negligent, 63. Constancy like marble, 99. Death a desired pinch, 138. Death called for, 138. Death rather than censure, 69. Desperate railing, 456. Ever growing greatness, 255. False swearing, 530. Foolishness of wishers, 605. Homage to a hand, 267. Immortality longed for, 238. Impatience a sin, 299. Indignity resented, 306. Language of infatuation, 307. Love alike in queen and maid, 351. Lying no proof of love, 3. Protestations not trusted, 449. Rival, 477. Sallad days, 328, 624. Sorrow becoming the strong, 511. Suicide, 530, 532. Suicide extolled, 531. Sweating labor, 295. Sycophancy, 541. The cant of detraction, 160. The knot of life untied, 143. Unexhausted bounty, 56.

Cominius.—The Roman General. *C.*

Confidence in a leader, 338. Growth of true greatness, 257. Hero a powerful leader, 275. Mercy not to be asked, 377. Success and desire, 529. Titles refused, 554. Valor, 574. Waiting revenge, 475.

Constance.—Mother to Arthur. *K. J.*

Cowardice denounced, 113. Death invoked, 136. Disheveled hair, 266. Despair relieved by death,

157. Effect of sorrow, 514. Good news hard to believe, 407. Grief a solace, 258. Grief proud, 260. Hereditary misfortune, 273. Misery mistaken for madness, 382. Mother's love, 391. Nature's gifts, 246. Nothing can separate those who love, 197. Prudence dictates delay, 450. Recognition of friends in heaven, 237. Relation of faith to need, 205. Reproach extorted by misery, 582. Similarity, 496. Tears bribe heaven, 544. Voiceless vehemence, 577.

Corin.—A shepherd. *A. I.*

Churlishness no way to heaven, 78. Good manners in one place ridiculous in another, 104. Hospitality despised, 284. Laborer's contentment, 103. Natural philosophy, 429.

Countess of Rousillon.—Mother to Bertram. *A. W.*

Affected sorrow, 516. Heirloom testamentary, 272. Maiden's tears, 544. Relation of heredity to acquisitions, 274. Silence recommended, 494. Skill gives immortality, 499. Tears, 544.

Cranmer.—An agent of the King, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. *H. VIII.*

Accusers and accused, 7. Goodness inspires awe, 230. Meekness, 373. Prophecy of Elizabeth's greatness, 447. Refutation of calumny, 66.

Decius Brutus.—A conspirator. *J. C.*

Ambition fostered by conspirators, 20. Flatterers easily led, 218.

Desdemona.—Daughter to Brabantio, and wife to Otheilo. *O.*

A persistent solicitor, 506. Arguing a suit, 533. Husband, allegiance to, 17. Persistence, 427.

Dogberry.—The chief Constable. *M. A.*

Ability to read, a vanity, 457. Age destroys wit, 14. Charge to a watchman, 598. Contamination, 100. Inevitable subordinate position, 436. Motives, lesser, 391. Unquenchable desire to be an ass, 33.

Domitius Enobarbus.—A friend of Antony. *A. C.*

Celerity in dying, 182. Danger in extremity, 130. Face of woman, 203. Grief atoning, 259. Judgment, 328. Leaky friends abandoned, 1. Loyalty in defeat, 362. Luxuriant grandeur, 253. Marriage strangles friendship, 371. Matters great and small, 372. Overwhelming regret, 461. Self upbraidings, 466. Superlative devotion, 162. Tears in an onion, 545. Voluptuousness, 590.

Duke of Buckingham. *H. VIII.*

Ambitious meddling, 372. Betrayal purchased by gold, 47. Cunning detected, 124. Generous forgiveness, 230. Inconstancy of friends, 236. Indisputable proofs, 447. Prudence good policy, 450. Purpose not disclosed, 451. Resignation to unmerited death, 143.

Duke of Buckingham. *R. III.*

Crafty hypocrisy, 289. No sanctuary for children, 482. Perfect acting, 215. Terror, 549.

Duke of Gloucester.—Uncle to the King, and Protector. *H. VI., 1 pt.*

A monster's soliloquy, 359. Ambition bewildered, 19. An uninterrupted conqueror, 92. Criminals, great, 121. Dearly bought territory, 549. Defiant ambition, 19. Deformity rebelled against, 150. Exultation of a monster, 388. Guile, 263. Hasty marriage, 369. Hypocritical amity, 23. Love

o'erleaps vows, 357. Making love over a coffin, 111. Murder of Henry VI, 395. Overreaching, 419. Prayer of some a curse, 440. Presence engenders love, 480. Small concessions fatal, 88. Sorrow vanquishes, 514. Stumbling a bad omen, 526. Style disagreeing with purse, 527. Treacherous kiss, 333. Treachery, 563. Trickery outwitted, 564. Wicked ambition, 21.

Duke of Norfolk.*H. VIII.*

A wicked divorce, 175. Haste leads to indiscretion, 306. Imperiousness, 300. Merit more than ancestry, 378. Oppressive taxation, 543. Originating heredity, 274. Rashness impolitic, 457. Restraining anger, 24. Superlative glory, 247. Value of ability, 2. Warning against a dangerous enemy, 188.

Duchess of Gloucester.*R. II.*

Claims of brotherhood, 62. Cowardice mistaken for patience, 422. Despair mistaken for patience, 421. Heavy grief, 260. Heredity, 273. Implying pardon, 420. Love the strongest tie, 363. Sin heavy, 496. Sorrowful separation, 489.

Duchess of York.—Mother to King Edward IV, Clarence and Gloucester.*R. III.*

A mother's curse, 125. A son's deceit bemoaned, 145. Domestic broils accused, 62. Sincerity earnest, 497. Tearful hypocrisy, 292.

Earl of Gloucester.*K. L.*

Bad times, 552. Killing men sport to gods, 522. Loss sometimes gain, 345. Low connection, 105. Resignation promised, 468. Trust misplaced, 565. Tyranny of new rulers, 567.

Earl of Northumberland.*R. II.*

An honorable reputation, 467. Effect of conversation on journeys, 104. Extremities presage deliverance, 198. Hope related to joy, 283. Liar hated of God, 341. Native tongue, 555. Stabs of slander incurable, 499. Unconcern, 569. Wild times, 102.

Earl of Northumberland.—An enemy to the King.*H. IV., 2 pt.*

Anxiety for news, 405. Bringer of bad news, 406. Desperation conquers indecision, 153. Grief weakens, 261. Popular commotion, 83. Preparation needful, 442. Suspicion's ready tongue, 538. Sympathy, 541. Tattler cursed, 542. Usurpation, 570.

Earl of Salisbury.*R. II.*

A rainy sunset, 534. Despair resulting from delay, 142. Misfortune foretold, 247. Sudden overthrow, 419.

Earl of Warwick.—Of the King's party.*H. IV., 2 pt.*

Mistrust cowardly, 385. Murder traitorous, 396. New servants needed, 372. Rumor doubles, 450. Use of cast-off followers, 224.

Earl of Warwick.—Of the Duke of York's party.*H. VI., 3 pt.*

Arrogance harmless, 31. Blind revenge, 473. Broken alliance, 17. Cases altered by circumstances, 19. Death takes no note of pomp, 141. Difficulty of decision, 146. Fall of greatness, 256. Half-hearted poor fighters, 267. Power of impiousness, 300. Recognition of the atonement, 35. Rest indispensable, 469. Surrender of territory, 549. Suspicion well founded, 538. The past interprets the future, 240. The piercing power of the eye, 201. Transformation of a friend into a foe, 235. True love, 348.

Edgar.—Son to Gloucester.*K. L.*

A broken heart, 271. A madman's advice, 364. A wronged brother's denunciation, 153. Affecting to be a demoniac, 153. Bad fortune a relief, 231. Compelled charity, 74. Heights make dizzy, 271. Lost reputation, 467. One idea a sign of insanity, 315. Playing fool to sorrow, 515. Possessed by fiends, 436. Retribution just, 471. Vice punishes itself, 583.

Edmund Mortimer.—Earl March.*H. VI., 1 pt.*

Cowardice abandons the field, 114. Equality in division, 175. Eyes waxing dim, 202. Fear hastening flight, 222. Ignorance of language, 336. Infirmities of age, 14. Inspiration needed for success, 318. Politic silence, 495. Poor fighting for rebellion, 458. Power of a sweet tongue, 556. The effect of discouragement, 166. The fighting of rebels a shadow, 218.

Edmund of Langley.—Duke of York, and uncle to the King.*R. II.*

Crisis of misgovernment, 385. Indignant loyalty, 362. Misery insulted, 383. Treachery, 560.

Edward.—Earl of March, afterwards King Edward IV.*H. VI., 3 pt.*

Inconsolable grief, 261. Portents, heavenly, 435. Uncertainty, 569. Villainy a necessity, 403.

Eleanor.—Duchess of Gloster.*H. VI., 2 pt.*

Deserved punishment, 450. Shame independent of symbols, 492. Woman's ambition stronger than man's, 22.

Elizabeth.—Queen of Edward IV.*R. III.*

Dead children hover over us, 77. Extenuation of arrogance, 32. Grief profound, 260. Heart-breaking sorrow, 513. Misfortunes foreseen, 228. Mother's right to see her children, 390. Pity invoked of stones, 430. Rebuke of brusqueness, 64. Remorseless vengeance, 578. Ruin foreseen, 480. Simplicity, 496. Upbraidings, 571.

Emilia.—Wife of Iago.*O.*

Gentleness the duty of husbands, 288. Jealousy a monster, 322. Rascals, 456.

Ferdinand.—King of Navarre.*L. L.*

A victim of self-conceit, 88. Loss of friends, 235. Posthumous fame, 207. Pretended accomplishments, 5. Reading, 457. Scholars' agreement, 494. Tears, 544.

Flavius.—Steward to Timon.*T. A.*

Creditors rapacious, 118. Disinterested friends a dream, 237. Empty generosity, 242. Flattery soon spent, 219. Mistakes concerning insolvency, 317. Suspicion too late, 538. Vileness of false friends, 236.

Fluellen.—A Welch officer.*H. V.*

Birthplaces of great men, 48. Blindness of fortune, 233. Oath, 412. Quarrelsomeness, 454. Self-conceit, 488. Silence on eve of battle, 495. Ugliness, 568.

Ford, Mr. Francis.—A gentleman dwelling at Windsor.*M. W.*

Heaven controls love, 351. Jealousy a safeguard, 322. Love improperly placed, 351.

Friar Lawrence.—A Franciscan.*R. J.*

A death-like sleep, 501. Care destroys sleep, 67. Death not to be mourned, 139. Early rising ridiculed, 477. Fickleness in love, 216. Good in

everything, 249. Haste, slow, 269. Impetuosity in love fatal, 301. Lightness of a lover's step, 362. Morn, its beauty, 390. Over-violent love, 363. Physical signs of death, 142.

Gertrude.—Queen of Denmark, and mother of Hamlet. *H.*

Death the common lot, 142. Drowning of Ophelia, 180. Gloom of countenance, 247. Guilt fearful, 263. Patience recommended, 423. Well balanced madness, 364.

Ghost of Hamlet's father. *H.*

Murder of the King of Denmark, 395. Purgatory, 450. Speech accusatory, 519. Stealthy poison, 433. Unconcern, 569. Untimely death, 147.

Goneril.—Eldest daughter of the King. *K. L.*

A false charge of cowardice, 113. Old age abused, 14.

Gratiano.—Friend to Antonio and Bassanio. *M. V.*

Envy sharper than steel, 121. Excessive care, 67. Opinion, 416. Peevishness, 425. Pleasures of anticipation, 27. Prodigal, 446. Self-conceit, 88. Silence commended, 494. Silence not always wisdom, 495. Small hypocrisy, 292. Superserviceableness, 535. Transmigration, 558.

Gremio.—A suitor to Bianca. *T. S.*

Boasting of a great dower, 176. Female sweetness, 540. Inexcusable irreverence, 322. Petrucio's mad marriage, 370.

Griffith.—Gentleman usher to Queen Katharine. *H. VIII.*

Death of Wolsey, 141. Happiness of obscurity, 414. Virtues written in water, 368.

Hamlet.—Son to the former, and nephew to the present King. *H.*

Accountability in madness, 364. Acting instructions, 11. A disturbed imagination, 297. A picture of a friend, 235. Appropriate action, 7. A smiling villain, 583. Bitter revenge, 475. Bitter self-upbraidings, 466. Caution against self-deception, 145. Coxcombs, 117. Dead forgotten, 134. Death, strict, 137. Description of adultery, 9. Destiny, divinity in, 159. Disapproval of hints, 276. Discontent with everything, 166. Dust of the dead, 133. Emphatic grief, 259. Extravagant grief, 259. Fate irresistible, 209. Fear disclaimed, 212. Flattery not for the poor, 220. Fortitude exult in, 230. F frailty of woman, 234. Guilt unkenneled, 263. Heartlessness reproved, 8. Hidden shame, 491. Honesty remarkable, 278. Honor, argument for, 278. Indecorum, 305. Independence, 305. Inimitable excellence, 195. Innocence, stoical, 313. Invincible determination, 159. Invocation of Denmark's ghost, 244. Language of ennui, 190. Madness limited, 365. Midnight appalling, 379. Mother, 390. Mother unbraidcd, 466. Mysteries abundant, 400. Night, 409. No escape from calumny, 67. Old men described, 375. Partial madness, 365. Petard hoisting its engineer, 428. Poor in thanks, 549. Power of actors over conscience, 94. Power of habit, 266. Protest against being a tool, 557. Qualities of true greatness, 257. Rank disregarded, 456. Retribution, 471. Revenge swift, 475. Self-flattery a bar to repentance, 465. Silence invoked, 495. Smiling and villainy, 504. Soliloquy, 506. Soliloquy at Yorick's grave, 506. Sorrow passing show, 515. Sponges, human, 521. Stars, 523. Suicide prohibited, 533. Sympathy, 540. Sympathants used, 541. Tears of hypocrisy, 545. Test of madness, 365. The perfection of man, 368. Thought gives character,

551. Time out of joint, 553. Usurper, 573. Vengeance, 579. Wealth, 599. Worms, emperors, 137. Wringing the heart, 271. Yesterdays, 623.

Hector.—A son of Priam. *T. C.*

Bragging provoked, 56. Compliments of heroes, 275. Doubt a beacon, 176. Fears of the reputed brave, 214. High purposes, 452. Persistence in wrong an aggravation, 428. Pure lineage, 343. Revenge deaf, 474. Time a test, 553.

Helena.—In love with Demetrius. *M. N.*

Girls' friendship, 238. Instruction sought of a rival, 478. Perfect union, 570. Pursuit, 452. Sport with ladies denounced, 522. Want of beauty deplored, 44.

Helena.—A gentlewoman, protected by the Countess. *A. W.*

Cause and effect, 470. Contradictions of character, 104. Fortune in our own hands, 232. Great changes in a short time, 72. Love admires fool, 346. Lust playing with what it loathes, 364. Ministers of omnipotence, 416. Remedies in ourselves, 462. Restoration of health, 271. Time's flight, 553. Unrequited love, 359. Varied epithets, 192. Weak things chosen of God, 372. Women cannot fight for love, 359.

Henry Beaufort.—Great uncle to the King, Bishop of Winchester, and afterwards Cardinal. *H. VI., 1 pt.*

Priestly arrogance, 32. Success from God, 529. Wife's influence, 603.

Henry.—Earl of Richmond, a youth. *H. VI., 3 pt.*

Civil war, 594. Remorselessness, 464. Reproaches unanswered, 467. Sweetness of wearing a crown, 122. Tears impossible, 544. Vengeance, 580. Will, 604.

Henry.—Earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII. *R. III.*

Cruel tyranny, 567. Prayer, 440. Strategy, 525. Sunset, 534. Valor, 576.

Henry.—Prince of Wales, eldest son to the King. *H. IV., 1 pt.*

Brave ambition, 119. Courage respected, 108. Death a debt, 134. Deceptive appearances, 29. Frivolity a sign of death, 137. Pain of human glory, 247. Power grasped prematurely, 438. Pretensions tested, 442. Reformation obliterates, 460. Roysters careless of time, 480. Sick with joy, 493. Signs of death, 138. Sins of youth exaggerated, 624. Subterfuges of a braggart, 57. Terms of contempt, 101. Too numerous holidays, 277. Truth, 565. Unfelt wounds, 621. Weaknesses of greatness, 256. Youth's vices redeemed, 624.

Henry Percy.—Surnamed Hotspur. *H. IV.*

A rebuke of foppery, 227. Bargaining, strictness in, 40. Bold defiance, 149. Calling up spirits, 521. Curiosity, 125. Danger of accomplices, 4. Death chosen before defeat, 148. Flattery disowned, 219. Foolishness of noticing portents, 434. Half-heartedness, 267. Honor easily attained, 279. Impatience in enterprise, 300. Insufferable bore, 55. Life too short for frivolity, 239. Love in war, 356. Mouth-filling oath, 412. No time for sickness, 493. Poetry excruciating, 432. Quarrels over division, 175. Recklessness, 459. Sickness endangers enterprise, 493. Success independent, 529. Swearing, 540. Thought, 550. Truth shames the devil, 160. Unslumbering upbraidings, 466. Usurpa-

tion, 571, 572. Woman's profanity, 446. Wounds disprove treason, 621.

Hermia.—Daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander. *M. N.*

Impossibility of believing some things, 46. Lovers' vows, 362. The incredible, 304. The true devotion of a lover, 162. Unexpected departure alarming, 17.

Hermione.—Queen to Leontes. *W. T.*

Guest urged to tarry, 263. Power of kindness, 330. Praise, abundant, 439. Tearless grief, 261. Tongueless praise, 439. Woman's honor defended, 612, 613.

Herbert de Burgh.—Chamberlain to the King. *K. J.*

All-absorbing news, 405. Bad news, 405. Crimes excite the populace, 123. Evil purpose overcome, 451. Innocence can stand any test, 313. Innocence defends itself, 313. Pity, 429. Special providence, 449. Undying affection, 14.

Iachimo.—An Italian gentleman, and a friend to Philario. *Cym.*

Base insinuation, 317. Discernment claimed, 165. Guilt enfeebles, 263. Paragon, 420. Perfect sculpture, 485. Perfection, human, 426. Sleep the ape of death, 503. Sluttish, 504.

Iago.—Othello's ancient. *O.*

Alarming anger, 24. Caution against jealousy, 322. Circumstantial evidence, 483. Conscience forbids murder, 393. Consummate hypocrisy, 289. Content and poverty, 102. Credulity, 118. Good name precious, 400. Guilt speaks without a tongue, 265. Hate covered by hypocrisy, 283. Hypocrisy stereotyped, 283. Imagination destroys, 297. Insidious sin, 497. Insinuation destroys, 317. Jealousy and trifles, 324. Jealousy meditating revenge, 323. Kisses betray, 333. Lost reputation, 467. Love bewitching, 352. Patience, 423. Pleasure shortens time, 431. Poverty rich, 437. Power of the will, 77. Preferment, 441. Pretended honesty, 278. Quarrels caused by drink, 179. Sinister service, 491. Slander a thief, 499. Slave's right to thought, 551. Sleep betrays secrets, 503. Sufficient tongue, 556. Suicide a weakness, 530. Suicide, things better, 533. Suspicion hard to excite, 533. Sympathy, 540. Time's deliverance sure, 553. Volubility, 500. Will, its power, 604. Women, 615.

Imogen.—Daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen. *Cym.*

Circumstances mislead, 79. Impatient for death, 300. Isolation leads to conceit, 322. Kingly lust, 363. Locality nothing, 343. Love should be deaf, 350. Pity implored, 430. Respect not insured by high descent, 155. Slight sickness, 493. Suffering extreme, 530. Suicide, 531. Suspicion worse than death, 537. Suspicions worse than certainties, 539. Unparalleled longings, 344. Vows, 590.

Isabella.—Sister to Claudio. *M. M.*

A cry for justice, 323. An appeal to conscience, 94. Angels weeping, 24. Arrogance of brief authority, 36. Chastity more precious than life, 75. Courageous goodness, 250. Crime unlooked for, 120. Curative power of authority, 36. Devilish mercy, 376. Heaven's judgment, 328. Hypocrisy foul within, 230. Hypocrisy in the great, 291. Hypocrisy threatened with exposure, 293. Ignorance and power, 438. Impending madness, 365. Indecision, 305. Intentions not punishable, 320. Intercessory prayers, 440. Invective on a cowardly brother, 131. Jest by great men, 325. Mercy, 377. Mercy becoming, 375. Mercy, how inspired, 376. Patience invoked, 422. Power, tyrannical

use of, 438. Redress not obtained of the devil, 460. Sense of death in apprehension, 142. Sin adopted, 496. True mercy, 378. Truth, 565. Virtue dearer than life, 587. Virtue more than life, 587. Woman's frailty, 616.

Jack Cade.—A rebel. *H. VI., 2 pt.*

Arrogance of demagogues, 153. Extravagant promises of demagogues, 153. Fittfulness of mobs, 386. Hatred of education, 183. Tragic end of a demagogue, 152.

Jaques.—Son of Sir Roland de Bois.

A. Y.

All the world a stage, 523. Fruits of conversion, 105. Improperly performed marriage, 370. Melancholy, its verities, 374. Pride, 443. Quotations at command, 455. Rank opinions, 416. Sleeplessness an excuse, 593. The wounded laugh, 337. Wisdom from a fool, 226.

Joan la Pucelle.—Commonly called Joan of Arc. *H. VI., 1 pt.*

A supernatural call, 326. Courage and prowess, 325. Discernment, 326. Fear accused, 212. Inspiration in dead heroes, 276. Long titles tedious, 547. Pity implored, 430. Vanishing of glory, 247. War deplored, 595.

John of Gaunt.—Duke of Lancaster, and uncle to the King. *R. II.*

Absolute content, 102. Circumstances change opinions, 79. Disgrace of ancestry bemoaned, 50. England's grandeur and disgrace, 183. Final appeal in quarrels, 454. Hope in old age, 282. Impetuosity short lived, 301. Life not of man, 343. Making the best of misery, 384. Necessity a teacher, 403. Providence appealed to, 449. Success invoked, 529. Watching makes men gaunt, 241.

John Talbot. *H. VI., 1 pt.*

Cowardice, invective on, 115. Fear defeats, 214. Heroic death, 137. Revenge threatened, 475. Shame of defeat, 148. Soldiers' stomachs, 505. Treatment of prisoners, 445. War's attendants, 596.

Julia.—Beloved of Porteus. *T. G.*

Deceitful oaths, 413. Immaculate sincerity, 467. Love not to be impeded, 346. Refuge from slander, 499. Slanderers, 500. Sorrow destroys beauty, 513. Sublime confidence, 91.

Juliet.—Daughter to Capulet. *R. J.*

Avowal of love desired, 352. Brand of shame, 491. Bringer of bad news hated, 406. Contradictions of character, 77. Deceitfulness of character, 304. Desperate alternatives, 18. Fickleness of fortune, 232. Horrors of a living tomb, 556. Impatience for news, 299. Love beyond estimate, 358. Love from hate, 353. Love impatient, 300. Love infinite, 352. Love justifies disguise, 354. Love passionate, 357. Love never weary, 358. Love quenchless, 355. Love wayward, 359. Love's opportunity, 403. Moon symbol of inconstancy, 389. "No" means "yes," 410. Ominous parting, 421. Purity, 451. Seclusion desired, 456. Shame driven away by honor, 279. Shrieks terrific, 492. Swift messengers, 379. Tears, 544. Telling news merrily, 408. Thought, love's herald, 551. Torn love letter, 360. What's in a name? 401.

Julius Cæsar. *J. C.*

Above a lie, 341. Braving danger, 129. Cowardice, 115. Cowards, 116. Dreams of divine interpretation, 178. Fatness admired, 210. Fawning fatal, 211. Firmness, 213. Jealousy does not smile, 504. Leanness suspicious, 338.

Katharina.—The shrew; daughter to Baptista. *T. S.*

A shrew's purpose, 492. Chagrin caused by jealousy, 323. Wife's relation to her husband, 602. Woman at her worst, 612. Woman's perfect submission, 527. Wooing in haste, 617.

King Edward the Fourth.

H. VI., 2 pt. R. III.

Clouds not always storms, 81. Crown, cost of, 121. Greatness absorbs, 255. Hollow friends, 236. Inconsistency, 304. Redemption, 460. Triumph, 565. Zeal, 625.

King Henry the Fourth. *H. IV., 1, 2 pt.*

A father's anguish, 26. A gentle humorist, 287. A king's prayer, 440. Acknowledgment of God, 247. Ambition watchful, 476. Atonement an inspiration, 34. Children sometimes a punishment, 77. Clustered sorrow, 516. Criminal neglect, 404. Divinity of a king, 331. Enemies strengthened by a child, 187. Excessive goodness, 250. Feigned sorrow, 516. Fickleness of fortune, 232. Forbearance undermines respect, 228. Foreign quarrels, 454. Foreknowledge a source of gloom, 229. Forgetfulness of sleep, 502. Hatred, alarm at, 270. Honor coveted, 279. Honor secured by victory, 280. Hope a summer bird, 282. Immortality gives life its worth, 298. Impartiality rewarded, 298. Innocence defended, 313. Love of change dangerous, 72. Music at death desired, 399. Passion destroys itself, 421. Peasant better than a king, 331. Personal responsibility, 469. Popular affection, 13. Rebellion must be crushed, 458. Slander defeated, 499. Slavery of gold, 249. Sleep denied, 502. Son a cause of envy, 510. Soul our own, 517. Stratagem involving death, 525. Sympathy, 541. The binding power of forbearance, 227. The haste of heirs to inherit, 272. Time-server, 554. Traitors, 557. Usurpation, 572. War, civil, 594. Wild companions renounced, 85.

King Henry the Fifth. *H. V.*

Advantages of no account in love, 346. Anger natural, 25. Blanching power of fear, 213. Boasting, 62. Complete hypocrisy, 289. Contempt for France, 234. Cowards an encumbrance, 116. Enemies an outward conscience, 187. Equality inevitable, 192. Extreme despair, 157. Good in things evil, 193. Greatness earned, 255. Habitual invasion, 321. Infirmities of kings, 331. Irritation of bad neighbors, 404. Justification of bloodshed, 51. Love's difficulties, 353. Pain quickens intellect, 419. Peace, silent, 424. Rebellion deplored, 453. Sighs significant, 494. Spoilation, 521. Success or ruin, 159. Treachery, 562. Treachery unmasked, 561. Valor, 28. War, 596.

King Henry the Sixth.

H. VI., 1, 2, 3 pts.

A good face, 202. Abjectness of the dethroned, 160. Christian hope, 282. Civil dissension, 169. Contentment a crown, 102. Disloyalty in old age, 168. God gives light in darkness, 14. Gratitude due to God, 254. Helplessness, 273. Inconstancy of common men, 304. Influence of goodness, 250. Injured innocence commiserated, 82. Innocence thrice armed, 314. Justice, 329. Love for the dead, 133. Marriage, heedless, 369. Mitigation of imprisonment, 302. Murderous tyranny, 567. Perplexity, 427. Power of tears, 546. Power of woman's speech, 520. Prophecy of greatness, 443. Punishment of imposture, 302. Pusillanimity, 452. Remorseless cruelty described, 123. Requiring kindness, 254. Safety of insignificance, 315. Submission conquers fortune, 231. Suspicion well founded, 539. Sympathizing tears, 546. Traitors rebuked, 558. Unhappiness of kings, 332. Unhelpful tears, 547. Unsuccessful dissembling, 169. Unsuspecting destroyed, 571. Virtuous heredity desired, 274. War, 593. War a relief, 595. War's uncertainty, 596.

King Henry the Eighth. *H. VIII.*

A joyous christening, 78. Commendation of a noble wife, 601. Conscience an excuse, 93. Conscience sometimes an excuse, 93. Flattery rebuked, 220. Glory appropriated, 30. Great abilities aggravate wrong, 1. Loud-mouthed hypocrisy, 291. Rome abhorred, 479.

King John. *K. J.*

Blind rage, 421. Chagrin creates fever, 70. Cold comfort implored, 82. Cruelty an adjunct of despair, 157. Death an escape, 135. Fulfilled prophecy, 447. Great rage, 455. Guilt cowardly, 264. Haste required, 269. Hell within us, 272. Impending slaughter, 500. Opportunity a tempter, 548. Opportunity an excuse, 416. Peace, 424. Power of artillery, 32. Retribution swift, 472. Sickness indifferent to news, 493. Spoilation urged, 521. Terror from within, 549. Usurpation popish, 573. Vacillation, 574. War, 596.

King of France. *A. W.*

Age steals on, 14. Degeneracy of youth, 624. Dignified goodness, 250. Empires not to be trusted, 185. False distinctions, 173. Honors not hereditary, 280. Inconstancy confessed, 304. Lost time, 553. Outliving usefulness, 571. Power of caste, 69. Resemblance to father, 468. Warning against procrastination, 446.

King Richard the Second. *R. II.*

A plea for conciliation, 89. Abject surrender, 536. Authority bestowed by God, 36. Changes degrade the maker, 151. Death the supreme woe, 609. Desertion in misery, 383. Earth made an ally, 183. Gloom, 246. Grievs all our own, 259. Happiness, 282. Ingratitude in a brute, 309. Inspiration in a great name, 401. King the Lord's anointed, 331. Light a discloser, 343. Personal responsibility, 469. Popularity, 433. Rage withstood, 456. Raging impetuosity, 301. Rebuke resented, 453. Sharing care, 67. Solitude thoughtful, 503. Sorrow not always seen in the face, 203. Sorrow written in tears, 545. Strict impartiality, 298. Surrender of authority painful, 37. Tears, 544. Tears suppressed, 546. Time wasted, 554. Unalterable despair, 158. Usurpation, 571. War, 595.

Lady Macbeth. *M.*

Abortive attempts alarming, 35. Affection defends its object, 13. Alarmed by knocking, 334. Asks to be unsexed, 123. Courage may be screwed up, 108. Cowardice ridiculed, 113. Cowardly desertion, 221. Darkness invoked, 131. Dead but pictures, 142. Departure commanded, 154. Discontent leads to destruction, 166. Drunken woe, 282. Fear betrays itself, 212. Grateful service, 491. Husbands to be bought, 288. Infirmity of purpose, 451. Memory destroyed, 374. Milk of kindness, 330. Reading the face, 202. Secrets revealed in sleep, 509. Serpent under the flower, 289. Serpentine dissembling, 169.

Lafeu.—An old Lord. *A. W.*

A harmless traitor, 557. A nobly got scar, 483. Fortune scratches the cowardly, 233. Soullessness, 517. Traveler, 559. Vagabond, 574. Woman's fickleness, 615.

Launcelot Gobbo.—A clown, servant to Shylock. *M. V.*

A hard master, 371. Beard, scanty, 42. Conflict with conscience, 94. Consequences of sin hereditary, 496. Population and poverty, 434.

Launce.—A clownish servant to Porteus.

T. G.

Abundant tears, 546. Dog lacking tears, 544. Hyperbole, 288. Suffering in a dog's stead, 175.

Lear.—King of Britain.*K. L.*

A daughter's ingratitude, 308. A father's curse, 125. Absolute justice, 329. Begging, abject, 2. Curse on ungrateful child, 76. Devotion in misfortune, 161. Dissembling politician, 433. Filial ingratitude, 309. Filial love, 351. God-honored sacrifices, 431. Greatness barked at by insignificance, 315. Invocation to nature, 321. Lesser evils swallowed up, 194. Madness shunned, 365. Mental suffering, 380. Nature gives beyond need, 403. Noble anger, 25. Physic, 429. Protest against tears, 545. Revenge, 474. Silent devotion disinherited, 162. Sinned against, 493. Sorrow rebuked, 516. Suffering and sympathy, 530. Unkindness, 570. Vengeance, 550. War's attendants, 596.

Leonatus Posthumus.—A gentleman of Britain, husband to Imogen. *Cym.*

A complete rout, 480. Conscience embitters bondage, 54. Death evades us, 139. Good servant, 490. Stain of illegitimacy, 297. The tide of battle turned by bravery, 60. Vengeance, 578. Women source of all evil, 614.

Leonato.—Governor of Messina. *M. A.*

A father's anguish, 26. Patience wronged, 422. Proverbs patch grief, 449. Reparation for slander, 464. Tears of joy, 545. Toothache, 429. Toothache defies philosophy, 557. Vengeance, 579.

Leontes.—King of Sicilia. *W. T.*

A temporizer, 548. Courtesy, excessive, 109. Hereditary likeness, 274. Heredity not always answerable, 275. Inconsolable sorrow, 513. Jealousy wrong in everything, 324. Magic jealous, 365. Pity a weakness, 430. Piety darkens evil, 429. Regret, 461. Revolted wives, 372. Stupidity, 527. Suspicion fed, 538. The signs of calumny, 66. Triumph of the sculptor, 485. Vices, 583. Victory twice glorious, 583.

Lewis.—The Dauphin. *K. J.*

Effect of strong reasons, 457. Ennui, kingly, 183. Manly tears, 545. Misleading contradictions, 104. Too copious tears, 546.

Lewis.—The Dauphin. *H. V.*

Extravagant praise of the horse, 284. Peace a time to prepare for war, 424. Self-love not worse than self-neglect, 488. Self-neglect, 404.

Lord Chief Justice.—Of King's Bench.*H. IV., 2 pt.*

Death before submission, 528. Deception seen through, 145. Ill-founded forebodings, 228. Respect for justice, 323. Signs of age, 15.

Lucio.—A fantastic. *M. M.*

Doubts, traitorous, 176. Heartlessness, 271. Impunity enjoined, 301. Purity, 451. Sinless stealing, 521. Stoic, 524. Time bears fruit, 552. Tramps, 558.

Macbeth.—A General of the King's army.*M.*

A diseased mind, 379. A hated name, 400. Action needed, 8. Artificial boldness, 53. Banquo's ghost repelled, 245. Banquo's murder, 394. Bitter defiance, 150. Conscience, its torturing power, 95. Courage, true, 109. Crime fruitless, 120. Crime hesitates, 276. Daring, extreme of, 130. Death the end, 136. Defiance of consequences, 96. Despair maddened, 157. Effect of Banquo's ghost, 244. Fear disclaimed, 212. Fears cowardly, 212. Ghosts avenge murder, 396. Great crimes, 120. Horrible imaginings, 214. Ignorance safe,

296. Indelible stains, 523. Lie told like truth, 342. Life a shadow, 343. Life loathed, 342. Love hard to restrain, 351. Meekness under injuries, 373. Memory a register, 375. Mettle, 379. Misleading prognostications, 446. Murder will out, 396. Night, 403. No remedy for the past, 421. Overreaching ambition, 21. Physic, 429. Pity, 430. Procrastination, 445. Prophecy of greatness, 448. Promise puzzling, 447. Punishment of crime, 119. Purpose should go with deed, 451. Remorse immediate, 463. Restraint impossible, 470. Safety endangered by crime, 482. Scorpions of the mind, 484. Sear and yellow leaf of age, 15. Signs of defiance to be thrown out, 150. Similarity, 496. Sleep a balm, 501. Sleep murdered by crime, 502. Soliloquy on the dagger, 507. Soliloquy on the eve of murder, 507. Stabs a breach in nature, 523. Suicide folly, 533. The ghost of Banquo, 244. Time uninterrupted, 553. To-morrow, 555. Variety in men and dogs, 577. Visions appalling, 589.

Macduff.*M.*

A patriot's despair, 158. Grief of patriots, 423. Murder a sacrilege, 394. Sleep death's counterfeit, 501.

Malcolm.—Eldest son of Duncan. *M.*

A becoming death, 135. Fallen angels still bright, 24. Hatred of peace, 424. King-becoming graces, 253. Leave-taking, 339. Revenge medicinal, 473. Reputed honesty, 278. Self-accusation, 6. Speechless sorrow, 516. Stanchlessness of avarice, 37. Suicide, 532. Unfelt sorrow, 293.

Marcus Andronicus.—Tribune of the People, and brother to Titus.*Tit. And.*

Bitter and eternal revenge, 473. Concealed sorrow, 511. Magistrates chosen by the people, 365. Reunion, 472. Sorrow demands sympathy, 512. Sorrow drowned in vengeance, 512. Tears befitting a boy, 543. Tongue lost, 555. Unquenchable rage, 456.

Margaret.—Widow of King Henry VI.*R. III.*

A bitter taunt, 542. A cry for revenge, 474. Danger of high station, 523. End of prosperity, 449. Sorrow leads to bitterness, 514.

Menenius Agrippa.—Friend of Coriolanus. *C.*

A great general's inflexibility, 308. An heroic name, 400. Boyish impetuosity, 301. Destitute of mercy, 376. Evil tidings, 552. Government difficult to overthrow, 252. Impotency of friends, 238. Inclination to professions hereditary, 273. Mutual dependence, 155. National ingratitude, 310. Nobility, true, 410. Opportunity, selection of, 417. Portrait of a humorist, 287. Pride condemned, 443. Punishment of perfidy, 426. Romans not born in Rome, 479. Self-examination, 488. Speech of warriors rough, 520. Tyrant, 568. Unrestrained rage, 456.

Mercutio.—Kinsman to the Prince, and friend to Romeo. *R. J.*

Dew-dropping south, 517. Dreams but vain fantasy, 178. Duty all-embracing, 182. Easily provoked quarrels, 454. Queen Mab's dream, 177. Sufficiency, 530.

Nestor.—A Grecian Commander. *T. C.*

Chivalry of age, 15. Courage affected by rage, 108. Feeding pride, 444. Indexes, 305. Imperial voice of opinion, 416. Self-will a growth, 489. Sport an index, 521. Unrestrained anger, 26. Valor, 575. Veteran, 582.

Nym.

H. V.

Cowards anxious for safety, 114. Hints, sinister, 17. King has infirmities, 332. Patience, 422.

Octavius Cæsar.—A Triumvir. *A. C.*

A drifting character, 179. A man who is the abstract of all faults, 211. Continuance of friendship, 237. Death of a rival bemoaned, 478. Death of the great, 141. Honor due to greatness, 279. Ill-timed sports, 522. Magnanimous forgiveness, 230. Olive, sign of peace, 415. Privations, 445. Public calamity, 66. Safety, 481. Sycophancy, 541.

Olivia.—A rich Countess. *T. N.*

A fool's slander, 499. Beauty of scorn, 101. Disgust at persistence, 168. Reproof mocked, 467. Sad and civil servant, 490. Sad and merry madness, 365. True friendship unselfish, 239. Unsought love best, 359. Waste of time, 553.

Ophelia.—Daughter of Polonius. *II.*

Inconsistency, 303. Noble insanity, 315. Signs of insanity, 314.

Othello.—A Moor, General of the Venetian forces. *O.*

A wonderful handkerchief, 268. Absolute content, 102. Adroit insinuations, 317. Anguish of a betrayed husband, 26. Beauty exciting pity, 439. Bitterness of remorse, 463. Bodings of remorse, 463. Burning shame, 491. Candor, its rule, 67. Changeless vengeance, 72. Crocodile tears, 547. Discreetness of moderation, 387. Dishonor loathed, 322. Feigned passion, 421. Frivolous suspicion, 537. Ignorance has no sense of loss, 296. Loathing of a wife, 603. Love and duty, 347. Love changed by slander, 348. Marriage a curse, 371. Memory painful, 375. Occupation gone, 414. Perfect happiness, 269. Precept contradicted by practice, 441. Private quarrels monstrous, 454. Remorse immediate, 463. Revenge insatiable, 475. Scorn dreaded, 434. Self-induced temptation, 548. Slander added to damnation, 70. Soldiers' slumbers, 505. Spite defied, 521. Treatment of adultery, 9. Uncertainty, 569. War, 595.

Parolles.—A follower of Bertram. *A. W.*

Contempt for France, 234. Every braggart an ass, 56. Military mistakes, 385. Premature marriage, 371. Stay-at-homes, 524. The lowest depth of infamy, 307. Troops unserviceable, 565.

Perdita.—Daughter to Leontes and Hermione. *W. T.*

Flowers of spring, 223, 522. Flowers of summer for aged, 223. Nature impartial, 420. Nature's art, 253. Sun impartial, 496, 534.

Pericles.—Prince of Tyre. *P.*

A pleasant countenance, 106. A rough nativity, 401. Clustered sorrows, 516. Danger of knowing secrets, 436. Death, 134. Defilement causeth loathing, 150. Joy gives sleep, 503. Melancholy incurable, 373. Overwhelming joy, 327. Paternal instinct, 318. Patience, 422. Princes' training, 557. Self-tempter, 543. Sin a shame, 496. Sin propagates sin, 496. The sea rebuked, 524. Time recompenses, 553. Tyrants, 568. Wisdom of concealment, 87.

Petrucio.—A gentleman of Verona, a suitor to Katharina. *T. S.*

A wise roughness, 480. Affected kindness, 330. Ancient henpeckery, 273. Appearances not to be trusted, 72. Bad taste in dress, 178. Honor not dependent on dress, 279. Katherine's dinner, 164.

Original wooing, 617. Rage of the sea, 485. Shrew conquered best alone, 492. Tailor abused, 541. Wisdom of moderation, 387. Woman's tongue, 556.

Philip.—King of France. *K. J.*

Admiration of abundant hair, 266. An evening worthy of a holy day, 193. All rights of God, 476. Clustered misfortunes, 354. Ill-timed repetitions, 465. Personnel hereditary, 273. Responsibility to God, 469. Sincerity assaulted, 467.

Pistol. *H. V.*

Credit, 117. Eating the leek, 539. Euphemism for theft, 550. Oaths straws, 414. Profit boasted of, 539. Wordy retort, 470.

Pistol.—A follower of Falstaff. *M. W.*

Adventurer's motto, 9. Hanging deplored, 268.

Poet.—Parasite to Timon. *T. A.*

Favorite of fortune, 232. Glory stained by recompense, 460. Ingratitude beyond words, 309. Ingratitude common, 308. Painting, praise of, 419. Spontaneity of poetry, 432. Sycophancy, 540, 541.

Polonius.—Lord Chamberlain. *II.*

A warning against deceit, 145. Advice on borrowing, 56. Advice to a son, 12. Baiting with falsehood, 206. Costly dress recommended, 178. Devil sugared o'er with flattery, 221. Fidelity to friends, 217, 236. Persistence, 427. Slander's cunning, 499. The soul of wit, 61. Universal genius, 8.

Portia.—A rich heiress. *M. V.*

A complete betrothal, 47. Advice easily given, 11. Bragging, 623. Circumstances give character, 79. Description of suitors, 533. Good deeds shine, 250. Love all-absorbing, 347. Music desired at death, 399. Offer of marriage accepted, 369. Relation of mercy to justice, 377. Relentlessness, 54. Substitutes of no importance, 528. Surroundings give character, 536. Teaching, 543. Unalterable decrees, 147.

Portia.—Wife to Brutus. *J. C.*

A wife's right to secrets, 456. Constancy ever alert, 98. Night, 409. Prudence shelters itself, 450.

Prospero.—The rightful Duke of Milan. *T.*

A faithful schoolmaster, 484. A monster, 388. Abuse of betrothal, 47. Disarming power of conscience, 92. Final dissolution, 172. Groans, fearful, 262. Lie made truth, 341. Magic arts, 16. Manly beauty, 44. Oaths melt, 413. Parasite, a, 420. Praise outstripped, 439. Sad recollections best stifled, 459. Sea-sickness, 485. The torments enemies deserve, 183. Undeserved forgiveness, 230. Value of a library, 341. Voice of conscience in everything, 96. Voice of sorrow, 514. Witch's cruelty, 607.

Proteus. *T. G.*

Black men pearls, 404. Hope the lover's staff, 283. Love all-absorbing, 347. Love superseded, 358. Love-sick poetry, 431. Love's uncertainty, 359. Lover's devotion to a portrait, 436. Patience a nurse, 421. Power of music, 398. Remembrance of the absent, 3. Slander undermines love, 500. Subtle reasoning, 457. Time, source of good, 553. Time upright, 553. Treachery's excuse, 560. Unavailing supplication, 536. Unavailing tears, 546.

Queen.—To King Richard. *R. II.*

Base humility, 285. Dangers of eminence, 185. Divisions no cure for woe, 174. False hope, 282. Forebodings of grief, 259. Sorrow, 511. Tidings, swift, 552.

Queen.—Wife to Cymbeline. *Cym.*

Bravery natural to some, 59. Commendation of perseverance, 427. Poison, 432. Poor shipping, 492. Rebuke kills the sensitive, 458. Step-mother, 524.

Queen Katharine.—Wife to King Henry, afterwards divorced. *H. VIII.*

A true wife, 601. Abject misery, 381. An honest chronicler desired, 78. Bitterness of delay, 151. Care for dependents, 154. Faithful wife's appeal, 28. Great visitors alarm, 255. Grievances, 262. Half-heartedness, 267. Oppression resented, 417. Protest against Latin, 356. Secrets despised, 487. Signs not to be trusted, 494. Slanderer cautioned, 500. Tears as sparks of fire, 546. Unjust judges defied, 150. Unrighteous judge, 327.

Queen Margaret. *H. VI., 3 pt.*

A premeditated insult, 319. Accusing of hypocrisy, 290. Ambition disappointed, 612. An imprecation, 302. Bitterness of a woman's rivalry, 478. Extravagant grief, 259. Fiery eyes, 201. Flight manly and wise, 222. Guilt's bravado, 263. Impassioned sorrow, 511. Impatience a sign of sorrow, 299. Incentives to a good cause, 303. Kingly cowardice rebuked, 114. Misery sits on the ground, 384. Motives in alliances, 17. Position gives importance, 436. Resources developed by extremity, 199. Similarity, 496. Sorrowful parting, 421. Suspicion deprecated, 537. Tearful hypocrisy, 288. Vindictive, 586.

Richard.—Duke of Gloucester, brother to the King, and afterwards King Richard III. *R. III.*

A tell-tale conscience, 93. Advantage, a mistake to trust, 9. Ambition feigned, 286. Beauty of woman overwhelming, 45. Compensations of adversity, 10. Contempt for adversaries, 100. Contempt of deformity, 151. Contemptuous assault on adversaries, 100. Crime, great, 119. Danger of delay, 152. Danger of pausing in conspiracy, 97. Darkness the friend of outrage, 131. Death, 137. Devil quotes scripture, 484. Eternal night, 403. Frantic ravings, 199. Friendship requiring a pledge, 239. Gold a corrupter, 248. Heredity to be trusted, 274. High birth, 43. Hope swift, 233. How to remove obstacles, 414. Hypocrisy boldly accuses, 283. Imprecation on traitors, 557. Infamous wooing, 617. Insinuation, 316. Lying defence of bluntness, 63. Men ruled by women, 615. Misplaced confidence, 90. Modesty hates parade, 383. Moved to tears, 545. News, indefinite, 408. Oblivion, 414. Portents of civil, 435. Presentiment, 442. Proposal to commit murder, 395. Self-confessed hypocrisy, 291. Shadows inspire terror, 549. Sneered at conscience, 95. The accusing power of conscience, 95. To-morrow's uncertainty, 555. Unscrupulous ambition, 21. Vice, the basest, 585. Villainy easily finds tools, 584. War, 595. Winter of discontent, 166.

Richard Plantagenet.—Duke of York.*H. VI., 2 pt.*

A bad woman, 610. Ambition disappointed, 165. Easy generosity, 242. Fleetness of thought, 551. Pain soon forgotten, 419. Peace, effeminate, 424. Protest against condition, 2. Shamelessness, 492. Soldiers of spirit, 505. Success and scars, 529. Success worshiped, 529. Successful treachery, 562. Treachery, 564. Tyranny of power, 438. Vain struggle, 525. Vice, its end, 584. Victory not dependent on numbers, 583. Virtue in woman, 587. Woos clustered, 610. Women not to rule, 599. Youth to be dealt mildly with, 625.

Romeo.—Son to Montague. *R. J.*

A purified name, 400. A model apothecary, 31. A pure kiss, 332. Admiration of a lover, 361. An

illuminated tomb, 555. Dancing with a burden, 129. Daybreak, 132. Death preferred to banishment, 39. Gold worse than poison, 249. Identity, 423. Love and madness, 351. Love o'erleaps barriers, 356. Love resisted, 357. Love shortens paths, 357. Love's contradictions, 353. Love's longings, 354. Love's shadows, 354. Marriage gives possession, 359. Poison speedy, 432. Sleep invoked, 502. Suicide, 530. The desperate dangerous, 158. Wild impatience, 300.

Rosalind.—Daughter to the banished Duke. *A. Y.*

A coarse hand, 267. Cowards swashing, 116. Dying of love, 355. Love vehement, 359. Marriage changes, 370. Moonishness, 389. Offer should be taken, 415. Signs of love, 361. Time's movements, 553. Traveler, 559. Treachery not inherited, 564. Trouble, 565. True sympathy, 541. Woman's tongue, 556. Woman's wit, 607.

Rosencrantz.—Schoolfellow of Hamlet. *H.*

Ambition a shadow's shadow, 21. Influence of a king's death, 366. Influence of the death of kings, 140. Universal honesty, 278.

Rosse. *M.*

Animal instinct, 119. Darkness preternatural, 131. Fear a violent sea, 212. Sorrow greater than cause, 515.

Saturninus.—Son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor himself. *Tit. And.*

Call to arms, 66. Envy seeks its object's death, 191. Gratitude, 254. Impassioned offer, 370. Petitions for justice, 423. Sorrow bends, 513.

Shallow.—A country Justice.*H. IV., 2 pt.*

Bombastic use of titles, 554. Commendation of euphemisms, 192. Death and bargains mixed, 222. Hopeless demand, 144. Nature will out, 402.

Shylock.—A Jew. *M. V.*

A Jew's revenge, 472. An oath, 412. An unprofitable forfeiture, 229. Antipathies unaccountable, 27. Avarice stronger than affection, 37. Bond, Shylock's, 54. Drone, destructive, 180. Insult resented, 306. Life depends on means, 342. Music shut out, 399. Prudence enjoined, 450. Relentlessness deaf, 461. Revenge watchful, 476. Sinister hospitality, 285. Social relations of the Jew, 325. Suspicion fed, 538. Thieves, 550. Threatening, 551. Thrift, Jacob's, 551. Usurer, 573. Ventures, 581.

Sir John Falstaff. *H. IV., 1, 2 pt.*

A humiliating story, 287. A love letter, 360. Bombastic exaggeration, 194. Borrowing an incurable habit, 56. Braggart, 57. Cause of wit in others, 606. Covetousness, 112. Deafness, 133. Describes himself, 583. Distractions of poverty, 437. Euphemisms commended, 192. Fascination of bad companions, 83. Honor hard to keep, 279. Honor not worth risks, 280. Infamy of braggarts, 57. Influence of bad companions, 85. Influence of example, 195. Language of abuse, 4. Lying universal, 364. Melancholy, 373. Modest contentment, 103. Money a good soldier, 388. Money has power, 388. Odd numbers, 411. Plea for inaction, 302. Pun defensive, 6. Reasons plenty, 457. Reformation promised, 460. Repentance, 464. Repentance made impossible, 465. Restitution hateful, 470. Ridicule of diminitiveness, 163. Robbery a vocation, 479. School of tongues, 556. Security, an insult to ask it, 487. Shallow compliments,

86. Stealing by proxy, 524. Tatterdemalions described, 542. The better part of valor, 166. Untimely thefts, 550. Villainous smell, 504. Vigilance, 583. Witless companions, 84. Wrinkles, 622.

Tamora.—Queen of the Goths. *Tit. And.*

A desolate solitude, 508. Boastful hypocrisy, 289. Cruelty pitiless, 122. Dissimulation aiding revenge, 171. Forbearance a quality of greatness, 227. Indelicate earnestness, 23. Mercy nobility's true badge, 377. On things below contempt, 101. Plausibility deceptive, 431. Revenge powerful, 474. Smiles cover tyranny, 504.

Thersites.—A deformed and scurrilous Greek. *T. C.*

Expression of bitter contempt, 101. Expressions of contempt, 100. Grumbling caused by envy, 190. Men without brains powerless, 58. Opinion, 416. The faithless, 205. Various kinds of fools, 226. Wise ignorance, 296.

Theseus.—Duke of Athens. *M. N.*

A father as God, 209. A nun's life, 412. Confusion in argument, 31. Contradictions, 104. Coquetry, 105. Hunting, 287. Matrimony desirable, 372. Melancholy for funerals, 373. Poet's power, 431. Power of imagination, 297. Slowness of time, 300. Spartan bounds, 285. Tangled speech, 520. Virginity, 587.

Thomas Percy.—Earl of Worcester.

H. IV.

Courage, when needed, 108. Ill-tidings, 552. Insincerity in forgiveness, 230. Oppression justifies rebellion, 457. Patience exhausted, 422. Peril, 426. Safety sought in evasion, 192. Sickness misconceived, 493. Suspicion full of eyes, 357. Usurpation, 570.

Timon.—An Athenian Noble. *T. A.*

A satirical grace, 253. Bitter and undying hate, 270. Bitter resentment, 468. Bitterness of cynicism, 127. Blind estimate of friends, 236. Curse on deceit, 145. Desertion, 10. Embarrassment of debt, 185. False friends rebuked, 236. Friends unreliable, 237. Gold insures destruction, 248. Gold worshiped, 249. Honest servant, 499. Inciting honesty to hate, 277. Ingratitude hereditary, 274. Language of despair, 157. Mercenary hypocrites, 293. Misanthropic bitterness, 49. Misanthropy, 381. National calamities, 65. Nature bounteous, 401. Painting, 420. Poverty destroys power, 437. Sensuality, 489. Society abhorred, 505. Tears weak, 544. The prayer of cynicism, 128. Theft universal, 550. Time-servers, 554. Transformation, beastly, 558. True friendship needs not ceremony, 69. True generosity, 242. Unreasonableness of dunning, 182. Want, 592.

Titania.—Queen of the Fairies. *M. N.*

Laying fairies under tribute, 204. Power of the moon, 339. Seasons, 455. Tenderness embracing, 185. The ass that was loved, 34. The disasters accompanying floods, 222. Woman's devotion to a child, 162.

Titus Andronicus.—A noble Roman. General against the Goths. *Tit. And.*

Accumulated woes, 609. Aggravated grief, 258. Burial place not to be polluted, 65. Death an eternal sleep, 135. Fathomless sorrow, 513. Horrible retribution, 471. Impatience at injustice, 299. Loyalty honored in death, 362. Mercifulness of banishment, 39. Misery beyond aggravation, 382. National honors declined, 281. Nomina-

tion, 411. Pious barbarity, 40. Plea for a harmless fly, 223. Revenge's slaves, 474. Tears, a father's, 543. Tears honey dew, 544. Time a healer, 552. Tomb, consigning the brave to, 554. Unavailing tears, 546. Vengeance, 579. Vice overreached by revenge, 585. Virtue outraged, 588.

Titus Lartius.—Joined with Cominius in the command. *C.*

Devotion, true and constant, 162. Fortune invoked, 232. Soldier, true, 505. Undying hate, 270.

Troilus.—A son of Priam. *T. C.*

Bad news dangerous, 406. Caution differs from fear, 69. Cowardice hare hearted, 114. Greatness beyond estimate, 257. Love a source of pain, 345. Love tested, 359. Love's infatuation, 351. Mercy's infatuations, 353. Love's promises, 353. Mercy sometimes a vice, 378. Reason too abundant, 457. Revenge a solace, 473. Self-originated temptation, 548. Sigh disguised, 494. Sorrow mingled, 515. Thefts impoverishing, 550. Truth, 566. Vengeance, 579. White and soft hand, 267. Woman's constancy, 100. Woman's insincerity, 316.

Ulysses.—A Grecian Commander. *T. C.*

Ambition insatiable, 20. Ambition must be watchful, 21. Betrayed by gait, 241. Bombast of Patroclus, 54. Breaking down distinctions, 173. Class distinctions, 173. Closet war, 594. Endowments shine by reflection, 186. Estimate of eloquence, 134. Fear of scorn, 484. Fools invulnerable, 130. Giving that enriches, 246. Good deeds forgotten, 414. Government watchful, 251. Imperfect imitation, 298. Incurable pride, 444. Ingratitude, its forgetfulness, 310. Nature makes the world akin, 420. Praises withheld, 440. Present achievements, 7. Prudence, 450. Rude force not generalship, 242. Satirist, 483. Seeded pride, 444. Spire, 520. Time, 553. Time changes all things, 552. True manliness, 368. Vigilance of competitors, 85. Wantonness, 593. Worst to be shown first, 621. Yielding to pride, 444.

Valentine. *T. G.*

A model youth, 623. A priceless woman, 611. A treacherous foe, 224. Absence mourned, 2. Directions for wooing, 617. Foolish love, 349. Habit bred by use, 266. Love and wit, 359. Love zealous, 353. Love's conquests, 352. Love's treasures, 354. Love's twenty pairs of eyes, 355. Poverty's plea, 437. Repentance should appease, 465. Selfishness its own law, 488. Travel, 559.

Vincenzio.—The Duke. *M. N.*

A looker-on, 344. Conduct the exponent of character, 89. Death, 134. Devil entitled to honor, 436. Duty of a substitute, 523. Extreme of hypocrisy, 288. Goodness the life of beauty, 250. Government understood, 251. Greatness envied, 255. Imagined secrets, 487. Just retribution, 471. Life death's fool, 139. Madness and sense, 365. Magistrates should be just, 366. Natural gifts a trust, 246. No escape from calumny, 67. Permission equals command, 427. Popular applause not safe, 30. Poverty amid riches, 476. Power develops character, 73. Preacher should be pure, 441. Proper order in punishment, 450. Scandal inevitable, 483. Seclusion loved, 486. Slumbering penalties, 426. Superexcellence, 534. True repentance, 465. Unexecuted laws despised, 338. Virtue not to be hidden, 589. Woman's frailty, 617.

Viola.—In love with the Duke. *T. N.*

Beauty cruel, 344. Concealment consumes, 87. Consistency of character, 96. Disguise a wickedness, 167. Fiery sunset, 534. Love concealed, 349. Love vehement, 362. Patience, 423. Perfect resignation, 468. Playing the fool, 225.

Volumnia.—Mother to Coriolanus. *C.*

A plea for dissimulation, 170. All-absorbing anger, 24. Blood stains show the hero, 51. Controlling anger, 25. Courage, 107. Humility, 235. Ignorant rabble, 433. Patriotism, 423. Pride, a mother's, 443. Superlative character, 535. Vain boasting, 53.

William Longwood.—Earl of Salisbury.*K. J.*

Bearer of bad news hated, 405. Crime revolting, 119. Guilt scatters accusers, 265. Repentance leads to obedience, 465. Ridiculous redundancy, 460. Tears shed by villains, 545. Wasteful and ridiculous excess, 196.

William Mareshall.—Earl of Pembroke.*K. J.*

Atrocious murder, 392. Crime, retribution on, 119. Excesses increase a fault, 211. Extenuation aggravates, 198. Looks no proof of guilt, 344. National contentment, 103. Troublesome repetitions, 465.

Young Marcius.—Son of Coriolanus. *C.*

A bitter rebuke of cowardice, 113. Bitter indignation, 306. Concessions to rabble, 455. Cowards not to be trusted, 115. Exasperating indifference, 305. Impetuosity hard to restrain, 301. Modesty, 387. Perfect submission, 523. Safety assured, 482. Stubbornness, 525. The post of danger sought, 59. Vox populi, 591.

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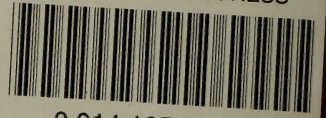
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